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BRITISH CYPRUS

BY

W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

London:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1879.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,
BREAD STREET HILL.

"O QUÆ BEATAM DIVA TENES CYPRUM."

HORACE, *Car. III.* XXV.

ST. JAMES'S TERRACE,

February 15th, 1879.

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BRITISH CYPRUS.

CHAPTER I.

PASSING TO THE QUEEN.

A MONK, with grisly beard, black skirt, and rimless hat, is crouching by a ruined arch; his left hand clinging to the edge of a sarcophagus; while his eyes are straining out, along a corridor and across a court-yard, towards the figure of a man in red, who, armed with sword and spur, helmet and riding-whip, advances with a rapid step.

Stefan, that holy man, belongs, by birth and ordination, to the Orthodox or Oriental rite. Not so the edifice in which he stands. The ruined arch above his head is Gothic; and the stone sarcophagus to which he clings, the sepulchre of an Anglo-Norman count. Stefan is alone; the last of a departing race. Not many years ago a company

of his brethren, grisly of beard and black in habit as himself, sate at the board and served before the holy gates; but they have gone from him, one and all; some of them to their rest beneath the olive-trees; but more to their confessionals in the busy towns. He, and he only, lingers near that foreign shrine; for he, and he only, has the hope of laying his ashes in the tomb of that foreign count. His claim to sleep in that sarcophagus is open, as he knows, to much dispute. The cloister, lovely in ruin as a Melrose or a Furness, is a Latin edifice, the property of a foreign people, and the relic of a rival church. Stefan is an intruder in that fane.

Perched on a mountain side, her terraces looking down into the gardens of Cerinia, and across the waters of Adana towards the glens and pastures of the Bulghar Dagh, her situation is no less lovely and secluded than herself. Her name is Peace. Nestling in woods, high above the port, her Anglo-Norman builders called her Peace—convent of Peace—*Cloiture de la Paix;* a beautiful and soothing name, which the intruding Cypriotes corrupted into Delapays, and their Venetian masters into Bellapaese. Here, during many ages, gallant Western men and pious Western women found their rest.

When the Venetians were expelled from Cyprus by a stronger Oriental horde, the Orthodox natives broke into this house of peace, defiled the altars, wrecked the tombs, and burnt the crosses of their Latin foe. Noble and pious dust was scattered on the fields, and Orthodox archimandrites laid their ashes in the sepulchres of Anglo-Norman counts. Stefan is the last of these Orthodox intruders. He has fixed his heart on that sarcophagus. Under the Sultan he was safe, the longing of his heart secured. But in the figure of that man in red, advancing towards him with a rapid stride, he sees the Frank; one of the race which raised this cloister and prepared that tomb.

Stefan is a type of Cyprus in the act of passing from the Sultan to the Queen.

A turbaned figure, tall and spare, in parti-coloured scarf and yellow slippers, stands in a wide and white-washed chamber, bending with a grave, explanatory face towards an English officer, who is seated in undress uniform at a writing-table, while a secretary copies papers, and a zaptieh waits for orders in the portico.

Ali, that turbaned-figure, is a native cadi, and the

room in which he stands, head-quarters of our Commissioner at Papho. Ali Effendi, a learned and an upright judge, has served his district many years, liked by his Christian no less than by his Moslem neighbours. Our Commissioner wants to keep him in his place as judge.

'You will retain your post as cadi,' says the English officer, 'but in the time to come, no bribes in court—no fines divided by the bench.'

Ali Effendi smiles. 'What you call bribes in court and fines divided by the bench, we count as fees.'

A shrug is all the answer he receives.

'Your Excellency will have to find another judge.'

The English officer starts. 'Why so, Effendi? Do I understand? Refuse to act unless we suffer you to pocket bribes and fines—bribes which ought never to be paid—and fines which ought to go into the public chest?'

Gravely and quietly the cadi answers, 'Yes; I must decline.'

'Will you explain to me the reason why?'

'Yes, Excellency, if you wish me. This is how we understand our place. We serve all suitors in our court who come to us and occupy our time.

They pay us for our care and equity. Part of our fees are paid in presents, part of them in fines. How else should we be paid? What other way have we to live? Our state allowance is a trifle, and is always in arrear.'

The officer interrupts: 'In future salaries will be paid the moment they fall due.'

Ali Effendi bows. 'That goes a little way; not far. No one can live on what the Government allows a judge; I do not say as a learned man should live, who has to earn respect and keep it, but as any decent man should live. We take our fees as advocates and physicians take their fees. All countries have their customs. You have yours; other and no doubt better ones; but then your customs are not ours.'

Ali is unaware how near that custom of his country lies to the customs of more Western countries. Not very long ago, judges at Westminster were paid as cadis in the Cyprian courts are paid to-day. While the system suited us we called those payments fees, just as we still call the payments made to counsel fees. When a new system suited us better, we began to call those payments bribes. Putting an end to the old

system of private practice on the bench, we abolished presents to the court, threw fines into the public chest, and charged the judge's stipend to the crown. That stipend was large enough to raise a judge beyond the reach of ordinary fees. One change implied the other, and before the fees were swept aside they were replaced by a provision from the public purse.

In Cyprus our reforming feet march fast. We want results for which we have not yet prepared the means.

'You wish me to remain, yet take away my bread,' concludes the cadi, with a grave, denying bow; "I thank you, and retire. May blessings fall on your field and on your favourite son.'

Ali Effendi is a type of Cyprus in the act of passing from the Sultan to the Queen.

An Arab, bare and brown of back, a red fez hanging on his pate, a white rag twisted round his loins, is standing on a beach, watching some sailors haul out poles and planks from a shore-boat, and try to pass them to a gang of native labourers, who stare at the big loads, hang indolently back, and shake their heads. Dashing to the front, unasked,

he takes the planks, trots off to the pile and sets them down with a contemptuous shrug.

Losh, that bare and willing worker, is an Arab from the Lebanon. In his native hills, where onions, grapes, and chestnuts are often scarce, he heard that good piastres could be earned by honest labour in the ports of Cyprus. Slipping from his village to Beyrout, he worked his passage over to the island; but he came alone, with no head-man to speak for him, and put him on the gang. Cypriotes are jealous, Losh could get no work. Luckily for him, our sailors got sick of those lazy hulks. When three or four fellows take a load from his shoulder, Blue Jacket is apt to grow hot of temper and foul of tongue; but bad names, falling in a foreign idiom, break no bones. That Arab from the main land pleases Jack. 'Ain't he a good 'un, that bare-legs!' he exclaims. More loads are given to Losh; each load a little heavier than the last. He carries them with apparent ease. Jack tries him with a joke. Here is an iron frame, too big for any man to bear. Jack wouldn't try to lift that weight himself. To his surprise the Arab stiffens up his back, balances the iron frame, and bears it to the flag-staff, where he lays it down at

an officer's feet. 'A stiff 'un, hang me, worth a score of them Greeks,' the sailor shouts.

The officer on duty notices that Arab, and inquires his name and country. Does he want a job? He does. What wages? Six piastres for the day.

That English officer stops and thinks. 'Six piastres for a labourer like that! why, we are paying those Cypriote rascals twelve! and they are actually going to strike for more! Here is the very man we want.' He eyes the Arab again; a well-made fellow; lean and wiry, with a broad and solid back. He is a Moslem, too, and will not drink.

'You want a job?'

'If I find grace in the Effendi's eyes.'

'Have you any brothers, any cousins, any tribemen like yourself?'

'Yes, plenty; over there, up in the hills, above Beyrout; stout men, who only want a good day's wages for a good day's work.'

The officer brightens up. 'Then, quick, my man, in heaven's name, let them come to Larnaca.'

Losh is a type of Cyprus in the act of passing from the Sultan to the Queen.

CHAPTER II.

CYPRUS.

WHAT is Cyprus?

An island lying in the north-east corner of the Levant; the key of Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor. These things are written on a map. At all times she has been what she is now—the watch-tower and the outwork of two continents. A race advancing on the East must start with Cyprus. Alexander, Augustus, Richard, and St. Louis, took that line. A race advancing on the West must start with Cyprus. Sargon, Cyrus, Ptolemy, Haroun-al-Raschid took this line. When Egypt and Syria were of first-rate value for the West, Cyprus was of first-rate value to the West. Genoa and Venice, struggling for the trade of India, fought for Cyprus, and enjoyed supremacy in the land by turns. After

a new route by sea was found to India, Egypt and Syria declined in value to the western nations. Cyprus was then forgotten; but the opening of the Suez Canal has suddenly restored her to her ancient pride of place. To us, commercial heirs of Genoa and Venice, she has gained a good deal more than her ancient pride of place. Cyprus is the watch-house and the outwork of Port Said.

Port Said!

What Calais meant for us in the middle ages, Port Said means for us in modern times. What Constantinople used to mean for Europe, Port Said now means for all the world. That tiny port, with graceful minarets along the water line, is now the key of two hemispheres—the connecting link of East and West. More than for others, that station is *our* link—our nexus—our nerve-centre—at which our lines of empire meet—at which we feel the throb and pulse of an imperial life.

And in herself?

Seven or eight months ago any one could have said at once. The witnesses spoke in a single voice. Cyprus was the diadem of the sea. By the consent of poets of all ages, Cyprus was the 'beautiful,' the 'salubrious,' the 'happy,' and the

'blest.' Beauty was born of her; happiness clung to her; to stand on her shore was good for body and for soul. More than such gardens as Ischia, Madeira, and the Isle of Wight are to-day, Cyprus has been at all times:—a dream and a desire of men. Solon sought her; Horace worshipped her; St. Louis could not tear himself away from her. To them, as to all comers, Cyprus was the embodiment of earthly loveliness.

But, seven or eight months ago, she passed from Sultan to Queen, from poets to politicians. From that moment she became an object of abuse. Even her beauty was denied.

The other day, standing on the poop of our flagship in Larnaca Roads, watching the sun go down behind Santa Croce, I muttered these words—

'Ah, beautiful!'

'Call that beautiful, Sir?' inquired a youngster at my elbow. Well, I thought so. Over a sparkling waste of waves, your eye ran up the shore line, where the lamps were breaking into light, above the palms and minarets to the Saline Lake, with the Sultana's mosque, and then, up curve and ridge of hill, to the white Convent of St. Helena, where the Holy Cross was laid, and to the grander masses of

Machera and Olympus—seat and throne of all the gods. Over all these, a sky was burning into crimson, violet, gold, and green.

'Yes; what do you call it?'

'O, I call that a howling wilderness.'

'So. And pray, Sir, which of the howling wildernesses that torment the earth have you seen, and which of them does that recall to you?'

'Well, the fact is, I have not seen much yet; not my fault, you know; but I have only just come out.'

That youngster brought his 'howling wilderness' from home.

I venture to agree with Horace and the other poets, and to say that Cyprus is the 'happy' and the 'blest.'

Men who get their first peep of Cyprus from the roadstead of Larnaca, are unlucky in their point of sight. A Greek, approaching Cyprus from his Ionian ports, sighted the beautiful northern coast; a Roman, coming from his Italian waters, caught the hardly less lovely western slopes. Instead of Cerinia, Papho, or Limasol, our route of trade conducts us to Larnaca. Now, except in spring-time, the district lying round Larnaca, is parched and white; a home prepared by nature

for Zeno and his stoic followers. Flowers are burnt up. Vineyards and cotton-fields are out of sight. Towers and minarets dot the landscape here and there; but as a rule, the limestone surfaces of ridge and plain are bleached.

A curtain of white limestone stretches to Cape Pila; and some portions of the coast, lying beyond Cape Pila, towards Cape Grego, rival the barren hills of Larnaca. Yet, even in this poor district, you have orchards, vineyards, and cotton-fields in abundance. Every cabin seems to have a mulberry, a carob, or a palm. The worst bits of this landscape boast of villages rich in fruit. Howling wilderness! O demons of Mar Saba, Bitter Creek, and Arabia Petrea, how ye must grin at such abuse of words!

Cyprus is not green like Kent and Essex. Forests enrich her mountain-sides, but not as they enrich the slopes of Utli-berg and Montanvert. The trees are thinly planted, and the mixture of olive woods gives the colour a subdued and silvery tone. Grass, the basis of our landscape beauty, is unknown. As in Greece and Syria, so in Cyprus, cattle have to browse on weeds and stubble of the same deep colour as

the earth on which they grow. Like other Eastern countries, Cyprus has a look of having just been ploughed and turned. But Cyprus is the East. You must not seek for pasture under palms.

In her own line, she has no rival. Crete and Sicily come next to her, but neither of these islands can dispute her crown. Crete and Sicily are mountainous, like their sister; yet, with the exception of Mount Etna, all their chains and peaks are tame compared against the ranges of Cerinia and Olympus. Cyprus has the great advantage of two mountain systems, parted by a level like the valley of the Nile; each chain of an original shape and substance; with a colour dominated by the nature of her underlying rocks. North of her great plain, rise masses of red sandstone; south of that plain, still higher masses of white limestone. Neither Crete nor Sicily has a central bed; a natural road from sea to sea; opening out all her beauties to the eye. Cyprus, though a warmer country, has more wood than either of her rivals; while in fruit-trees—vines and olives, palms and pomegranates—she leaves nearly all the world behind.

In the most favoured climates of the earth, we

seldom find more than a special gift: as dates in Cairo, oranges at Jaffa, apricots in Damascus, figs at Smyrna, grapes in Corfu, pomegranates in Granada. Cyprus has all these things at once. In vines and pomegranates, she beats the world; and under higher culture she might do the same in figs and dates. Where are mulberry-gardens equal to those of Nicosia? Where are the silk cocoons on fire like those of Morphou? Where can vineyards compare with those of Limasol? Where are pomegranates equal to the fruit of Famagosta?

Even from the bay of Larnaca, the eye runs out, over sparkling waters and a line of palm-trees, up the slopes of mountains, capped with the shrines of saints and gods. Above the palm-trees, lies the lakelet of Salina, with the holy mosque of the Sultana, Omm Haram, the prophet's cousin, rising on its northern bank. Naked and near, though crowning the cone of Santa Croce, gleams the white convent built by Helena. Above that Moslem mosque, beyond that Christian convent, bulges up Olympus, once the court and sanctuary of Jove. Under these heights, along the shore-line, runs a camel-track from the Sultana's mosque to Limasol, lovelier than the road from Antrim

to the Lough of Belfast; while farther on, through Apollona and Pissoura, runs a camel-track to Papho, which may stand in rivalry with the famous road beneath the Genoese Apennines.

Between the chalk hills, you descry the cones and curtains of the Cerinia range; your eye being taken most by one high top, the key or citadel of Cyprus, known by the several names of Lion Mount, Castle of the Queen, and Temple of the Winds.

Between the two great mountain ranges, but unseen from Larnaca, stretch the plains of Morphou and Messaria, watered by the Morphou, Pedia, and Idalia. On the Idalia stands the hill village of Dali, formerly Idalion; court of the Queen of Beauty—garden of the God of Love.

Dali clings to the side of Santa Croce. With English tents above our heads, and Syrian graves beneath our feet, we stand on the dust of what, in classical ages, was a holy place. This city was the home of Aphroditè, the divinely beautiful goddess of the Greeks, as Papho, at the western end of Cyprus, was the city of Astarte, the Semitic queen of Heaven. Across this landscape flows the rivulet Idalia; a little mountain stream made famous by the story of Adonis. Shakespere should have

seen this place. Here rose the temple of the goddess, and around her temple grew those groves to which her worshippers came from far and near; groves of lemons, walnuts, mulberries, figs, and nectarines, with oleanders scattered up and down; all picture to the eye, all pasture to the lips. Hither, as to an Earthly Paradise, the goddess brought her favourites. In the hunting grounds above, she met the hapless youth, Adonis. Dali is worthy of the best poetic art. The village nestles in a group of hills, screening it from the summer sun and sheltering it from the winter storm. Green patches cool the earth; here, a cotton-field; there, an olive-ground; here again, a vineyard. In their names and memories, all the trees are poems—limes, laurels, olives, pomegranates, mulberries, vines and palms.

Two thousand feet—three thousand feet—the Cerinian wall towers up, showing great varieties of peak and pass. Near the centre of that wall, as seen from Dali, lies Cythrea, fed by her abundant waters. Above Cythrea, Lion Mount glistens on the summit like a crown.

To judge this island fairly, one should come to her from the sands of Egypt and the stones

of Judah. Cyprus adds some lovely features of the Delta to some striking features of Palestine; having side by side the sceneries peculiar to a river level and those peculiar to a mountain ridge. The Pedia is a lesser Nile, laving and fertilizing an alluvial bed. Olympus is a loftier Neby Samuel, looking down, like Neby Samuel, across the capital and along the plain. Cyprus can boast a richer colour, a more varied character, than her neighbours; having in fact two widely different zones; a sub-tropical zone like Cairo, and a sub-alpine zone like Turin. In one, the citron and pomegranate ripen in the neighbourhood of palms; while in the other, walnuts and apples grow beneath a skirt of pines. One climate is Nilotic, the second Piedmontese. In going from Nicosia to Olympus, you enjoy the same variety of landscape as in going from Turin to the pinacles above Modane.

Variety is the charm of Cyprus. Here, if nowhere else, the poet finds his dream a fact—'the palms are nodding to the pines.' Citrons and oranges grow along the shore, and overhead the seapine and the oak, the black fir and the turpentine. In this variety Cyprus is supreme.

CHAPTER III.

THE CYPRIOTES.

WHAT are the Cypriotes?

Except in name, they are neither Turks nor Greeks; neither are they an amalgam of these two races. From Larnaca to Cerinia, from Papho to Famagosta, you will seek in vain for any sample of these types. In neither face nor figure, in neither speech nor genius, has the Cypriote any resemblance to either Turk or Greek. Nowhere have I seen a Turkish figure, nowhere a Grecian profile. It is safe, I think, to say, that not a single Turk exists in Cyprus. Here, we are speaking of the race, and not the creed. In common speech a Mussulman is called a 'Turk,' an Orthodox Christian is called a 'Greek;' for, in the absence of any physical sign of difference, ordinary speech has fastened on the visible differences of dress

and ritual. A man who wears a turban, and goes to mosque, is a 'Turk;' a man who wears a skull-cap, and goes to church, is a 'Greek.' In blood and race both men are Cypriotes.

Who, then, are these Cypriotes? Do they stand apart—one of those underived and primitive stocks which 'spring from the soil,' and have no history elsewhere?

We must classify. Apart from creed, there are Cypriotes and Cypriotes: Cypriotes dark, and Cypriotes fair; Cypriotes horned, and Cypriotes oval.

Waiting in the camel-ground for hire stands a dark brown lad, some sixteen years of age, about the size of a Zulu, and the colour of walnut-juice. He is not a negro, not a Nubian, though he might be labelled as a link between those families. His jowl is level with his face; his forehead rounds into a kind of dome. The type looks old, like that of some of the slaves depicted on Egyptian tombs.

'What is your name, keradgé?'

Lifting up his eyes in wonder, not in pique, the lad replies to me, 'Keradgé.'

'No, excuse me, that's your trade — mule

driver, donkey-driver—keradgé. What I ask you is, your name.'

The lad seems puzzled; it is difficult for him to separate his calling from his name.

'You have another name at home; your father doesn't call you keradgé?'

He sees it now, and sparkles up.

'Mousa; he calls me Mousa.'

'Good. What does he call himself?'

'Keradgé.'

'No, I mean his name; what does your mother call him?'

'Yacoub.'

'And where do you come from, Mousa?'

'Athieno. All keradgés come from Athieno.'

'Yes, I know. Of course the mule-drivers live at Athieno, and come to Larnaca from Athieno. What I want to know is, Where you came from first—long, long ago? Where did the black keradgés come from first?'

'Out of the ground.'

On the Platt river, and among the foot hills of Nevada, I have heard that legend. Red men of various tribes declare that they came 'out of the ground.' One tribe say they crept up like

moles; another tribe was fashioned by the Great Father out of a dab of red clay. Others say that a mountain spewed them forth. Legends of this family cling to many soils. Native Australians tell you that they grew in the ground; in time they 'jumped' up, and found themselves standing on their feet. When dead and buried they expect to lie some time, and then 'jump' up again; next time as 'white chaps,' not as black. White chaps, they say, must take their turn; next time they will 'jump' up black. 'Men of the soil' is an expression in every zone, and in every form of human speech. In the most ancient record of Cyprus the peasants and shepherds are described as 'children of the black earth.'

Mousa is a child of this black earth. Men of his type are seen in every field, almost in every house; peasants, mule-drivers, and domestic servants; in olden time, serfs of the soil and probably household slaves. The beach at Larnaca, the court-yards of Nicosia, the fields of Papho and Cerinia, are spotted with these bits of black. If slow, they never shrink from work. For them the sun is never hot. Like cats and lizards, they can lie in the glare all day, basking in the fire from pure delight in warmth.

No fever throws them down. These men are 'of the soil'; and perhaps the oldest children of that soil.

A second remnant of an ancient stock bears the nickname of 'horn-faced.' They live in the mountains, and in the mountains only. Rugged and barren heights are everywhere asylums of decaying types of men. Anseyreh haunt the Lebanon. Sioux roam along the Rocky Mountains. Basques look down from their fastnesses into Bilbao and Santandar. Mangals guard the summits of Afghanistan. You see the same with mosses as with men. The new growths push them up and up; ever on to higher grounds, until they finally die off. Mosses which used to cover every hill-side in Europe are only to be found at present on the ridges of Ben Nevis and Ben Lomond, on the summits of Biscay and Navarre, and on the sides of Monte Rosa and Mont Blanc.

These horn-faced people are a primitive type. What type? Mongolian, perhaps. It is a curious fact that one of the oldest names of Cyprus is Kerastis,—the Horned; a name more likely to have sprung from the inhabitants than from their isiand; which, in truth, has no resemblance to a

horn. These horn-faced Cypriotes are few in number; fewer than the children of the black earth; and have no greater weight in Cyprus than the 'wild Cornish' have in Great Britain.

Two or three other oddities of race strike you in Cyprus. One is a small body of Maronites, the second a small body of Levantine traders, and the third a European race of muleteers. Our Maronites, a body of peasants, squat around the convent of Mar Elias, standing on the edge of the great plain, under the peaks of Cantara. They are the only people on this island who have no relation to either Turk or Greek. Flying from their Druse enemies, they find a shelter at Mar Elias, which they never found in the Lebanon. Sober, plodding, stupid, they scrape the soil, and leave affairs alone. Not so our Levantines at Larnaca. These traders give much trouble, for they treat the natives as barbarians and set themselves above the law. Our muleteers are an odd mixture. They pretend to English blood. Most of them are tall, strong fellows, able to fight three or four natives. Many have fine heads and well-knit limbs. Some are fair, with yellow locks and sea-blue eyes.

But, over and around these relics of the past,

stand the Cypriotes as a mass; rustics who till the soil, citizens who occupy the towns and ports; men of a sun-burnt skin, but of an excellent physical type. Yet they are neither Turk nor Greek, except in dress and creed.

Who, and what, are they?

Fact first is clear: they are of Aryan not Semitic root. That fact is settled by their speech. Fact second is also clear: they are of Aryan root, and yet not Greek. That fact is evident in both speech and type. Like many of their neighbours in Adana, they are of Pelasgic origin. You may not find a Grecian profile on the island, but on every side you are reminded of villagers in Anatolia, Sicily, and the Apennines.

The turban does not make a Turk. Turbans are Oriental, and belong to every race. Abraham wore a turban, David wore a turban. Priests of Israel wore fillets, but the men who lived afield wore turbans. In this island, Turks and Greeks are natives of the soil and the adjacent soil.

Mustafa's troops were raised in the adjacent districts, mainly in Asia Minor, where the people, though Mohammedan in religion, were not Turks in blood. The conquerors left small garrisons in

Nicosia and Famagosta, and these small garrisons remained for life. No exodus of Cypriotes took place; no stream of Turks flowed in. Venetian troops went out, Oriental troops marched in; that was the only change. A creed, but not a colony, was left. Unlike those strangers from the West, the new comers were ready to marry Cypriote wives. Being single men the so-called 'Turks' allied themselves to women of the soil. Their sons, though wearing turbans and going to mosque, were Turks in nothing but the name. In turn these younger 'Turks' took native wives. In each descent the original blood was thinned away. Some Cypriotes got a new name and wore a new head-dress; but the blood, the physical type, the qualities of nature, were unchanged.

Cyprus was left alone: a far-off and forgotten corner of the Ottoman world A pasha came for a time and then sailed away. Cadi and caimacan were natives of the soil; redif and zaptieh were natives of the soil. All the troops raised in Cyprus served in Cyprus. No fresh garrisons came in. Cyprus was given over to the Cypriotes. Since the departure of the late governor from Nicosia not a single Turk is left behind. In truth, on

our arrival, the Turks evacuated Cyprus in a Captain's gig.

About the Greeks one cannot feel so sure. In old times many traders were called "Greek" who were not citizens of Athens, or even citizens of Smyrna. They were Carian, Lycian, Pamphilian; men of the same districts which afterwards supplied the land with Turks. In Cyprus they became the Cypriotes, with a language of their own; an Aryan, not a Semitic tongue; good evidence that they came from Asia Minor, not from the Lebanon or the Nile. Though Aryan, their language was not Greek, but had a close resemblance to the dialects spoken on adjacent shores.

Lazy, living from hand to mouth, they became clever in a round of feminine arts; reaching to excellence in sewing and embroidery, in carving bone and modelling clay, in dyeing cloth and in blowing glass. Higher things they were content to seek elsewhere; their alphabet in Sidon, their agriculture in Memphis, their goddesses in any place. Isis, Astarte, Aphrodite, Venus—all these goddesses of the stranger were alike to them; always their Holy, their All-holy, and their Great Lady. On two points only they were hard to please—

Isis or Astarte, she must give them lots of holy days, with many pictorial and amusing rites. Panayia—the All-holy—they could transfer from the Great Lady of Babylon to the Virgin of Nazareth, but they never consented to reduce the number and dim the splendour of her festivals.

One measure served for goddesses and gods with equal ease. They passed from Jupiter to St. Joseph, from Apollo to St. George. Sons are like sires; they, too, prefer a goddess to a god; yet for most of them Panayia is a name for either Omm Haram or the Blessed Virgin.

What they are they were; and what they were they are—an indolent, careless, and mimetic people, but without a spark of Turkish fire, without a touch of Grecian taste. With neither beauty of body nor sense of beauty in the mind—with neither personal restlessness nor pride of origin—with neither large aspirations nor practical dexterity of hand, they live on, in a limpid state, like creatures of the lower types, clinging to life for life's own sake; voluptuaries of the sun and sea; holding on by simple animal tenacity through tempests which have wrecked the nobler races of mankind.

The living Cypriotes group themselves into three

masses: first, Turks; second, Greeks; and third, Linobambaki. These names refer to differences in religious creed, but not to differences in the physical type. According to their use of speech, 'Turk' means Mohammedan; 'Greek' means orthodox Christian; 'Linobambaki' means both Mohammedan and Orthodox Christian!

Linobambaki is literally Flax-cotton; and your Flax-cottons are a kind of sect; corresponding in some part with the Russian sect of non-payers of rent. They form a troublesome but comic element in Cypriote towns. No one can count them, for they change their creeds from day to day. When zaptiehs call for their exemption-tax, they are Turks; when magistrates tell them to join the standard, they are Greeks. They neither fight nor pay; they only grumble and intrigue; and by appealing to the native bishops and the foreign consuls, usually contrive to shift their burden on to other people's backs.

Shirkers exist on every soil; but they have rarely made a science of their miserable craft. Here, they begin as soon as they are born. The tricky father cheats the village by pretending that his son is circumcised. The rite, in fact, is not

performed; so that the lad grows up without his 'mark.' Then comes the name. In Cyprus, as in other Oriental countries, one set of names—Ali, Hassan, and Mohammed—are only used by Moslems; others again—Pedros, Georgio, and Nicolas—are only used by Orthodox Christians; while a third group—Yacoub, Jousouf, and Mousa—are used alike by Moslems and by Christians. Here the Flax-cottons find a field for trickery. They give their children neutral names, so that in after life they can cross from side to side—from mosque to church, from church to mosque. Mousa, my donkey-boy, is one of these Flax-cottons; but the shirkers are far from being confined to the 'black earth.' Whole villages of white Cypriotes are known to use these tricks, and under indolent caimacans, and with the help of meddlesome consuls, they not unfrequently escape from every duty of a citizen.

CHAPTER IV.

VILLAGE REPUBLICS.

KRILOF, an Oriental, wrote his fable of The Satrap for his countrymen, who were Orientals like himself.

The satrap died. 'Who are you?' asked the awful Spirit at the gates of death.

'I? A satrap of the earth.'

'What have you been doing in your satrapy?' inquired the solemn voice.

'Nothing,' replied the shadow of a shade. 'I merely ate and slept; I never interfered with things.'

A placid smile lit up the judge's face. 'Pass in! pass into paradise!'

'How's that?' cried Mercury, who happened to be floating past the gates; 'how's that? A fellow owns that he did nothing on earth but eat

and sleep, and let things go to the dogs, yet you admit him into paradise!'

'Yea!' returned the mighty one. 'This satrap was born a fool. Suppose he had tried to govern? might not his master have been put to shame? He ate and slept, and left affairs alone. By doing nothing, he spared his country, and served his prince. Yea, he has earned his paradise. Let him enter into rest.'

Each village in Cyprus is a rustic republic; living its own life, obeying its own chief, and standing by its local law. Nothing suits these small republics better than to have a satrap in the nearest town who only eats and sleeps.

'Konak law is not village law,' says a rustic proverb; and this popular saying is an original and abiding fact, helping to explain for us the great tenacity of Cypriote life.

Like a commune in Canton Schwyz or Canton Zürich, every Cyprian hamlet has a local rule, based on the purest form of democracy. The villagers are free and equal. Once a year they meet in their assemblies and elect a head-man, who acts as mayor and magistrate. He must be one of the place —a man of name and fame; although he need

not own the biggest farm, or keep the village mill. He serves a year, but may be chosen several times. A faithful judge may hold his place for life; but such a case, I understand, is rare. Sometimes he goes out with the year; often he goes out after four or five years. Only in the failure of rivals is a head-man likely to keep his seat for life.

His duties are many, and of the greatest weight. He is the mayor, and answers for the public peace. He is the judge, and sits as president of the village court. He is the chief man of the place, and has to correspond with caimacan and cadi on all public matters. Being recognised in Nicosia, he is the only person known to the governor and that governor's agents, and through him all documents from the konak have to pass. Thus, he has higher rank and greater power than either a Russian starost or an Arab sheikh. He bears a whip, and has a right to lay it on his brother's back.

This rustic magistrate is assisted by a council of elders, who are chosen, like himself, in free assembly, once a year. Like the elders of a Russian village and a Bedouin camp, these men are heads of

families. As a rule, too, they are owners of the soil. Whether 'Turk' or 'Greek,' this village rule is uniform; a local growth, older than either Turk or Greek; coming down from times beyond the memory of written words. Our city wards, in Saxon days, had points of close resemblance to these Cyprian democracies. The head-man is our alderman; judge and president of his court: the council of elders is our council of the ward. Once a year, as in our Saxon ward, these rustics meet, debate, and choose. In these free gatherings, every man is equal to his neighbour, and the poor man casts a vote as good as that of his employer or his pope.

In some things, these rustics have advantages over their brethren in a Russian village and a Saxon city ward. Their democratic power is good all round the ring; the peasants, meeting in their free assemblies, having the right to choose, not only their civil rulers, but their spiritual chiefs. The villagers elect the village pope.

No one can interfere with these old rights. Konak law is not village law. Konak law is only for the head-man and the council of elders. Caimacans and cadis stand apart. Only for two

purposes can any officer of the government step in. The caimacan and his financial minister have to see the taxes paid: the cadi and his assessors have to see that crime is fairly punished. Here, their duties end. Caimacans and financial officers have to lay the rate, and send in zaptiehs to collect that rate. Self-government here is perfect: all that caimacan and financial officer can do is to assess their district, and the several villages in their district. How the taxes shall be raised—how farm and cabin, church and sheep-run shall be rated—is for the villagers themselves, by means of their head-men and elders, to arrange. They must have time. A clever head-man can do better for the rustics, taken in the lump, than could be done, if each villager were left to deal with the Sultan's officer for himself.

All Cypriotes are poor; unable to pay up their portion of the public rates. These rates are always in arrear. How is a man to pay his taxes to the public chest who has so many things to pay besides? Here is a peasant in the village of San Feodoro. San Feodoro has an Orthodox sound; but this saintly place is nevertheless a mixed village. To be quite exact, there are forty-five

'Turks,' sixty Turkesses, and fifteen little Turks in San Feodoro; fifty 'Greeks,' seventy Greekesses, and fifteen little Greeks in San Feodoro. They are not, we see, a rapidly growing people, our rustic republicans. In truth, they are so free in these democracies, that they do what they like, and avoid doing what they don't like. They don't like work, and when we have mouths to feed we have to work early and late, and waste our lives on brats when we might be lavishing them on dancing girls. And so, in San Feodoro and such hamlets, to be counted by the score, we find two hundred and thirty men and women with no more than thirty little boys and girls.

We take a peasant of the Orthodox rite. He has to pay his tithe to the public chest; his quota as a man exempt from military service; his verghi, or poll-tax; his sheep and goat-tax; and last, not least vexatious, his primate's tenths. How can he pay beyond these drains?

Villagers are always in arrear, and the favour of a head-man depends in a large measure on his skill in putting off the caimacan, financial officer and governor, with words.

'Dimane!' sighs the caimacan when you ask

him for a favour. 'Dimane!' answers the villager when you ask him to pay up. I have before me a paper of accounts, sent from the palace of Stamboul to Nicosia, showing the arrears of taxes owing by these village republics to the crown. This paper shows that the head-men have been smart enough to fall into great arrears—in some cases of not less than twenty months. What marvel that the State is in arrear!

Hearing that English officers are clever at accounts, the Sultan has invited us to try our hand at gathering in these debts.

Cypriotes of all classes have a warm affection for these patriarchal rights; a sullen jealousy of men who slight them, and interfere with them. Konak law is not their law. In practice, they ignore both caimacan and cadi; they only know their own head-man and elders—officers elected by themselves. If any cause, besides drink and dancing girls, could draw their knives, it might be jealousy of their immemorial rights.

This passion lives alike in 'Turk' and 'Greek.'

CHAPTER V.

PASHA AND PRIMATE.

At the moment of our coming in, two independent powers existed in this island; each with a home, a citadel, and a place of arms, in Nicosia. One was a material, the other a spiritual power. In the dialect of this country, one was 'Turk,' the other 'Greek:' the first being represented by a soldier's sword, the second by a pastor's staff.

By nature these two powers were adverse to each other; but were kept in balance by the representative of each being minded to give and take. A Moslem in the konak held the sword; an Orthodox pastor in the palace held the staff. Here, stood the world; and there, the Church; not simply in that attitude of rivalry which everywhere exists between State and Church; but in that sterner mood of opposition which marks the enmities of a conquer-

ing army, and the clergy of a conquered race. A Moslem Governor in the konak of Nicosia was like an English Viceroy in Dublin Castle. An Orthodox Archbishop of Nicosia was like a Roman Catholic Cardinal in Dublin. Each proclaimed a system and personified a cause.

These powers were nicely mated, and the balance was a growth of ages. When the last Venetian garrison was expelled from Cyprus, and the island was united as of old to the great empire governed from the Bosphorus, the work of compromise began. Coming into the island as deliverers, the Moslems allowed the Orthodox natives to defile the Latin churches and destroy the Latin convents. Some public buildings they retained; turning the prefecture into a konak, the cathedral into a mosque; but, unlike the Latins, they imposed no rituals, launched no anathemas against an Orthodox people from their minarets. Pope and bishop were left alone; to build as many churches as they liked, and curse their old oppressors when they liked. 'Turk' and 'Greek' could live in peace; a mollah teaching in his mosque, a bishop preaching in his church, without the rivalry of hostile sects. They stood so far apart, that they could

hardly fight. Schism and heresy are words for kinsmen. Under the new state of things, schism and heresy were words that had no longer either sting or fang.

Thus, year by year, Pasha and Primate found a common ground. In theory, the soldier stood alone; in practice, his authority was limited by the priest. The Governor had no army at his back; his garrison in the capital seldom counting more than a hundred men; and all these men were natives of the soil. He had to rule by wit rather than by material force. Wit pointed out the policy of acting with, and not against, the native clergy. The Archbishop of Nicosia was an unarmed man; but, like the head-man in every village, he, the Primate of Cyprus, was elected to his office by the people over whom he ruled; and therefore held a deeply-seated and abiding power in every town and hamlet where the Orthodox people lived. Hardly less weighty was his hand in dealing with that troublesome element in the population, the Flax-cottons; slippery and tricksy people, who were neither Greek nor Turk in duty, yet both Greek and Turk in privilege.

With 'Turks' a pasha had no trouble. Faithful

to their caliph, they obeyed his representative with zeal; keeping the public peace, paying the public taxes, and supplying their tale of men for the public service. With the Orthodox and Flax-cottons his task was very different. Orthodox Christians owed no loyalty to their prince as caliph. True, they preferred him to the Doge of Venice and the Pope of Rome, under whose mace and staff they had been ground to dust. But they preferred him to those potentates only in so far as he respected their village republics and their religious rights. Unlike the Moslems, they were slow in payment of their rates; having, as they alleged, so many things to pay—church dues, communal dues, provincial dues. With the Flax-cottons it was worse. These men would neither pay their taxes nor serve in camp. A caimacan could do nothing with these shirkers, who, on being called up, appealed against him to some consular kavass, and got him into trouble with the Grand Vizier. Poor and close-fisted, both the Orthodox and the Flax-cottons were always in arrear.

To get on with such folks at all, a pasha needed to have agencies more subtle in their action than

the clatter of a zaptieh's steel, or even the crack of a caimacan's whip.

Monks and popes, living amongst the people that he had to rule, were agents ready to his hand. To gain them over he had only to make terms with the Archbishop of Nicosia. No Cypriote dares to disobey his pope, no pope to disobey his bishop, and no bishop to disobey his primate. 'Dare' is not the word, perhaps, for the sentiment is based on something more than fear. The Church in Cyprus is a free democracy, like the lay society out of which it springs. Yet, in her discipline, the Orthodox Church is autocratic, and an archbishop's order is a voice from Heaven. To rule the Primate is to sway the heart and guide the hand of every member of his church.

These things the Pasha saw, and for the sake of peace and order in the island konak and cathedral came to terms. No articles were written down; by silence and consent, rather than by any formal act, the Primate gave his hand to his neighbour at the konak, and the Pasha gave his hand to his neighbour at St. John's.

Each was a prince in his own world, and bore his signs of royalty in his title and his garb. The

Pasha was his Excellency and his Highness; the Primate his Excellency and his Beatitude. The temporal ruler bore his staff of state, tipped with a golden apple, and armed with two horse-tails. The spiritual ruler donned a purple robe, carried an imperial wand, and signed his name in vermilion ink.

Time out of mind, Cæsar had granted his license for the Primate of Cyprus to assume these signs of state. The Caliphs who succeeded Cæsar had not interfered with the Archbishop's robe and wand. Thus, while the Pasha stood in the place of a living Sultan on the Bosphorus, the Primate stood for the majesty of Constantine, the empire of the world.

Almost from the days of the Venetian war this compact of the konak and cathedral has been kept. Some jerk has now and then been felt, on which the Pasha's sword has suddenly flashed out; yet, in the end, a patient and crafty priest has brought that Pasha back to their unwritten bond. When each was in his place the island was at rest.

Pasha and Archbishop had always much in common. By their birth and training they were Oriental and their notions of government were those of Oriental men. Each fleeced his flock;

one shearing with his hanjar, and the other tearing with his crook. Hanjars are sharper instruments than crooks; but in the hands of skilful shepherds, crooks can comb out lots of wool. So long as Pasha and Primate could agree about the times for fleecing, little was left for the poor sheep, except to stand up quietly to the knife.

Under this dual system it is obvious that the profit was divided by the Church, while the responsibility fell on the State alone. Perhaps it is not too much to say that from the time of Mustafa, the first Pasha ever seen in Cyprus, to the reign of Pessim, ending only seven or eight weeks ago, the Primates have been the secret, unnamed, irresponsible rulers of this land.

Such was the case with his Beatitude Father Geronymo when we arrived. Pessim was lodging at the konak, and Geronymo at the palace. Pessim held the whip, but Geronymo showed him where to strike.

Pessim had been in power five weeks, and was no other than the stop-gap of a day. Kiamil, the former Governor, was unable to get on with his Beatitude. Geronymo is not easy to conciliate, unless you are content to let him have his

way. With Russian regiments at San Stefano, and Russian agents in the Sultan's palace, Geronymo was stronger than the Pasha. Greeks and Muscovites are adepts in the art of finding their way to private cabinets by way of unseen stairs. Voices in the Sultan's cabinet accused Kiamil of 'misconduct.' What his offences were no one here can say. He may have taken bribes when, in some one's opinion, he ought to have let them pass; he may have rejected bribes, when, in some one's opinion, he ought to have put them in his purse. He was accused. The Porte was in a yielding mood; not only were the Russians near the gates, but English sentiment required the sacrifice of a pasha. Kiamil fell. A governor came from Rhodes to take his place; but, after listening to all sides, and glancing through the meshes of intrigue, this governor prudently declined to step into Kiamil's shoes. Pessim, a soldier, was appointed in his stead.

Whether Pessim would have got on better with his colleague than Kiamil had done never can be known. Pessim was a temporary and dependent governor, while Geronymo was a permanent and independent priest. By the Imperial system Cyprus

was subject to Rhodes, in which the Vali, or Governor-General of the Archipelago, resides. A Governor of Cyprus reports to the Governor-General in Rhodes, not to the Grand-Vizir in Constantinople. Thus Pessim was no more than the lieutenant of a lieutenant; having no right, even in appeal, of writing to his sovereign prince. How different is the standing of Geronymo! A Primate of Cyprus owns no master in the Church of Christ. Ages ago, the merits of St. Barnabas, who was a native of this island, freed the Church of Cyprus from subjection to the Patriarch of Antioch, as well as to the Patriarch of Constantinople. Barnabas was stoned to death at Salamis, and his body buried by St. Mark. A copy of St. Matthew's Gospel was interred with him. After a lapse of four hundred years his grave was found, with the sacred manuscript lying on the martyr's breast. That finding was regarded as a miracle, and in commemoration of that miracle the Church of Cyprus was declared to be an independent Church. Father Geronymo, therefore, owes no fealty to Patriarch or to Pope. No Patriarch can put him down, no Pope can call him to account. Once chosen by his people for his sacred office,

he is free to do his will, ruling on the theory of a direct and personal inspiration from the Holy Ghost.

In presence of such a man, the Pasha was a shadow, coming with the dawn, and vanishing with the night. Such secular rulers come and go; Ali giving place to Ahmed, Ahmed to Selim, Selim to Mohammed. Father Geronymo stands by his altar and observes them come and pass away. How were such creatures of a day—slaves of a slave—officers of a foreign and a distant tyrant—to contend against a prince of the Church, standing on his native soil, holding his state in permanence, and resting his authority on a popular vote?

Geronymo held many weapons in his hands. First, as head of the Church, he was the chief owner of land in this island, and could therefore raise the rent on hundreds of farms at any moment and on any pretext. Second, as head of the Church, he was the biggest trader in the island, and could therefore raise the price of articles in the bazaars of every market-town. Third, as head of the Church, he was one of the chief exporters of wine, salt, and brandy, and could therefore easily derange the shipping trade and annoy the ports. These

temporal means of mischief could be strengthened and inflamed by spiritual allies. He could stop the Sacraments and suspend the rites of marriage and sepulture. He could shut up church and cloister, put the altars under mourning, and deny a suffering people all the solaces of religion, from the act of baptism to the final offices of grace. A man so armed for good and evil, might, if bent on worrying the civil power, drive half the people of this island to despair.

No one could wonder if a man like Pessim, ruling the capital with a hundred and twenty soldiers and a horsehair whip, had been forced to share his rule with such a prince.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR ARRIVAL.

OUR act of taking over Cyprus from the Sultan to the Queen without a voice being heard—a hand being raised—against the change of flag, has classical and humorous features, like the rape of some fair mortal by one of the elder race of gods or demi-gods. A bag of sixpences played a part in the affair, as in so many other Eastern stories. We have taken Cyprus very much on the method known in ancient law-books as 'marriage by force.'

At five o'clock on Monday afternoon, July the first, 1878, a telegram arrived at Suda Bay, in Crete, addressed to Vice-Admiral Lord John Hay, commanding the Channel Squadron in those seas. That telegram was in cipher, and was dated from the Admiralty, near Charing-cross.

Lord John was lying with his ships in Turkish

waters, waiting on events. A lull had come; the war having ended for the moment in a truce which might or might not lead to peace. Sir Geoffry Hornby's squadron covered the waterways of Constantipole, and a Russian army under General Todleben, stood within striking distance of the walls which guard Seraglio Point. Lord Beaconsfield and Prince Gortschakoff were at Berlin, wrangling with high-bred courtesy, at Prince Bismark's board. Opinions ran on peace; yet Russian agents were intriguing against us on a line of country from Cairo to Cabul. We had to free our arms and stand in readiness to strike at distant and decisive points. One angry word, one accidental shot, might plunge all Europe into war.

If peace were signed, the Channel Squadron would retire to Malta on her way towards Portsmouth, but if war blazed out, she might advance into the Dardanelles and occupy the Boulair lines. For either purpose, Suda Bay was a convenient starting point.

Some of our ships were out at sea, and many of our officers were ashore on leave. For days past every one had been talking of the homeward voyage; but British admirals are never at a loss.

The fleet was ready for a cruise, and no less ready for a fight; to go anywhere that ships can sail, to do anything that men can do. Few words sufficed. A signal sped from poop to poop, and every vessel on the station throbbed with life. They were to sail! Despatch boats ran to sea, with orders for the absent ships to join. Officers were called from shore; quick eyes were cast on bunk and magazine. All hands were mustered, and the names read out; each sailor and marine responding smartly to his name. That cipher was the Admiral's secret, but a sense of change—the press and presence of a duty to be done—ran through the squadron like the stream from a galvanic battery through the body of a man.

At daybreak, fires were got up and anchors hauled in. Orders for the day then passed from ship to ship, and the great ironclads began to move. At ten, the flag-ship *Minotaur*, headed from the bay, followed by the *Monarch* and *Defence*, and having cleared the islet, turned her ram due east. What now? Malta lies due west, Boulair due north, of Suda Bay; so that, on turning eastward, every one saw that they were going to neither Portsmouth nor the Dardanelles. Where, then? Port

Saïd—Acre—Scandaroun? Some guessed the first, and more, the last. Some had a theory about our Indian troops at Malta; they had been at Port Saïd when those troops came through, and were prepared to carry them to the Syrian coasts. It was no secret that ground for five or six camps had been taken up, at points to give us easy access to the Jordan Valley and the passes of the Lebanon. Was the Channel Squadron moving on those points? All day they hugged the coast, and in the evening hailed the *Black Prince* off Retymo, where she was engaged in gun-practice, and ordered her to join. The *Pallas* and the *Bittern* were also picked up on the way, and word was left for the *Foxhound* to follow in their wake. Wednesday was spent at sea. Daybreak of Thursday showed them land; a mountain mass higher than any other crest or cone in the Archipelago. That mass was Mount Olympus. Out from the shore stood reefs and rocks; unpleasant objects in a sailor's sight; especially when they differ from the dots and soundings on his sailing-charts. Behind these reefs lay a tiny town and port—the port of Papho. Marking those rocks and reefs for future use, the Admiral steamed on, passing Cape Gatta and the coast of

Limasol, to Cape Kiti, on rounding which he entered the Bay of Larnaca. Here he found the *Raleigh* and *Invincible*. These vessels, which had crossed from Port Saïd, were signalled to raise their anchors and join the fleet. By sun-down, the whole squadron was in line, holding the bay from Cape Kiti to Cape Pyla, in a ring of fire.

With what intent? No one as yet could say.

That a Convention, giving us a right of entry into Cyprus under certain terms, for certain purposes, was being arranged at Constantinople, was known to many; but the nature of our right of entry and the object of our presence in the island were as yet unknown. The signatures to the final articles of that Convention were hardly dry, for they were written only on the day when Lord John got his secret telegram in Crete. No copy of these articles had reached the *Minotaur*. The Admiral had to grope his way, guided only by his mother-wit, his long experience of affairs in office and out of office, and the sailor's faculty for seeing in the dark.

Next morning, Friday, the *Foxhound* came from Crete with news; on which the *Raleigh* was sent into the bay. Little was known of Larnaca; but

a fort, a konak, and other public buildings were visible from the poop. What guns they mounted, and what troops defended them, no one could tell. The *Raleigh* dropped her anchor opposite to the fort; and the *Foxhound*, acting as 'beef-boat,' communicated with the shore and with the fleet. On Saturday information reached the fleet that Cyprus was to be 'taken over' from the Sultan to the Queen. By the same messenger came from the Admiralty a six weeks' 'leave of absence' for the Duke of Edinburgh, captain of the *Black Prince*. This 'leave' the high-spirited young sailor resolutely declined.

The Admiral had never been in Cyprus; no one in the flag-ship spoke the native tongue; no officer of his staff had ever landed on the shore. No proper maps existed; only sham maps, got up in the ministries of foreign states; French maps, German maps, Italian maps; all more or less spotted with the lights that lead astray. Except his sailing charts, he had no key to the intricacies of reef and roadstead, yet he knew that sailors of the greatest eminence differed as to the site of sunken rocks. Nothing was known about the people. Were they likely to approve his orders to take them over? If not,

were they to be feared? How many troops were kept in garrison? How many ports were armed? How many inland towns were walled? Who was the acting governor—who was the military chief? Were they instructed to fall back as we advanced? If not, were we to treat them as enemies, and drive them back by force? Had we the right to lower the Sultan's flag and hoist our own? If the Sultan's troops resisted that proceeding, were we authorized to shoot them down? No one could say.

Doubts hung on every point; yet he was bound to act and act at once. One feeble hour, and we might have to fight from port to port, from ridge to ridge, and blur our passage through the land with blood and fire.

The first thing was to surround the island by his ships, to seal up all the ports, and to prevent the landing of foreign troops. First, the *Bittern* was sent round the island to Cerinia, with orders to close that port and watch the northern coast as far as Cape Andreas; next, the *Pallas* was sent to cruise between Cape Kiti and Papho, so as to hold in blockade all the southern coast; then the *Raleigh* was directed to the west, with orders to cruise

between the *Bittern* and the *Pallas*, while the *Black Prince* stood off the island, guarding the approaches from the west and north. These vessels were commanded to watch the coast, to warn intruders from the harbours, and to sink any craft that might attempt, in face of this warning, to throw any troops on shore. By sunrise on Monday morning, Cyprus was embraced by iron-clads.

Early in the day, the *Minotaur* steamed in to Larnaca Bay, and dropped her anchor half a mile from shore. Little was known about the people; nothing at all of their political sentiments. Who was governor of the town, and who commander of the fort? What guns were in position, and were they likely to be used? Captain Rawson, of the *Minotaur*, was sent on shore. This officer has a faculty for picking up intelligence like that of his chief for seeing in the dark. In China and in Egypt his talent had been put to proof. On shore, he saw the consul, and learned that the town was governed by a caimacan, the harbour defended by a small fort, armed with old Venetian guns, and garrisoned by a hundred men. The caimacan—that is to say the lieutenant-governor—was a man

of mild and indolent nature, living in the konak with his wives, and seldom came into the town. On Rawson's return to the *Minotaur*, the Admiral went on shore, visited the caimacan, and took his measure of the place. A rumour, as he heard, was current on the quay and in the bazaar, that Cyprus was being turned over to the English, but the caimacan was without instructions on that point. Our speed from Crete had outrun the Sultan's messengers from the Bosphorus. But the Admiral was bound to act.

Next morning, Rawson went on shore again, to learn what could be learnt; and in the afternoon he laid a brief report before the Admiral on all the leading points, not only as to Larnaca, but as to every corner of the island. The town-folk he described as 'quiet and sociable, very lazy, and given to pleasures of every sort;' but they were not 'fanatical,' that is to say, they would not fight. 'Drunkenness was not uncommon,' amongst the Orthodox; but on the other hand, 'robberies, assassinations, and brigandage were nearly unknown.' They were a tame and feeble folk, unlikely to resist. What more could Admiral wish to know?

Parties of blue jackets were put in boats and sent

on shore, with orders to land above the town and build a pier. They were to ask no leave, and make no fuss; but set to work and do the job as they were told; acting as they might do on the fore-shore of an English port. On seeing these sailors land, some of the natives sidled up and stared at them. When they set up a spar, and hoisted the English flag, those natives stared still more; but no one interfered to stop their work. No one knew what to do or what to think. The caimacan and the Quarantine master, were as much in the dark as other people; but while the caimacan sat still in his konak, the Quarantine master, being a foreigner, came on board the flag-ship to see how matters stood, and after glancing at the big guns, offered his humble services to the Queen.

Taking no notice of the fort, we raised our flag and built our pier; taking no heed of the caimacan, we made our consul governor of the town. On Tuesday afternoon our occupation was complete by sea and land.

CHAPTER VII

TAKEN OVER.

A FOOTHOLD in the country being secured, might we not now advance from Larnaca to Nicosia? We were to take the island over, not merely to obtain a footing on the shore. How was this order to be carried out? Larnaca is an open port, and in the province of a fleet to seize and hold. Nicosia is an inland capital, lying beyond the passes through a range of hills. Ironclads are useless when the place to be attacked is separated from the sea by mountain walls. To reach Nicosia, the Admiral must go by land.

In Rawson's brief report, the people of Nicosia, being chiefly 'Turks,' were set down as 'fanatical'; men devoted to their religion and faithful to their caliph; in other words, men who might possibly turn out and fight. Their city was a fortress,

armed with both English and Venetian guns. The walls were thick, the bastions strong. A Turkish flag was floating from Papho gate. A pasha who had seen service in the field was governor of the island, with a lodging in the konak. A garrison of a hundred and twenty soldiers held the gates, backed by a Mohammedan population counting no less than three thousand fighting-men. On coming to Nicosia, we should have to lower their flag and hoist our own. Would they stand by and see their flag hauled down? Nations are jealous of their flags; the visible expression of themselves. On coming to Nicosia, we must take possession of the gates and public offices; that is to say, disarm the soldiery and depose the governor. Would they submit to be disarmed, deposed, and swept away? If not, how many guns and men would be required to shoot them down? Our Admiral, who had served with Ottomans by sea and land, knew how those men can fight behind stone walls. He had no need to think of Plevna; he had seen with his own eyes Silistria, Eupatoria, and other battle-grounds. Our new governor of Larnaca, a man of great experience in the island, hinted that he ought to wait for the

arrival of British troops. Sir Garnet Wolseley was coming out as High Commissioner, and the Indian regiments then at Malta, stood in readiness to embark. In four or five weeks they might arrive.

How many men, this resident was asked, could venture to go up to Nicosia?

'Fifteen thousand men, certainly not less.' From Larnaca to Nicosia is twenty-seven miles, more or less, according to the pass through which one rides. By way of Dali, it is rather more; by way of Athieno, it is rather less. Both tracks run over ridges, through a parched and stony waste. The heat was near a hundred in the shade. No water, save at one poor hamlet standing on the river Idalia, was to be expected on the road.

Suppose the Admiral had his fifteen thousand men on parade at Larnaca? How was he to march them—cavalry, infantry, siege-gun, commissariat, hospitals, and ammunition train—across that burning waste?

That night, the Admiral formed his plan; a subtle and a humorous plan. Our entry should be made at once, but in a friendly and civilian spirit; taking

our right to occupy the soil for granted, and our welcome by all classes of the islanders as a thing of course. That welcome was to be assured by visible means. All salaries were in arrear. Just as the villagers were in arrear to the Crown, the Crown was in arrear to all its officers. Nothing is so welcome to the eyes of Orientals as a little coin, especially newly-minted coin. The Admiral proposed to enter Cyprus with some sacks of newly-minted sixpences, and to send before him news that he was going to pay off all arrears. He was to go at once, without a guard; to hire a wagonette, the only one in Cyprus; and to drive up quietly to Nicosia with his secretary, and a couple of mules laden with English sixpences. He would enter Nicosia as the minister of a Queen who never falls into arrears, and let the people understand that he was ready to pay the Sultan's debts. Was any man, from pasha to zaptieh, likely to repulse an ally of the Sultan who proposed to hand him over his arrears of pay?

On Wednesday, the *Salamis* arrived, having on board the Ottoman agent, Samih Pasha, and the English agent, Secretary Baring. Samih brought a firman, or 'handwriting of the Sultan,' for the

transfer of his island to the English queen. Baring brought a copy of the articles which had just been signed in Constantinople. The firman was addresses to Pessim Pasha, governor of the island; the articles to Lord John Hay, Commander of the Channel Fleet. So far as written words could go, the thing seemed done; and yet, for practical purposes, the problem was unsolved. We had a legal right to march into Nicosia, to depose the Sultan's officer, and disarm the Sultan's troops. Whether these officers and troops would bow their heads was far from being sure. Some facts in Bosnia and Albania raised a doubt as to the prompt obedience of all Ottoman officers to the Sultan's sacred name. Samih was ready to go up. He thought the governor would yield; Baring agreed with him; but neither Samih nor Baring knew the governor and people of Nicosia.

Next morning, Thursday, they set out—Rawson at their side. Rawson was instructed by the Admiral to mark all tracks and rivulets, to observe the townsfolk and the garrison, and to sketch the city walls and gates. Most of all, he was to search the ramparts, and to find the weakest part of the defensive lines. If force had to be used, the

Admiral wished to see how the capital could be taken by assault.

Never was officer employed with more success. While Samih and Baring were at the konak, smoking their pipes, sipping their coffee, and listening to the scruples of Pessim Pasha, Rawson was threading his way from khan to mosque, from gateway to bazaar; diving at Famagosta gate into the magazines, climbing the staircase of the minaret, and marking with a sailor's eye the amount of 'fight' in troops and citizens. The men, he thought, were stiff, and full of 'fight.' He made a circuit of the walls, inside and out; noting each trench and angle with a view to an assault. One bastion in the circuit struck his eye; Zechra, an outwork standing in rear of the Serai. There, should the matter come to blows, he saw his chance of leading a column of blue jackets against the scarp.

At dusk he took his road back to Larnaca, leaving Samih and Baring in the capital. He arrived at half-past ten. On hearing his report, the Admiral's impulse was to start at once; he and his secretary in the wagonette. But there were difficulties in his way about the flag. In taking Cyprus over, he was forced to hoist the Union-Jack in Nicosia, and the

fixed rule in the service is, that the flag shall never go without a guard. Since the flag must go, men must go with it, in sufficient numbers to impose respect. Rawson was appointed to carry up the flag; and telling off a company, fifty of Captain Kelly's marines, and fifty blue jackets, he returned with them to shore. The night was hot, the country rough, but having set his men in order, he was ready to advance by four o'clock. Then, riding round his little band, he gave the word—'Quick, march.'

At five the admiral started in his wagonette; crawling and bumping over the white and blinding earth. At seven, he overtook and passed his troop, and took up Rawson into his wagonette. Choking with dust, thrown up by his wagon wheels, he pushed on rapidly, grinding over ridge after ridge, until he sighted the palms and campaniles of Nicosia from a crest not more than a mile from the city walls. Curling round a disused cemetery, he entered Nicosia by Famagosta gate at eleven o'clock.

It was the hour of prayer, and all Nicosia seemed asleep. Driving through an oblique tunnel, he curved by way of Thata Kale Mosque into Treboti

Lane, a street and water-passage leading through the town from east to west. At Ali Effendi Khan, his wagonette drew up; the farther portion of this lane, by way of Locanda della Speranza, and the Balik bazaar, being only passable for mules and camels. Friday being sabbath, and eleven o'clock the hour of prayer, no visit could be paid, no business done, till after noon; but with a temperature at ninety-nine in shade, a little rest and cover were not unwelcome, even to a sailor bronzed by tropical suns. At three, the Admiral mounted and set out. His mules, gaily attired, rode on in front of him, groaning under their weight of silver coin. To right and left the news ran out among the crowds, that this great English lordo, sent to them by the noble Queen, was going to pay off all arrears of debt. Every one was to get his own; from zaptieh to cadi, from caimacan to pasha, every one was invited to send in his bill. All that was owing, would be paid; not in the dirty caimés of the country, but in solid English sixpences. Such news was strange enough to take men's breath. A governor bring in money to their town! The Golden Age had come again. Could any old man recollect a time when pashas came to give

and not to take? Not one. Pashas had always come in lean and gone out fat. Never before had a Nicosian seen a pasha bring in money. The effect was instant—magical. All eyes were strained after those sumpter-mules; all heads were bent before that officer in blue and gold. Even a 'fanatic' with his salary in arrear six months, saw in a moment that this English pasha was the man for him.

Meantime Kelly and his column had arrived at Famagosta gate by three o'clock, after a march of twenty-six miles. Not a man had fallen out of rank. Two marines had suffered from sunstroke, but had kept their places, and the column had only once been halted for half an hour. Out ran the Ottoman troops with cups of coffee and jars of water for the men. These excellent fellows helped in every way; unloading our baggage-carts and getting out the things. In eighty minutes, both the red-coats and blue-jackets mustered on parade. Rawson, after much palaver, got the garrison to retire from Famagosta gate, and left some thirty blue-jackets to hold that post, which, sailor-like, they at once inscribed with the legend, 'Channel Squadron Gate.'

What followed in the konak was a form—a baga-

telle—a cigarette. Pessim gave up his chair of office, and the English admiral took his seat.

At five the Ottoman flag was lowered with military honours. Kelly's marines presented arms, and in the Admiral's presence, Rawson ran up the British flag. All government debts were ordered to be verified and paid. No voice was raised except to cheer. Victoria spoke to her new children from the silver coins. What caimacan, what zaptieh could resist a lady whose minister's first act was not to tax them but to pay their debts?

Long before Sir Garnet Wolseley and his regiments arrived at Larnaca the work of taking over Cyprus from the Sultan to the Queen was done. To the High Commissioner was left the task, more arduous, perhaps, but less pictorial, of quickening a torpid Oriental body like these Cypriotes into an active and progressive state of life.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW RULE.

No one can say that we have put a satrap over Larnaca to eat and sleep, and earn his Paradise by leaving things alone. Colonel White, of the Royal Scots, our new Commissioner, has no respect for dogs, nor for the vested rights of dogs. In his sight, dogs are nuisances, to be whipped away like other nuisances. Why his horsehair whip? Not satisfied with hustling off the caimacan, pushing his harem from the konak, hurling his old Venetian guns from the castle-wall—where they are lying now, poor relics of a vanished reign—he has ventured to lay his hand on rights and liberties, older in date than our own great charter, older in date than our Anglo-Saxon laws.

Like other communes, Larnaca is a small republic; governed through officers elected by herself.

She has a Head-Man, corresponding to an English mayor, who is assisted by a Council of Elders, corresponding to an English Common Council. These officers are chosen once a year by the whole body of citizens. Head-Man and Elders rule the town; lay rates, or don't lay them; clean streets and roads, or don't clean them; build piers and jetties, or don't build them. Chosen by their townsmen, they must please the town or lose their places. Larnaca is a pure democracy, ruling herself by immemorial rights. These local rights are in our way, and we are treating them, as we have treated the Venetian guns.

A new Head-Man has just been elected by public vote; but he is not the kind of man we want; so we have snuffed him out and put another in his place: one Heidestan, that quarantine-master, who so quickly put himself on the side of the biggest guns. He is a stranger in the town, and we have called him mayor.

Head-Man and Elders are no doubt, old fogies; willing to let everything alone. 'Dimani' is their motto, as of other Oriental folk. What, if the streets are choked by dust? What, if the khans are foul with dung? What if the quays are

channelled by tide and surf? Nobody cares. They have no money to expend. To lay a rate is only to excite the public wrath. Why should the Head-Man and his Elders vex their souls about improvements for which no one cares? The Head-Man, like the caimacan, finds his peace in leaving things alone.

To do what must be done, we want new men; to put in force what must be put in force, we want new rules.

Our satrap gives us lots of rules.

'Don't go on shore, Sir,' says the youngster of the Howling Wilderness, laughing with a boy's enjoyment of his fun. 'Don't go on shore, Sir; it's *too* dangerous.'

'Dangerous? What's too dangerous? You don't mean to say the gig will upset, and the pier break down?'

'No, Sir; the gig's all right, and the pier's all right; no fear of them. What's dangerous is the new rules, made by the big bashaw.'

'New rules and big bashaw! What do you mean? What are the new rules, and who is the big bashaw?'

'English rules—they are the new rules—Colonel White—that is the big bashaw.'

'You call the new Commissioner a big bashaw? How will he prove dangerous to *me*, if I go on shore?'

'Down on you like a shot, Sir. He is more peremptory than a pasha of twenty tails.'

'And how does he come down on you like a shot?'

'Fines, sir, fines. Five shillings to two pounds, Sir; not less than five shillings, not more than two pounds. That's the big bashaw. Mostly ten bob, Sir. Some men are unlucky. That sub-lieutenant hardly ever gets off shore under fifteen bob.'

'What does he fine you for?'

'Anything—nothing; spitting in the street, smoking on the pier, blowing your nose on the quay, winking your eye at a ghost.'

A ghost, I find, is English for a veiled Mohammedan woman.

'Why, Sir,' laughs the youngster, 'I got fifteen bob for only just having a lark with a ghost in the bazaar.'

'My friend, if you will have larks with

ghosts in howling wildernesses you must pay for them.'

'It's getting beyond a joke, Sir. Why, his fines —not less than five shillings, not more than two pounds—have all but stopped our leave. Fellows can't afford to go on shore, when it's ten bob for kicking up a bit of a dust."

Larnaca is the chief place in the province, or Caimacanate of that name; but for the sake of cooler air and better water, head quarters have been fixed at La Scala—the port. Here stand the konak, the castle, and the town-hall. Here we have taken up our ground.

The province starts from Yeni Kale, in the centre of the bay; skirts the ochre-pits near Mavro Vouni, crosses the limestone ridges under Santa Anna; climbs the heights of Machera, and running along the summit of that mountain, drops by way of Calavasso to the sea. Much of this country is rocky waste; sacred and classical, no doubt; but of an unproductive soil. Carobs and prickly pears abound; but mulberries, oranges and palms are scarce. A headland bears the name of Carob Point, and a small bay, called Zu, is frequented by tiny craft for those locust beans which Greeks and

Russians eat as John the Baptist's bread. But, Larnaca and Leucara excepted, this province cannot boast of having a single town. The villages are small; the best amongst them, such as Kellia and Aradippo, being no more than little groups of cottages. In England even Leucara and Larnaca would hardly rank as towns; the first having less than eighteen hundred souls, the second less than two thousand souls. The soil is thin; the peasants living on that soil are poor. Few taxes can be raised. Not many trades are carried on, and some of those who profit by the business of La Scala pay their taxes into other public chests. To wit, the muleteers who carry goods from Larnaca to Nicosia and other inland towns, live in Athieno, a village in the province of Famagosta; so that the profit of their enterprise goes into the public chest of Famagosta, not into that of Larnaca.

Our Commissioner at Larnaca has pressing and ungrateful duties to perform, and should be judged, in fairness, by results. To some, his treatment of the ancient laws will seem offensive and unjust; not to be excused by any evidence he may show of cleaner streets and better paved quays. Others may think his improvements worth the price, including

his suspension of rights and liberties which the Ottomans have respected for three hundred years.

Larnaca has a good deal of dust to lay; a good deal of spitting in the streets to stop. A Levantine port, it has the ordinary—and something more than the ordinary—rubbish of a Levantine port. Larnaca is a holy place, sacred to more than one race of saints; drawing to her mosques and churches pilgrims from many sides. Arabs and Egyptians come over sea to pray at the Sultana's tomb above the town; Copts and Maronites come over sea to pray at the shrine of Lazarus within the town. These shrines are of peculiar sanctity. The mosque of the Sultana is supposed to cover the ashes of Omm Haram, Mohammed's cousin. The shrine of Lazarus is supposed to cover the grave of him who was once before entombed at Bethany, and was afterwards restored to life. Pilgrims come in shoals. Unhappily, all towns of pilgrimage are dirty, for the pilgrims, whether 'Turk' or 'Greek,' or only black earth, all come from a low, improvident and superstitious class.

Larnaca cannot boast of being the one exception to a general rule. Before our new Commissioner entered on his task, the streets were choked with

dust, and the bazaars with filth. Dogs, mules and camels fouled the roads, and every suburb stank with dead and unburied animals. Beasts were slaughtered in the street, and the offal left to fry and rot. A ledge of broken stones was called the quay. In and out among these stones the waters washed and frothed, drenching the passer-by, tearing out the boulders, and stopping up the road. The shores were cesspools, and the public khans no more than heaps of dung. Four or five good houses, tenanted by consuls, tried to keep the enemy at bay. Their fight was stout, but they were always beaten in the end; for the Caimacan, living in the Turkish quarter, was untouched in his own harem, and what cause had he to rouse the head-men and his set of elders from their trance? What to him were the woes of strangers? Men must sleep under the trees they plant. So the Caimacan smoked his pipe, and left the hucksters of the port to perish in the filth they made.

But with our advent things are changed. We make these vagrants decent whether they will or no. Once dirtier than Beyrout or Jaffa, Larnaca is becoming as clean as Folkestone or Holyhead. Of course, this work is up-hill work. Men who

never swept their doors before, don't like to sweep them now; men who were never made to clean their khans object to paying fines. We force all persons in the town, even those who land for a few hours only, to observe the decencies of life. These rules are hard for Levantines to learn; but then a fine, from five shillings up to forty, is still harder for a Levantine to pay. Colonel White's scheme is strict. No nuisances are allowed, and no offences are condoned. Every man must either do or pay his duty. A butcher in the bazaar shall keep no offal near his stall; a stable-keeper shall not throw his refuse on the street. No idler shall 'kick up a dust,' annoy a ghost, or misbehave in a public place.

Under rules so strict, and so unusual, comic incidents of course arise; your engineers, we know, are sometimes 'hoist on their own petards,' and magistrates, we hear, are sometimes fined in Larnaca under their own rules. Even the big bashaw has not escaped.

In going about the port with Colonel White, and still more frequently without him, I compare the present with the past. I am surprised to see how much has been achieved, and at so slight a cost.

White has no public chest to draw from: yet he has changed La Scala so completely that a native, absent from the town for ten or twelve weeks, would hardly know his place again. Houses are being cleaned and whitewashed, and the windows paned with glass. Holes in the ground are filled up, and angles in the buildings cut away. The streets are named—White Street, Wolseley Street, Bank Street—and the quays are being widened and aligned. Parts of the camel-ground are being enclosed; dead animals are buried out of sight. Only in one suburb have I seen a skeleton battened on by kites and crows.

CHAPTER IX.

A DAY'S DOINGS.

Let me recount the story of a day; a day of common-places in this semi-tropical land.

At five o'clock I wake, startled by a close and sudden shot. Near to me, so near that I can lay my finger on it, sprawls a monster gun.

The room in which I sleep is wide and strange. Beside that monster cannon stands a piano; beyond that piano is a writing-table, covered with charts and journals. Port-holes, open to the sea; a dark and tranquil tide, over which gleams the faint and picturesque outline of Santa Croce, with the ridges of Olympus towering up behind. Two or three spectral forms are flitting in and out; seamen with bare and silent feet intent on service. In a moment I remember things. I am lying in a bunk, on board the flagship, in a Cyprian bay. The shot that wakes me

in the early dawn is gun-fire. Larnaca is asleep, the Moslem in his harem, the Christian in his female quarter; but this shot from the flag-ship tells them that even before the sun is up, the sentinels of England's Queen are on the watch.

Bath, breakfast, follow in due order. While we linger over our cheroots in the stern walk, chatting of this and that, much work is done; done by the admiral with a look, a word, a nod. Reports come in from shore; arrivals are announced, and orders given about salutes. Working parties are told off; dinners are noted for the week; days are fixed for gun-practice; lists of the sick on board are scanned; lists, one is glad to see, decreasing with the cooler days. Last week some heavy rains came down; not thick and semi-tropical rain, but smart and passing showers, like those we have in Kent. The temperature in the bay marks only 83°, while that on shore marks only 91°. One thinks of nothing but the pleasant day in front.

Often and often have I talked of spending a week or two at Ormidia; one of the greenest spots in the Caimacanate of Famagosta; sitting under a certain apricot, under the shade of which a hundred men can lounge and smoke, tasting the

water from a certain well, which a judge of drinking prefers to that of Zem-zem. Fortune has never favoured me till now.

No one abroad knows much about Ormidia. Standing across the bay, not far from Cape Pila and the ridge of St. George, the place is not seen from the poop, nor does it stand in the Caimacanate of the big bashaw. Captain Price, of the *Invincible*, once rode over to Ormidia, and remained some days; but Price is hardly more a sailor than an antiquary; and Ormidia is the country house of the Cesnola family. I mean to cross the bay. Hearing of my plan, a friend in Larnaca offers me his steam launch, and crowns his kindness by proposing to go with me and take the wheel.

At ten o'clock, the launch draws up at the accommodation ladder, and in a jiffy I am in her stern. Our crew consists of a white man and a black lad; an ordinary Cypriote boatman, and a dab of the black earth. Our company consists of the owner, Major di Cesnola, and myself. Fizz, flirts the steam, and we are off.

'How long to cross the bay?'

'Forty-five minutes, perhaps, if we are lucky in the sea.'

We speed along, the blue waves rising round us pure and fresh. 'Too fresh a good deal,' growls the boatman, spitting the brine from between his lips. A wave breaks over us, high and sparkling. We are wetted to the skin; but in the burning sun, that drench seems cool and pleasant, and we mop the water from our faces with a laugh. Looking at the boatman, I remark, 'Your bay is sometimes rough?' He lifts his eyes to mine, and mumbles through his teeth, 'Oh, yes, sometimes.' A wave rolls over him, nearly putting out his fire. 'Port helm!' he shouts, to the reluctant steersman. 'Out to sea, or we are swamped.' Steersman objects, for we are more than half-way on our course. I intervene with a suggestion:

'How are we to land in case we make the shore?'

Steersman cannot say, and boatman shakes his head. 'Of course, they have no piers and jetties over there?' The Italian soldier shakes his head, and the reluctant steersman ports his helm.

Our clothes are dripping wet; the bit of black earth turns deadly white.

'Holy George!' shouts the boatman, 'steer for the lighthouse!' Much against the grain, our

steersman turns his wheel. 'Master, I know this bay,' says the boatman; 'make for the pharos. Our fires will soon be out. If not, I wash my hands of the affair.'

Having done our best, we yield to fate; turning on our course and slowly steaming back to port.

In dripping clothes we reach a landing-stage, formed by a dozen stakes driven a few inches into mud, and laid with un-nailed planks; about the feeblest thing on which men ever landed from a steam-launch in the midst of breakers.

Baffled by sea, we turn to land. What mules and ponies can be got? Away trots the bit of black earth. Not far off lies the camel-ground. Yacoub is there, with his brace of ponies, dressed in parti-coloured trappings. He and his son Mousa are engaged; and having put some comforts in the saddle-bags, we file away—a merry, if not an imposing caravan.

Mounted on our biggest horse, the stalwart major leads; the steersman and myself close up; Yacoub, his son Mousa, and the second bit of black earth visible in our wake.

Our saddles are of Levantine build; too big for the small backs they cover, and the girths are worn

to rags. For bridles we have lengths of rope. The steersman's beast is lame; my pony has an open sore in the leg, into which sand-flies creep. Old legends speak of Cyprian ponies as a quick and gentle race, certain of foot, yet yielding to the spur; creatures to wind up hill all day on a ration of chopped straw, and then to lie down happily on a bed of flint. Our beasts, we find, are proud and restive, bent on throwing you from their backs, and snapping off your boots. They want a great deal of food, a great deal of water, and a great deal of rest. They like to do little work, and do that little when they please. Not so the donkeys. More docile and enduring, these beasts go steadily forward, trotting up the ground. One hour after starting from Larnaca the donkeys are in front, the bits of black earth and the old keradgé far ahead.

Yacoub, our keradgé, is a Flax-cotton—one of those hybrids who belong to all sides. Yacoub has never been to school, and what he knows has been slowly gathered up by the roadside and in the camel-ground; and yet he is as fine a trimmer in his way as any white Cypriote—even as our new mayor of Larnaca. He is a 'Turk' when it is good

for him to be a Turk; a 'Greek' when it is better for him to be a Greek. At present he is leaning towards the Franks; having a vague suspicion that these new comers will pay sixpences for piastres without knowing what is what. Yacoub is not a man of words. Listening to his voice all day I hardly catch a dozen phrases. 'Wr-r-h,' (go on) he cries to his leading mule on the quay at Larnaca. 'Shoh!' (stop) he calls to his donkeys at Yenikale, where we cross into the Caimacanate of Famagosta. 'Koost!' (take care!) he shouts to my pony, as we trot along the beach.

I try to draw him out, and watch his capers as he tries to face three ways at once. 'How many miles a day can your donkey go?'

'Thirty, mio lordo.'

'Thirty, Yacoub! that is an exaggeration. Come now, is not that an exaggeration?'

'Certo, that is why he did it. I have known an exaggeration go thirty-five miles a day.'

The Major roars, and Yacoub looks askance. Sons of the black earth never understand a laugh.

I prick on by myself; the fresh breeze blowing on my face. Crossing the frontier of the two Caimacanates, and passing from the territory of Colonel

White into that of his neighbour Captain Inglis. On the track I reach a café, simpler than that in the entrance of Wady Aly; the establishment consisting of a pole and mat, a hole in the ground, a brazier and cup, a pipe and tobacco-bag, and a couple of stones for seats. For one piastre you can buy a cup of mocha and a whiff of jebilé. Yacoub now ambles up.

'What is that building, Yacoub, near the beach?'

'The pirates' tower; that is where the pirates used to lodge.'

'Pirates! Do you mean that anybody on this coast was bold enough to tempt his fate as a pirate?'

'No, not that; the pirates were Algerines.'

'Algerines! Algiers is a long way off, Yacoub?'

'Well, we were told to call them Algerines. Our caimacan and cadi said they were Algerines. But we knew better; nearly all those robbers came from Samos and Patino.'

'Aye! your caimacan and cadi hardly liked to own that such scoundrels came from their master's own dominions?'

'That's it. None of those infidels tell the truth.'

'What did the pirates find to pilfer?'

'Women, cattle, everything; but most of all they stole women and girls.'

'Where were your young men all that time?'

'Off, in the hills.'

'Your fellows ran away and left their wives and daughters to those pirates?'

'Why, what could they do? They were an awful lot, those Algerines.'

'From Samos to Patino, recollect; all neighbours of your own, those Algerines?'

The old man wags his beard and smiles—he never laughs; no Cypriote, when on duty, ever laughs. These fellows only laugh when they are fired with mastic, and excited by their dancers and buffoons.

On turning from the beach I try his gravity with an English riddle.

'Tell me, Yacoub, how far is it from Ormidia to five o'clock?'

The bit of black earth drops behind.

I canter on in front; but in a while, losing all sound of hoofs on the track, I rein up and look about. The place is lonely; not a house, a church, a minaret being in sight. Traces of a mule track turn the corner of a ledge. I hail my friends, but no one answers me. Twisting on my

seat, I strain the gear; my girth, no stronger than a rag, frays out and parts, on which the Levantine saddle slips. Catching at the pony's mane, I pull the creature over, and we wriggle to the ground—a very nasty bit of ground. Freeing my feet I spring up, hoping no harm is done. According to the rules laid down in hunting-fields, I twitch my fingers, try my arm; they seem all right; but in a moment comes a sense of faintness, and I sink down quietly to the earth. Two donkeys now trot up, but neither Mousa nor the nameless bit of black earth gets down. Suddenly a man glides forward with a jar of water in his hand. He is a stranger of the road, probably a peasant from some village in the neighbouring hills. Seeing me faint, and knowing what to do, he sprang down a ravine, caught up a jar of water from a spring. The spring is brackish, and I have to put it by; yet, long as I remember anything, I shall have the figure of that ready and obliging Cypriote in my mind.

My friends come up; the steersman walking, and the major ambling at his side. The soldier, seeing the situation at a glance, spurs forward on the track, raising a cloud of dust, and leaving in his wake, as

he turns the shoulder of a hill, his cry—'A chariot! wait; a chariot!'

Where, I ask myself, will the Italian find a chariot?

Drinking a little wine, I rise, sling up my arm in a kerchief, and signal for the caravan to march. Slowly we trudge along the road, which curls through limestone hills, all white and blistering in the sun. My beast is led along, tormented by his bruises and his sand-flies. Then we hear a noise; the major's voice being loud, with heavy thudding on the ground. Something is grinding up the steep on wheels. A mob of peasants heaves in sight; among them that good fellow of the brackish well. Behind these peasants sways a bullock-waggon, drawn by two slow and mighty beasts. At our approach they halt.

'Lift him in gently,' says the Italian soldier; 'you lift his feet; I'll take him by the shoulder, where he's hurt.'

The kindliness is great, but English blood revolts at making a first entry into Ormidia in a bullock-cart. With thanks, I set my face against that team. No; I will walk; and with the help of a stick, I walk. Striding towards the village, I find

the whole population coming out. They meet us in the lane and follow us to the house, whispering and saluting in a friendly way. When the muleteer, the two bits of black earth, and all the other gapers are shut out, I slip the kerchief from my arm, throw aside my clothes, and sink down quietly in a truckle bed.

CHAPTER X.

MY COUNTRY HOUSE.

'HASSAN!'

On parting for the night, my host desires me if I wish for anything, to call out 'Hassan.' Who Hassan is, I have no notion, save a surmisé that he must be a servant of the house, whose duty is to lie near my door, keep the water jars full, and listen for sounds within my room. From his name I guess he is a 'Turk.' No Christian and no Flax-cotton gives his son the Arab name of Hassan.

'Call, if you want anything.' In the night, I want a draught of water. I am thinking of Zem-zem; longing for the water of that peerless spring. My lips and throat are parched; my neck and shoulder seem on fire; the muscles of my arm drop dead. My room is hot; for, in accordance with the rules laid down in Cyprus, my window-

shutters have been closed. These rules are made: first, to keep out mosquitoes; second, to prevent those sudden chills which bring on fever. Though my door is left ajar, the air is stifling. In my pain and restlessness, I want not only water, but a nurse; some one who can raise my head, and lay the pitcher to my lips.

'Hassan!'

A tall, dark figure glides through the half-open door.

'Ferrie mie,' I begin, 'ferrie mie . . . . nero.'

Stooping to my ear, the tall dark figure whispers, in a voice like that of a Sister of Mercy, and in very fair Toscano, 'Will the Effendi please to speak Italian?'

Something in his accent takes me, and I feel that I am going to like this man.

'Date mi aqua fresca.'

Pitcher and glass are brought into my room; a stool is pulled to my bedside; and the water is brought to my lips by means of straws.

'May it bring you good, Effendi,' whispers the Arab water-drinker, giving me a straw, and using the poetical idiom of his race when offering water to a guest.

'Thanks, Hassan, thanks. It has already brought me good.'

Cooled by the draught, I doze again; dreaming of the sea-shore and the silent hills; of men in parti-coloured shawls, and of a strange hadgé with a phial in his hand, containing water from the sacred well. In dreams I blend that figure with the servant in my room.

All through the night this fellow waits on me; bringing me, with a silent service only to be expected in a nurse, limes, straws, and jars of water—each article in its turn, each at the proper moment, and without a word being said by me. Light he is too wise to introduce. My lamp is out. Some stars are seen through the lattices, but the crescent moon has sunk into the limestone hills. My room is almost dark. Soft, silent, watchful he remains; only when I wish him to speak, he speaks, and then his words are full of hope. Every one, he tells me, meets with these bumps and bruises on the road. He has been thrown a score of times; his wrist being broken, his elbow crushed, and his shoulder put out. The pain was only for a day; a little rest, a little shade, plenty of good water, and he was always on his

legs again. By lying still, by rubbing in some lotion, and by drinking this good water, the Effendi will soon be right.

When daylight dawns, I find that this good fellow is the man who was so quick on the road in bringing me that glass of water, and of course the man I have been blending in my dream with hadgés and sacred wells! I look my thanks; though not a word is said, he understands. I put my left hand out to him; he bends his head with oriental reverence. I seize his hand and give him a hearty shake. Again he understands, a weird and beautiful fire lighting up his oriental eyes.

'You like an Arab better than a Cypriote in the house?' I ask my host, sitting in his tent, under the great apricot tree. 'Oh, yes,' he answers, smiling: 'every one in this country gets a Moslem servant if he can. You see the man is about you, and lives with you. That makes you nice. I have Cypriote servants, and good fellows too; but, still, one likes them better in the stable and the garden than the house. Arabs are very clean and never tire of work. Drinking no mastic, they are always sober. Hassan is so faithful that I trust him, not only with my pantry, but my purse.'

'He seems a clean good fellow, and one ought to be particular in men who are about our sleeping-rooms and living-rooms.'

I have heard the same thing said of Tartar servants at Kazan, Samara and Rostoff, towns in which bad conduct could not be excused as the vice of a downtrodden race; for in those parts the Muscovites have for many generations held the whip hand over their prostrate foes. A main part of this Christian vice is drink.

Our house, famous as the home and magazine of the Cesnola family, is an ordinary country villa of the higher class, such as a Moslem caimacan might build, and a Christian banker would like to hire. At first, it looks all garden; and in truth our lives are chiefly passed in the shade of that enormous apricot-tree. There we pitch our tents, and sling our hammocks, and arrange our easy-chairs. From early morning until late at night, we swing, and smoke, and doze in that delicious shade; sometimes, indeed, we lie there through the autumn night. Still, there is a house, as part of the estate. This house is neither new nor old, according to our notions, but for Cyprus it is old. I fix the age at forty years.

Nothing lasts in Cyprus—nothing but the gardens and the graves. No brick, no stone exists; nothing that a Frank calls brick and stone. The native rock is soft; peeling in the sun; and perishing in the rain. A house of fifty years is old. Garden, water-wheel, and villa, seem to be of one age, and from the size of the great apricot-tree (in the shade of which I write) one can safely fix the date. In Bacon's happy words to Queen Elizabeth, my house at Ormidia is a trifle older than her majesty's auspicious reign.

Built of the poor materials of the country, partly of undressed stone, partly of sun-dried mud, the house is hitched against the side of a low hill for support. It is two stories high, the lower tier being devoted to stables and offices, while the upper tier is used by the tenant and his guests. All Cypriote houses, whether konak, convent or villa, are designed on a common plan. The stables stand below, the family is housed above. A gallery runs along the house; our eating-room, lounging place, and promenade. Doors at each end, and openings into the court-yard, through which a sea-breeze flutters day and night, render this gallery the coolest portion of the house. Three rooms give on this gallery; in a

konak these would be the harem; in a convent, the monastic cells; in this private house they are the state-room, the bed-room, and the store-room. The bed-room is my nest.

A wing runs off on the ledge of hill, at right-angles to the gallery; opening on the left into three smaller rooms, and on the right, into an upper garden, from the level of which you walk on to portions of the roof. This roof is made of layers of clotted earth, laid down wet like mortar, and then scraped and beaten with a wooden trowel, and left to harden into a mud cake. This earthen roof is expected to turn a shower of rain; in winter it is usually washed away. But what are men to do? In Cyprus, they have no slate, no thatch, no shingles; tiles are dear and the mud-cakes are cheap. Much rain comes through, but there is nothing in the house to spoil.

Bare as a cell on Mount Carmel is my little nest. Walls, coated with lime and washed with talc, are spanned by a ceiling of olive-logs, stript of their leaves and twigs, but otherwise unshaped by art. These logs support a mat of reeds, woven of vine-twigs and parasites. Over this mat lie those layers of mud-cake which are to keep out rain. A stool, a table, a clay jar, and a tin basin, beset my bed;

a bed of foreign origin; a camp-bed, sent out from England as a birthday present to my host. My floor is flagged, my window glazed. Here is a second invasion of the Frank. Even in a spot so primitive and secluded as Ormidia, you can hardly keep the world at bay. Folding-doors, frail as pieces of card-paper, open into the adjoining room. Such is my cell; simple not to say ascetic enough to satisfy a monk of Mar Saba.

Next to my cell, comes the state-room; a room of greater length and furnished in a showier style. This is our public room; our hall of audience, where we entertain our guests with pipes and coffee, with fruit and water from the Zem-zem jars. Here are the same flagged floors and whitewashed walls; but here, the logs, stripped of their bark, have been trimmed into shapeliness with an adze. A matting of finer reeds covers these rafters; two divans, with straw cushions and capacious pillows, line the walls. Maps, prints, and a thermometer invade the white-wash; and a dozen books or more lie on the divans. Among the maps are old and curious plans of Cyprus, gathered from ancient and forgotten tomes. Dogs sleep on the stones, and a white canary chirrups in her cage.

Our courtyard, entered from the village lane by an archway, clucks, barks and brays with the usual poultry, dogs and donkeys. Heaped in the corners, lie some thousands of broken terra-cottas; vases and lamps of ancient workmanship, with gods of ancient date, and goddesses of dubious fame; all injured in the process of being dug out of dead men's graves. These heaps of vases, urns and figures, all of Tyrian or Egyptian origin, contrast oddly with a row of Chinese paper lanterns, kept for lighting up the villa at religious festivals.

Beyond this courtyard drones the water-wheel. Of Persian type, worked by a single mule, plodding his endless ring, from dawn till sunset, this wheel recalls the most primitive scenes of patriarchal life. The water from this wheel is drafted to the garden by canals as roundabout and shallow as the ducts by which a peasant teases the Nile into his cotton-field and melon-yard. Trickling from tree to tree, much of this fluid sinks into the earth. Round every bole, a cup has been hollowed out, forming a tiny basin, so that every root is fed.

Our garden is the greatest thing of all; a tangle of peaches, olives, pomegranates, apricots, limes, and figs. Vines run up every tree, weaving them

into a common net. Jewel of our garden is the famous apricot; which flings her branches outwards like an Essex horn-beam. When the fruit is ripe, this tree is said to be at once a blessing and a nuisance. People who are fond of apricots have a feast; but apricots dropping in bobs and splashes on your face as you recline in the shade, are too much, even for an epicure in that luscious fruit. Oranges and oleanders peep at you through every opening in the leaves; on every side you haul in what you want—figs, grapes, peaches, limes—the fruits most grateful to a hot and thirsty man.

Our garden is untenanted by noxious creatures; though, from time to time, some vermin from the outer lane—a fox or snake—breaks through the fence, and carries off a careless chick. The tenants proper to our garden are larks and bees. At dawn, the larks break into music, but hush themselves almost as soon as men are up and at their toil; to wake again at sunset, when they fill the air with the exceeding gladness of their song. Bees swarm among the shrubs and flowers, laying up stores of honey for a winter which is not too long. Honey is an object of our greatest care; but bees, like Bedouin and other thriftless beings, live from day

to day, and store up no excess of food. This garden is their paradise; yet enemies, we know, may lurk in paradise. Their enemies are the hornets, which, lying in wait for the laden bees, attack them, rifle them, and kill them. But these acts of depredation rouse the ire of men, who are themselves intending to seize the hive. We take the marauders by simple means; a bottle, half-filled with water, being sufficient to entice them to their death. Hornets, like other fighting things, are always dry; liquids attract them, and they fall a prey to their desire for drink.

My favourite of the garden is a crane, a settler on the spot by choice. This bird is wild, but comes into our upper garden to be fed. She never ventures down below, among the tangled trees, though water there is plentiful. She is afraid. Nor will she stay in the upper garden after sunset. As the light goes down, off hies our crane to an adjacent hill, where, on the bare and open ground, she feels secure against her foes, the fox and snake. Perched on a stone that sweeps the horizon, sleeping with only one eye closed, the beautiful bird is safe. Here, in our garden, bounded by a wall, she might be cornered and devoured.

At daybreak she returns. Man, sleeping with both eyes shut, cannot afford her the protection that she needs at night, without depriving her of that liberty which she values more than life. The ridge which gives her shelter yields no water; for that element she returns to the vicinity of men. This morning I saw her come down the slope with a great cry and flutter; her red eyes glaring, and her feathers all astir. A tray was ready for her brimmed with water. In a moment, she plunged in, and came out bright and sparkling from her bath.

CHAPTER XI.

OUR VILLAGE.

'No milk to be got, Hassan?'

'No, Effendi, not a drop; nothing but milk in tins; sweet stuff, that no one cares to drink.'

'Why so?'

'I don't know why, Effendi; but we have none, that is certain.'

'You have lots of cows. Yesterday, when I was out, I met a dozen herds—sheep, goats, and cattle. Many of the cows had calves. No milk?'

'These people never milk their cows, Effendi.'

'Never milk their cows!'

Taking up my whip, I walk into the lane, meaning to inquire from some one why they have no milk. On looking down the road, I see a herd of cattle on the hill; among that herd trot three or four calves. Why, then, is milk not to be had?

Ormidia lies in the Caimacanate of Famagosta.

Our village boasts of some special gifts. Lying near the sea, and in a dip between two hills, we have a fresh breeze blowing through the lane by day and night. Even when it drops by day, it never fails to rise again at sunset. But our chief felicity is water; more than all else the spring that rivals Zem-zem. Other sources send their blessings to our door,—water for the bath and kitchen, water for the mill and field; this spring is for the lips, and one might almost say, the souls of men. Lying nine or ten miles from the main camel-track, we are rarely visited by satraps and their satellites. A bye-path runs along the shore, leading in old time to a temple of Apollo, and in later ages to a chapel of St. George; but god and saint have long since vanished from these shrines. Thus, we are left alone, closed in by limestone downs, forgotten by the world.

Our village has some twenty cabins, sprinkled over a rough and tangled surface. Cypriotes, whether 'Turk' or 'Greek,' prefer to dwell apart, each man on his own patch of ground. A 'Turk,' keeping closer to the traditions of shepherd life, prefers a wider sweep; but his 'Greek' neighbour likes to have his homestead covered by a fence,

and entered only by a private gate. Within that gate he lodges, he and his wife, his man-servant and his maid-servant, his ox, his ass, and anything else that may be his, together with the stranger who may happen to be his guest. If rich, he sinks a well; however poor, he plants a tree. Under that tree and near that well he loves to sit and smoke; watching his females raise the pitcher, and his little folk gather in the fruit.

The cabins, one and all, are built of earth cakes, kneaded with stubble and baked in the sun; a cross between the mud hovel on the Nile and the adobe ranch on the Rio Grande. No chimney breaks the outline, for all fires are lighted, as in Egypt, in the open air. Thus, in the waning light, both roof and fence appear to sink into the earth. In colour they are all alike, and all are lost within the shadow of adjacent hills. So we are lost to sight; and to escape from notice is a gain. No villager wants to hear the crack of a Caimacan's whip.

Though poor, these Cypriote rustics are not wretched in the sense in which the words poverty and wretchedness describe an Egyptian fellah, a

Spanish galego, and an Irish kerne. Nearly every one owns his patch of ground. The commune means equality; liberty implies possession of the land.

Meeting a herdsman driving in his cattle from the hills, I ask him why he never milks his cows. He stares, perplexed. Milk his cows? Twiddling at his beard, he stops to think, and looks at Hassan, with a puzzled stare. At length he says, 'Tell the Effendi that we never milk our cows. Why not? The Effendi wants to know why not? Well . . . . I don't know; because . . . . we never milk our cows.'

That is the only reason he can give. I try him once again:

'Tell him, Hassan, that is the fact. What I want to know is the reason for that fact. Why do they never milk their cows?'

Vain, all vain; the herdsman cannot see my point. To him fact and reason are the same. When told that we milk cows in England, and drink the milk for our daily food, he drops his eyes, and says, it must be right, because it is our custom; but . . . perhaps the head-man can tell us. He can read and write, and comes from foreign parts. Perhaps the head-man can tell.

I have no mind to seek the head-man; yet this personage from foreign parts is worth a moment's notice; his rise and progress showing a weak side of these village democracies.

Born in a busy port, and nursed in the petty arts of trade, this man, whose name is Heracles, settled in our village with a few piastres in his pouch. Squatting on a piece of dry heath, lying outside the commune towards the sea, he raised a mud cabin and began to ply his trade. Instead of scratching his barren earth for food, he looked about to see how he could cheat the ignorant and shiftless peasants out of their better lands. These rustics were as babies in his clutch. To them he seemed a nice and neighbourly fellow, with a little money in his pocket, and a heart to feel for people in distress. When money can be borrowed easily, people are always in distress. Heracles found many customers for his loans. Of course, he took securities; and he only lent his money where either lands or water-rights could be got in pledge. When he saw fit to close, he closed with sudden snap. The law against non-paying persons is severe; thus, bit by bit, a good deal of the land, and still more of the water-right, have passed into

this stranger's hands. A field, presented by him to the Archbishop of Nicosia, is supposed to have secured for him a friend at court. No one can stand against him now. Already he is said to be the richest person in our village. In a little while he may succeed in getting every rood of ground and every spring of water, into his own hands.

For my part I shall grudge him the monopoly of Zem-zem and the apricots.

Our landing in the island has alarmed him, and at present he is trying to face about. Nothing suited him so well as having a satrap in Famagosta who only ate and slept; leaving the kids and lambkins to the dogs. In India we know this class of men, and I have seen them playing their game on the Pacific slope.

For good and bad, we have these small republics on our hands. Living under many rulers, and in every case rejecting konak laws, these village democracies have known but little change. The first comers from Syria brought the communes with them, and the latest comers from England find these communes in their ancient force. These things are rooted in the soil. Judges and elders

ruled in Israel before the people in their vanity and weakness chose for themselves a king.

At times, the outer rule may have been mild and fatherly, at other times harsh and brutal; but the rustic seldom felt much difference in that outer rule. Once, it is said, the rustics of a village tried to gain the ear of a compassionate governor. The pasha used to ride about the country, and to ask from each caimacan about the happiness of his district. Lodging with his lieutenant-governor, he heard reports, and being a good man, smoked his pipe in peace. Of the inhabitants he saw but little; for the peasants and the camel-drivers knelt to him in their roads, but never followed him into their towns. He was too great for them to face —their fancies dwelling chiefly on his horsehair whip. One of his caimacans being a bad man, the elders of several villages put their jowls together and resolved to march on the konak, see the kind pasha, and complain of their local tyrant. On the day appointed, they assembled in his court-yard as the pasha was about to leave.

'Who are these people, and what do they want?' the pasha asked.

'Men of the place, your highness; honest folk;

not very clean and wholesome; but extremely good. I gave them leave to come and thank your highness for their happiness.'

'Ugh! Happy, say you; that is pleasant, caimacan. I wish to see my people happy and content. But dirty in their persons! When I am gone convey to them my thanks—ugh!'

The villagers marched home.

In fact, these small republics usually escape all notice from the great. They keep their headmen, their village elders, and their patriarchal rule. Haroun and Amurath are to them the same. Dwelling apart, they live their life; a noble or ignoble life as may be, but in keeping with the wants and wishes of a shepherd race.

CHAPTER XII.

ON WHEELS.

ALL Cyprian tracks are rough; not rougher than those of Syria and Adana, the adjoining countries; still, they are bad enough, and men who ride on them must be content, as our red brethren say, 'to ride on rocks.'

What would you have? The caravan we passed just now, near Athieno, crossing from the Caimacanate of Famagosta into that of Nicosia, has no smoother road than we ourselves. Yet some of that caravan are priests and women. Is yon bishop better mounted and provided than myself? No, not so well. He rides a donkey with a broken knee, while I am bumped and shaken in a wagonette. Let us abstain from crying for the moon.

Crossing a strait the other day, I heard a fribble from the Corso, railing at a grey old salt, with tawny

cheek and silvery beard, because the old man's felucca dipt to the waves, and films of brine saluted that fribble's face. The old man bore his petulance for a time, humouring his weakness, as a man might pat and spare a child. At length his patience broke, and then, with stretch of hand, he roared him down: 'Sanctissima! what would you have? Where are you? What do you expect? This is the sea—the sea! It is not a garden of flowers. Per Dio, no. It is the sea—the *sea!*'

That staid old mariner stood on facts. Let us all stand on facts.

My wagonette is that famous vehicle in which our Admiral and his secretary rode to the capital. My companions are—Dr. Beaumont, chief medical officer of the *Minotaur*, and a young gentleman who is good enough to act as my writing hand. Hassan sits on the box, taking care of two porous jars of Zem-zem water. My driver is a Sicilian; one of Garibaldi's red-shirts; a political runagate now settled in these parts. Dr. Beaumont is taking care of a collar-bone.

On riding back from Ormidia to Larnaca, I met Sir Anthony Home, our principal medical officer in

Cyprus, near the beach. Seeing my arm slung up in a white cloth, he rode up to ask what was the matter.

'Girth broken—horse rolled over—bump on a jagged rock.'

'H—m—m,' replied the great authority, 'let me see, let me see.'

We stept into a room, and stript off coat and shirt.

'Hum,' he repeated, passing his fingers round the shoulder and the collar-bone; 'how long has this been done?'

'Eight days ago,' I answered.

'Hum,' he said again; 'and what have you been doing all this time?'

'Going up and down, listening, looking at farms and farmers, and all that. Why, is anything amiss, except a bump?'

'Well,' he retorted, slowly, 'it is just about as nice a fracture as I ever saw'—still pressing his fingers on my breast.

'Fracture of what, Sir Anthony? You do not mean to say my collar-bone is broken?'

'Yes, I do; and a very nice break it is. Eight days ago, and not been set! Let me assist you with your shirt. We must go on board at once.

Here is my boat. On board the flag-ship, we can fix you up, and get you into bed.'

Arrived on board the flag-ship, I was placed by Sir Anthony in the hands of Dr. Beaumont and his assistants, who swathed and bound me up, much as a mummy is swathed and sewn. All that took place ten days ago; and here I am, still swathed and sewn: unable to write, though happily able to knock about. Riding is painful. I have lost my rights as cavalier, and I am bumping to Nicosia in that famous wagonette.

The question of our rule in Cyprus turns on roads. At present, Cyprus is a land of ruts and tracks, not worn by wheels, but trampled in by camel, mule, and ass. Such as they are, the Cypriote is born to these tracks, and likes them, because they make his journey long. A true keradgé, is a lonely man, who loves to loiter on his way, sitting by a well, and twiddling at his Syrian leaf. A mule, he says, is better company than a man; a cigarette more soothing than a story-teller's yarn. He wants no road to make his journey short. The ways of Cyprus are the ways of Orientals, not of Franks.

An Oriental rides; a European drives. Here

lies the primary and abiding fact. A Cypriote thinks that men will always ride. Beyond the memory of man, they rode; and confident that they will never change this Oriental habit, the keradgé breeds his mules, and trains his urchins to their father's trade. Except my wagonette, and an omnibus lately brought from Beyrout, no carriage yet profanes this soil. Bullock carts exist, but they only exist on two or three beaten tracks. No Cyprian horse, I learn, has ever yet been tethered to a coach. No Cypriote, I also learn, can drive a team. My red-shirt, and another, are the only men in Cyprus who can hold a pair of reins. Every one rides. Men who can afford mules, hire mules; men who can only afford donkeys, hire donkeys. Mares are not used for service. Stallions are scarce and dear; luxuries confined to Levantines and Franks. Camels are only used for carrying goods.

Driving is an after-stage of growth. A pastoral people never drives. The nearer men remain to the nomadic state the less they are disposed to run on wheels. Wheeled carriages are unknown at Jaffa and Jerusalem, not to speak of Banias and Petra. Speculators run a diligence from Beyrout to Damascus; but this vehicle is chiefly for the use,

and is supported wholly at the cost, of Franks. Roads imply bridges; and your Oriental looks askance at either road or bridge. From Andalusia to Morocco, from Algiers to Egypt, and from Syria to Asia Minor, we find the same habit, the same preference, and the same dislike.

This preference of a native for his saddle to a wagonette is a feature of the country we are bound to recognize. We have to take the Cypriote as he is and rule him on his natural lines. In time we may improve them; but an Oriental race is very slow to change.

Franks ride for pleasure. They are fond of horses; fonder than Orientals; and the noblest breeds are in their hands. But Franks have ceased to carry on the business of their lives on hoofs. They have exchanged the saddle for the wheel.

A tire is science; an axle-tree a sign of growth. The rim of a wheel is no less great as an invention than the bow of a boat. Wheels multiply the powers of man. A horse may bear a single rider; harnessed to a cart, that horse may draw ten or twelve men. Hence, not from abstract love of carts and coaches, but from pure economy of time and power, we Franks have come to carry on the

business of our lives on wheels. We work on wheels, travel on wheels, live on wheels; saving by that process time and strength. All Orientals have this lesson yet to learn. After they have learnt the lesson they will have the habit to acquire. If lucky in their teachers, they may learn this lesson and acquire this habit in a hundred years. If left alone, they will never learn. The Cypriote peasant has not changed a habit or a garment for a thousand years.

Pastoral customs lingered amongst ourselves till recently; and they have not yet died away among our neighbours. In Elizabeth's time, we were a riding people. Elizabeth kept her coach, but made her progress through the counties on her jennet. Knights were recognized as mounted men. Esquires were equerries. With us these things have passed away. Knights no longer wear golden spurs; esquires no longer harness horses or carry lance and shield. The word cavalier has ceased to mean a man who rides. In current speech, a cavalier is a girl's partner in a dance, and her companion at a play. In countries of Latin origin, something of the ancient meaning lingers in the word. In Spain, a caballero means a rider and a knight. In Italy,

where roads are being made, and more and more of life is being spent on wheels, the use of 'cavaliere' as a riding-man is passing out of public speech. A cavaliere is usually an artist, an official, a custodian of a museum. In France, chevalier means a knight, but no chevalier thinks of wearing spurs. All men are moving from the saddle towards the wheel. Driving and being driven are works of growth.

No word in human speech is more distasteful to a Cypriote than 'road.' For seventeen years the governor has been making roads. For seventeen years the peasants have been taxed for making roads. French agents pointed out the need; and caimacans, eager to be considered by the French as 'civilized,' arranged with engineers, and wanted abundant plans to be set down on paper. Road to Larnaca—road to Papho—road to Famagosta; roads were springing up on every side, 'out of the ground,' like children of the black earth. Taxes were levied, but the roads were broken up by rain as fast as they were made. Much money was expended on the road to Larnaca, but the limestone fried in the sun and ran in the rain. Year after year, the road was made and lost. At length

the effort ceased, but still the tax was levied. That road to Larnaca was a curse, and it was never named without a curse.

Cyprus was peopled earlier, civilized earlier, than Britain. Poets sang in Salamis, artists dwelt in Idalion, when the ancestors of Boadicea were huddling in caves and smearing their limbs with wode and grease; but in this island of the gods, an Evolutionist would find that his fittest people have not survived. Poets, artists, orators are gone; shepherds and muleteers remain; men who appear but one remove from the nomadic life. To such men, time is not a thing of price. Dozing in the sun, a Cypriote has time enough for every purpose, and a good deal of the day to spare. Any one who can kill his time—juggler, fire-eater, snake-charmer, dancing-girl—is welcome at his gate. Watch him in the shadow of his mud wall, doing nothing, wanting little! When night comes on, he takes his crust, picks out the seeds of his melon, smokes his Syrian leaf, and thanks his stars that he has killed his day. How are you to prod a man like that into the nervous longing of a Frank? He has no need to lie awake, nor does he want to steam ahead. He wants to kill, and

not to save, his time. In trudging from Famagosta to Nicosia with his mule, he gets through forty-five hours. What will he gain by being whisked that distance in forty-five minutes by express?

Still less is he open to appeals on the score of a gain in power.

A Cypriote's idea of power is that of evil. Sunlight, forest tree, or limpid water, is never, in a Cypriote's eye, a sign of power. Tempests are signs of power; inundations are signs of power; snow-falls are signs of power. To him the thought of power is that of a destructive agency. In Cyprus, as in Syria and in Persia, you have remnants of the once all-prevalent devil-worship. In public life, a Cypriote finds his evil principle in a pasha or an archimandrite. Such agents rarely come to him except to harass and seduce. In personal life he finds his evil principle in the djin, who pinches him with aches, and fevers him with boils. How can you make a man so ignorant understand a gain in power? He wants to run away from power; from all the agents and instruments of power.

Time and power, the blessings we propose to him by making roads, and using carriages instead

of mules and camels, are—as he considers—his enemies.

In spite of these poor fellows and their backward ways, we must go on, as we have done in India, trusting to good example, and the wants we shall create, for our success. But we must look for little help. Shepherds and muleteers, governed by their elders and head-men, will only stare at us. They want no roads. Roads mean to them expense. One sees this battle of the roads in many countries, where the ruler wants to be civilized and the peasants wish to be left alone. Russia, driving a lane through her northern forests, from Vietregra to Archangel, lays the burden of repair on the villages through which she drives her road; but neither the monks in their convents nor the police in their stations can compel the peasants to repair a lane for which they have so little use. California opens a road and runs a stage, but few of the half-caste Mexicans can be made to care one cent for either road or stage.

Carriages are exacting. They require much skill and capital; with roads, and smithies and baiting-houses on those roads; in fact, they want a district that is civilized. Railways are still more exacting;

they require a world of science and of capital; engineers and masons; machines to lay the tracks; with overseers and labourers to keep them in repair. These things are costly; not to be done by villagers and petty traders in the towns. Village democracies are slow to put their hands to any work beyond the village boundary. Here the government must step in.

We are already smoothing roads, dredging harbours, and forming quays. From Famagosta to Nicosia we shall lay a line of rails, and throw a branch to Larnaca and Limasol. No obstacles exist that science cannot overcome. Surveys are hardly more required than in the weald of Kent.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN CAMP.

'WHAT do you think of Cyprus?' asks Sir Garnet Wolseley, High Commissioner for Queen Victoria in Cyprus, much as Sir Philip Sydney was High Commissioner for Queen Elizabeth in Walcheren.

'Think of Cyprus! I have always liked the island, and I see no reason to change my mind.'

Our camp is called Monastery Camp, from the monastic building near our tent; a small dependency of Kikko, the famous convent on the slope of Mount Olympus, where the picture of Panayia, the All-holy, painted by St. Luke, is kept. Our camp is pitched about a mile from Nicosia, outside Papho Gate. A priest and two or three monks retain their cells; otherwise, the monastery is given up to Sir Garnet and his staff.

Sir Garnet has the refectory for a saloon; near

him, in their cells, sit Colonel Graves, secretary, and Colonel Dormer, adjutant. A third cell is the telegraph station, and a leather bag, nailed to the outer wall, serves as a post-office for the camp. These are the working rooms; the dining-tables and the beds are in the open under canvas. We are still, as one may say, a-field. Some of the men are hutted, but the officers are still in tents.

Between the city and the monastery flows the Pedia, usually a rapid river, though at present it is dry. In summer-time this obstacle is nothing; but in winter, after rain has fallen, it must isolate the camp. Sir Garnet is preparing for a move. At first the convent offered us not only the convenience of a stone building for our books and papers, but the shade of several well-grown trees, with level ground about, and good supplies of water. Yet the natural site for a camp is on the southern bank, in free communication with the capital by Papho Gate.

'This plain,' I venture to remark, 'was once a paradise of the earth, and under English rule, it should be so again. Suburbs used to run up higher than this convent, covering both banks of the river with kiosks and gardens. That was before the Venetian came.'

'In riding up and down,' returns Sir Garnet, 'I have often come on walls in ruins; portions of the ancient city walls. I'll point them out to you when we ride out.'

'Under the Venetian rule, the population shrank so much—for they were always fighting over their religious dogmas — Greeks driving out Latins, Latins driving out Greeks—that the city became more than half garden.'

'Yes, all this open ground might be cultivated. Look at the bluff out there, beyond the river bed.'

'Yes, I know that bluff—King Richard's camp.'

'King Richard's camp! That is the spot where I am laying out my house—in future, government house. Just now, it looks no better than a lime-stone waste. I mean to lay it out in shrubberies, and in a little time, my roof will be protected from the sun.'

'It's a question, I suppose, of water. Have you a well up there?'

'Not yet; but I am sinking a deep shaft. When I touch water half my trouble will be over.'

'Yes; and when you find water, other men will try; the example in the camp, may act in every part of Cyprus.'

'Well, we rather count on that—but, for the moment, everything is new,' replies Sir Garnet.

New indeed! Cyprus has come to us by a surprise, like one of the presents offered by an Oriental conjuror. Our people never sighed for Cyprus. Others may have done so; Germans and Greeks, Italians, Muscovites and French. A year ago, most of our neighbours seemed some paces nearer to this island than ourselves.

Germans invaded every height and threaded every gorge. Austrians came to Nicosia, parleyed with the konak and the palace, and observed the humour of the people, while intent on rocks and rivers, caves and springs. These Germans recollected that the island was at one time an imperial fief, and might be claimed again, as a lost appanage of the imperial crown.

Greeks, less poetic but more dangerous to the natives, came in the guise of traders, tax-collectors, money-lenders, speculators in crops and farms. They were not Greeks from Athens, educated in a liberal school; but hybrid Greeks from Smyrna, Alexandretta and Beyrout. Their object was not to improve the island, but to seize the commerce and usurp the farms. Unscrupulous

as to means, so that their ends were gained, they made up to pope or pasha as the interest of the moment led them; bribing and lending, and palavering on all sides. Within a few years, not a little of the soil has passed into their hands.

Italians came to better purpose and with cleaner hands; some of them settling in the ports, and making fortunes by their skill in trade; some of them lodging in the hamlets, where they dug into the earth for vestiges of ancient art. Many of these strangers have done well. Matie, the most successful dealer of modern times, is an Italian; Cesnola, the most successful explorer of modern times, is an Italian. One and all, these dwellers in the island are aware that Venice was the last proprietor of Cyprus, and that Italy is now heir-general of the lapsed possessions of the doge and signory.

Muscovites came and went, chiefly in the form of monks and pilgrims, bent on kneeling at the various shrines of the All-holy and St. George. Kikko, the great monastery on the slope of Mount Olympus, was headquarters of these Russian visitors. There, they could stay and plot, without

being seen. They also visited the monasteries of St. Helena, St. Anna, and St. George. They came in secret and disguise, lodging in the convents. They were seldom seen; for there is no police in Cyprus, as there is in Russia, to dog the heels of strangers. They were always welcome to the monks; not only as brethren of the Orthodox rite, but for the presents which they brought with them; icons painted in the schools of Moscow for the decoration of their altar screens. Each icon bore a Russian eagle in the corner, to remind the penitent that his friend and benefactor must be sought in the Russian Czar. These pilgrims went about the country, marking the ground, as one may say, for future camps.

French effort took a wider range.

A fixed idea of the third Napoleon was to seize this island as a port and place of arms. A French protectorate of Syria was a legend of his house, and Cyprus is the fore-post and sentinel of the Syrian coast. No sooner was he seated on his throne, than every branch of his administration broke out into zeal for history and science. His minister of marine was anxious to hear about the state of agriculture in Cyprus. M. de Forcade had left a

treatise on the state of Cyprus in manuscript, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs desired to have it verified. The Minister of Public Instruction wished to know about the Lusignan kings. To understand their troubles, he required a map. Why not? To draw a new map of a country is to enrich science. Russia was sending her geographers to the Oxus and Jaxartes. Why should not France send out her men of science to the Pedia and Idalia?

Her men of science came to Cyprus, and her scientific work began. Oddly enough, these men were all officials. M. Waddington and Count de Vognë sailed for Cyprus, and the treatise of Forcade was verified by experts on the spot. M. Waddington is now Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Count de Vognë French Ambassador at Vienna. M. de Mas Latrie, head of the Imperial Archives, set to work. Surveys were made and documents piled up. First fruit of his labour, came 'A Note on the Actual State of Cyprus, and on the Means of Making a Map.' Then we got, from the Imperial printing press, a first volume of documents, followed three years later by a second volume of documents. Next, we had a volume of history, and a little later on a map. The Minister of Public Instruction having slaked his

thirst for knowledge, the Minister of Foreign Affairs grew restive in respect to crops and forests, fruit-trees and farms. To satisfy him, M. Gaudry, an authority on corn and cotton, madder, sugar-cane and tobacco, was despatched to Cyprus; but the Minister wanted more than a report on corn and cotton, madder, sugar-cane and tobacco. He was more anxious for the rocks than for the crops. M. Damour came out, to look into those rocks. Damour was less known as a man of science than as an expert in the Foreign Office; but the Minister, knowing his own objects, sent him out. Who knows? May not his name have been his fortune? Is not Cyprus the land of Aphrodite and the god of love? Is not the loftiest castle in the island called the Château de Dieu d'Amour?

Anyhow, Damour came to Cyprus, where he kept an eye on red sandstones and white limestones at the very moment when Napoleon's feud with Nicholas about the silver keys was kindling into fire and flame.

An Anglo-French alliance caused Napoleon's project to be laid aside, but only for a time. Napoleon never gave it up. After the Lebanon affair, he tried his scheme once more. England

objected, and instead of seizing Famagosta and Nicosia, the emperor had to quit his hold on Beyrout and Damascus. But he kept his hope alive, and down to the outbreak of his final war with Prussia, his zeal for Cyprus burned with youthful flame. Not long before he fell a prisoner, and retired from business, he was treating for the purchase of all the chief antiquities recovered from the Cyprian soil. If he had reached Berlin, instead of falling back on Chislehurst, his zouaves might have been to-day at Papho gate.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR RIGHT IN CYPRUS.

'ONE thing, you will find, Sir Garnet, in Mas Latrie's books—Guy de Lusignan was French. King Richard, as you know, considered him an Anglo-Norman count. Beyond all question he was Richard's vassal; but you find no mention of that fact in M. de Mas Latrie's text. First, the Lusignans are Franks; after a hundred pages they are French; henceforward they are always French.'

'Yes, I have noticed that.'

'One need not push these ancient rights too far,' I venture to remark; 'still, truth is truth; if any vestige of a right attaches to the Lusignans, that right descends to us.'

Seven hundred years ago, on coming to these shores, we found the island governed by a prince or catapan from the Bosphorus. We severed that connection by the sword; not on any plan laid

down beforehand, but simply as an act of war, in order to protect our crusade on the Syrian coast.

When we first touched at Limasol, we came in peace, engaged in Christian duty, and expecting to be treated by the catapan like servants of the Cross. Isaac, that catapan, had mutinied against his sovereign Angelus. Isaac was a tyrant, ruling his people with an iron rod. Fearing him and hating him, his people were engaged in daily prayers for a deliverer to arrive. When suffering injuries from kings, all Orientals look to Heaven instead of to themselves. A tempest drove us on their shores; which, under happier gales, we might have passed unseen. In our distress we were insulted and abused; our ships being rifled and our men thrown over-board. Redress was asked for and denied. Then, we rushed on shore, entered the town and port, scattered the catapan's troops, marched through a mountain gorge, in which we left our marks in the two villages of Tato Englese and Pano Englese, formed on the great plain near Tremithus, routed the native armies in a great battle, occupied Nicosia without a blow, stormed Lion Mount, and captured the tyrant with his treasury and harem.

Having freed the people from his yoke, we took

them under our protection, giving them as rulers men who were then regarded as the purest of the pure no less than as the bravest of the brave. These men, knights of the newly-founded order of the Hospital, wore the costume of their patron, St. George. Events in Palestine produced a change of plan. Guy, titular king of Jerusalem, a younger brother of Geoffrey, King Richard's vassal for the lordship of Poitou, was unable to obtain his crown. Richard pitied him, and to make up in some degree for his loss, bestowed on him the Seigneury of Cyprus. Guy received that seigneury as a fief; just as his brother Geoffrey held the lordship of Poitou as a fief. Claiming to be king of Jerusalem, he was called by courtesy 'King Guy'—King Guy of Cyprus; but he was never called Guy, King of Cyprus. In Nicosia he was 'lord,' nothing but lord. The sovereignty was vested in the English crown.

This right was no dead letter. One of Lion Heart's nephews, Henry of Champagne, was jealous of King Guy, and hankered after Cyprus. 'I shall yet give you the isle of Cyprus, which I have won,' said Lion Heart one day to this nephew, as they sat together in the royal tent; 'King Guy has not paid me what he owes, and I will send for him, and

keep him here about my camp until he gives the island up.' Guy obeyed his summons, for he always recognized his fealty to the king.

The fief descended like other fiefs. Geoffrey declined it, as of lower value than the lordship which he held already from the English crown; and then, his younger brother Almeric, who was already Count of Papho, took his place.

Up to that moment, neither Richard nor his vassal had done anything to provoke religious strife. Orthodox rites and native bishops were left alone. Some English monks—including Richard, afterwards Prior of the Temple and Historian of the Crusade—landed from our ships at Limasol, and marched with our soldiers to Nicosia. They wore the habit of St. George. Treating the natives with respect, they were respected in return. To them, the 'Greek' clergy, whether White or Black, were Christian men, not heretics and schismatics to be hunted down with a ferocity like that extended to Saracens and infidels. They left the Primate of Cyprus, and the archimandrite of Kikko, in free and full possession of their spiritual rights. We brought no domineering priesthood with us, and so long as Cyprus was

an English fief, the clergy were content, the islanders at peace.

But Almeric proved a traitor to his prince. He was lord of Cyprus, and he wished to be king. While Richard was detained in Austria this traitor sent an emissary to the Papal court. For Papal help against his liege, he offered to introduce the Latin system, to install a Latin archbishop in Nicosia, to set up Roman sees in Papho, Limasol, and Famagosta, and to admit the monastic orders of Italy in opposition to the monastic orders of the Orthodox church.

Celestine listened to his emissary's words, and Latin priests and monks came into Cyprus, bringing with them the seeds of bitter and enduring strife.

Papal countenance being thus secured, Almeric sent an emissary to the Kaiser's court, offering to renounce his fealty to the English king, and hold his lordship of the Kaiser, on condition that the Kaiser would stand his friend, and suffer him to wear a royal robe and crown. Heinrich, a feeble and exacting ruler, listened to the tempter's voice. The way of infamy lay open, and he sold a lordship that had never been his own. Thus, Almeric gained the name of King, and cast off his allegiance to the English crown.

Due punishment for these acts of perfidy fell on him and on his dynasty. Religious strife broke out. The Latin clergy treated the natives with contempt; the natives gave them snarl for snarl and bite for bite. Cyprus was soon divided into hostile camps. Backed by their royal patron, the Latin bishops seized the churches and revenues of their rivals, and the native bishops cried out to their flocks for help against these plunderers. Churches were burnt and hamlets sacked. This warfare of the churches, once began, burned on for ages, hardly ever ceasing for a day until the Venetian garrisons were expelled from Cyprus by the Turks, on which the Latin clergy were expelled from Cyprus by the Greeks.

England has never recognized that transfer of her fief. From time to time the memory of that lapsed supremacy has been revived. When Prince Edward lay in the Holy Land, disputes sprang up between King Hugh and some of his vassals. Hugh asserted that his barons were obliged to follow him in his wars, not only in the island, but beyond the sea. That obligation they denied. Both parties came to Edward, as their common judge. Edward received them in his camp, convoked a court, and listened to their

arguments. Both king and vassals came before him with their pleas. Edward, being a prince, and not a king, had no authority to issue sentence, but the fact of their appeal to him kept alive the memory of our ancient right. Down to the Venetian times this right was constantly maintained.

'I have been abused, even to the point of outrage,' wrote Guistinian, the Venetian minister in London to the Doge and Signory; 'two of the greatest lords in England have just said to me, openly, that my countrymen are a set of thieves—isti Veneti sunt piscatores.'

Then he tells the story of his interview with these two lords. Chafing with rage, he answered them:—

'No man who has seen Venice, her senators and nobles, would say so. Recollect how the Christian faith was founded by fishermen, and how that faith has been defended by Venetian fishermen against the infidel.'

The two lords only sneered:

'Oh yes, the fishermen of Venice are expert enough in filching what belongs to other people. They have stolen more or less from every potentate in the world.' 'Name me a case,' put in the envoy. Cyprus,' they retorted quickly; naming the word,

that in their opinion, proved the fact. 'By what right are you in Cyprus? Cyprus belongs to our royal master,' meaning bluff King Hal.

The Venetian envoy tried to show them that Catarina Cornaro had bestowed that island on the Doge and Signory, but these English lords regarded Catarina as no other than a Venetian damsel who had gained a crown by marriage, and had sold her shadowy right as widow for a bag of money.

Cyprus, in the view of English king and English council, had never ceased to be an English fief—had never passed legitimately from the jurisdiction of the English crown.

'Our policy, Sir Garnet, should connect our ancient occupation with the new. Whether we will or not, the facts of our former visit stare us in the face. There, for example, you are building your new quarters on the ground once occupied by Lion Heart's men.'

'A good idea! I will call that place King Richard's camp.'

Richard—Victoria! By these great names we link our second advent with our first. A chain from Richard to Victoria seems long; but England is an ancient country, and her sovereigns are connected with each other by unbroken lines.

CHAPTER XV.

NICOSIA.

'WHAT say you to Nicosia from King Richard's camp?'

Standing on the bluff among the lines of our new position, we face the mosques and gardens of the capital. A low wall, broken on the scarp by bastions, stretches and turns to right and left. A gate, from which depends a British flag, opens in our front; flanked on one side by the kisla, or barrack, on the other side by a military hospital. Above the wall and gate spring minarets, campaniles and trees; the minarets tapering into points, each capped by crescent moons; the campaniles, square in form, with open fret-work, capped with iron crosses; the trees of many kinds and colours, ranging from willows and cypresses to oranges, figs and palms.

'Say to Nicosia? A little sister of Damascus.'

'You venture to say that?' asks the High Commissioner.

'I venture to say that. Of course, Nicosia is much smaller than Damascus; but these minarets and trees remind one of the Syrian capital.'

This little sister of Damascus is a labyrinth of lanes and alleys; winding under minarets, towers and fruit-trees; round about khans, kiosques, and fountains; in and out among brown walls, running waters and broken grounds. Only a native of the town can find his way from gate to mosque, from coffee-house to khan. A clever engineer, whose tents are pitched near Papho gate, tells me that he took twelve days to learn the shortest way from his camp outside the gate to the archbishop's palace and the mosque. Fancy the stranger of a day in such a place—and more than all, the stranger of a night!

Each alley is own brother to the rest; a gut between blank walls, through which a camel and her load can hardly squeeze. Triboti Lane, running from west to east—from Papho gate to Famagosta gate—is hardly more than an open trench, or sewer; the water in the bed being crossed on stepping-stones. The walls are built of sun-dried cakes of earth, threaded with straw or stubble, such as the

Syrians learnt to bake in Egypt, and to use when giving up their tents for a more settled life. The few stone houses—chiefly in St. John's Lane, and near the cathedral church—are built of rough and undressed stones, filled in with mud and lime. Stone that will bear a mason's tool is scarce. Good clay is dear, and marble is unknown. A hundred of such lanes and alleys make the labyrinth of Nicosia—little sister of the Syrian capital.

One thing separates Nicosia from the city on the slope of Lebanon; the want of any street, which, even by the courtesy of Orientals, can be called the Straight.

Nicosia is a ring; her walls being circular, except where they are bulged and broken by defensive works. Her parapets are low, her bastions tame; but she has picturesque exceptions to this rule; first, in the kisla, near Papho gate; next, in the ruined wind-mill on Jel Dermen bastion; more than all, in the mosque and minaret of Bairakdar, which crown an outwork on the southern front. Bairakdar means standard-bearer, and that striking minaret marks the spot where the first Moslem flag was planted on these walls. In Richard's time the town stood open on all sides, defended by the sea, like London at

the present day. Suburbs ran to the river, and along the river banks. Lion Heart left the city open; but his feudatories, never sure of their own people, covered their palace with a citadel, and inclosed their capital in a ring of stone. Four gateways pierced that ring, opening to each of the four winds. The city was eleven miles round; but in the passion of religious strife, when turn by turn Greek drove out Latin, and Latin slaughtered Greek, the city shrank in size, till the Venetians, having no troops to occupy so long a line, threw down the walls, destroyed a hundred churches, and inclosed the town within a line no more than three miles long. One gate was stopped; yet there the Moslem soldiers stormed, and there the standard-bearer staked his flag.

Starting from the Papho gate we have the kisla on our right. Our flag is floating on the tower from which the crescent lately drooped. Going south, we reach Jel Dermen, marked by the ruined mill, and cross the aqueduct of Ahmed Pasha. This great water-course runs along the rampart, passing Kara Ismil bastion, feeding the city fountains, and flowing on to Bairakdar, where it pours itself into the reservoir of that mosque. The minaret of the

standard-bearer marks our southern point, six furlongs from Papho gate. View and platform here are striking. Olympus towers above our heads, heavy in mass, yet veined with snow, while the escaping waters from the mosque weave carpets of fern and grass about our feet.

Winding by our left pivot towards the east, we pass Ajasma well, and notice Sasli bastion. Here, we come on Siliftar aqueduct, the second great water-course of Nicosia. Siliftar aqueduct enters the city by Sebhana bastion on the north; and, after feeding half the capital, ends in the archbishop's tanks, supplying his seminary and his female school, as well as the court yards and planted walks of St. John, his cathedral church.

Some paces on, we reach Famagosta gate. Here, camel-tracks from Carpas, Larnaca, and Famagosta meet. An ancient cemetery lies outside, and on the edges of this cemetery a group of lepers mass and mope. A tunnel leads into the city by a sunken road, which rising to the Tahta Kale mosque, curves by the right into Treboti Lane, and wanders on by Locanda della Speranza, towards the Latin convent and Papho gate. Altun bastion, covering Famagosta gate, is the strongest

portion of the line. Here, screened by solid masonry, partly of crusaders' work, lie the magazines and guard-rooms. Rawson's dexterity was tasked in coaxing the Sultan's troops to leave this place, even though allowing them to carry off their stores and guns.

Veering to the north, facing Lion Mount and the pinnacles of the Dieu d'Amour, we come on a park of English guns, rusty and out of use, but stamped with the broad arrow and cast with the royal crown. How have these cannon found their way into this corner of the earth? Edging the aqueduct on our left we pass by fountains, at which veiled women are drawing water. All the female forms are robed in white. Passing by green gardens, with a minaret here and there among the palm trees, we count the bastions called Sejtimbi, Jevisli, and Musalla, ere we touch Cerinia gate. Outside this gateway lies a Moslem cemetery, forming the fork of camel-tracks to Cythrea and Cerinea. A sense of silence and repose surrounds this spot, greenest and loveliest on the city wall. Outside Cerinia gate are tombs, inside the gate are tombs. Here, in the midst of willows, cypresses, and citrons, lies the Court of Peace, an ancient resting-

place of the dead. Part of a Gothic chancel stands among the graves; close by that chancel a minaret springs into the air. A kouba and a fountain nestle in the shade.

Quitting this Court of Peace, and passing a ruined mill, we have Sebhana bastion on our right. Next comes Zechra, in the angle of which Rawson found his weakest spot. One sees that if our lads had stormed the walls they would have entered Nicosia through the Pasha's harem! Farther on we meet a branch of Ahmed Pasha's aqueduct, and catch a glimpse of Ahmed Pasha's mosque. Near by stands the Latin convent, and the soldiers' hospital, covered by Kaiton Aga bastion, and the guns of Papho gate.

Our circuit is complete.

Much of the rampart wears the aspect of an untrimmed garden. Where water trickles, grass and fern spring up. Some parts of the circuit show grass as green as that of Surrey. Usually the ground below the wall is green, offering good pasturage to sheep and goats. Maidenhair, as fresh as that in Shanklin, may be plucked from every crevice in the wall.

Nicosia is a labyrinth of lanes and alleys, bounded

by a ring of stone. Yet, in a general way, this labyrinth may be halved and quartered into equal parts, each of the four divisions having a character, and perhaps a future, unlike all the rest.

The lane or alley starting from Famagosta gate, and curling into Triboti Lane, passes through the Locanda della Speranza, and by the Latin convent to Papho gate. This avenue parts the city into two half spheres of nearly equal size. A wide lane leaves Cerinia gate, passes the Court of Peace and the Serai, and leaving the bazaars on the right hand, runs in front of the Great Mosque through the Locanda della Speranza, crosses Triboti Lane, and then drops southward by the Hamman, or public baths; and so on, by an ugly curve, to Bairakdar, the bastion of the mosque. These avenues divide the circle into four equal parts, the point of junction lying in Triboti Lane.

1. *Konak Quarter.*—Lying in the north-west angle of the ring, the first quarter holds the konak, the cadi's house, or Hall of Justice, the Parade, or place of arms, the military hospital, the telegraph station, the bazaars, the great khan, and the Locanda della Speranza. Here are the best baths, fountains, wells, and coffee-houses. In this angle of

the city stood the crusaders' palaces and sepulchres. Here lodged the military knights; here reigned those feudatory lords who owned their seigneury to Lion Heart. Here, also, at a later period, lived the Venetian prefects under the protection of their marble columns and their lions of St. Mark. One of those columns still remains, a witness of their rule, and of the long-enduring tolerance of the Turk. Still later came the Ottoman hordes, who added their konak, their mosque, their hospital, their Hall of Justice, their bazaar.

Open and verdant, yet containing the public buildings, this angle of Nicosia is the natural quarter of the ruling race.

2. *Mosque Quarter.*—Lying in the north-east angle of the ring, the second quarter is the most secluded, garden-like, and silent portion of the city. Here trickle most of the fountains; here grow most of the grass and ferns; here lie most of the mulberry gardens and orange-yards. Within this angle stands the great mosque, once the cathedral-church of Santa Sofia; Haidar Pasha mosque, once the church of Santa Catarina; and the Anglo-Norman edifice, now called the Betestan. Within this angle, stands the Medresse, a Mohammedan college, with a library

of Oriental books. Within this angle also lies that ancient cemetery which bears the poetic name of Court of Peace.

Green, sacred, harem-like, this quarter is the residence of Moslem sheikhs and imauns, and is likely to remain the quarter of their flock.

3.—*Levantine Quarter.*—Lying in the south-west angle of the ring, the third quarter holds a rather mongrel brood; silk-weavers, camel-drivers, money-lenders, dancing-girls, butchers and distillers; riff-raff of all creeds and nations, squatting round their factories, stables, dancing-rooms, slaughter-yards, and mastic-stills. Here stand the two albergoes, with the bran-new names of Victoria Hotel and Army and Navy Hotel; the churches of Santa Maria and St. James; the smithies, weaving-sheds and timber-yards. Here reside the dancing-women and the bath-attendants. Here are the singing-halls and gaming-hells. Here live the usurers and money-lenders. Nearly all the open vice and secret crime prevailing in this city find a home in this third division of the ring.

Gateless and crowded, this angle is the residence of Levantines and men connected with Levantine arts and trades.

4. *Cathedral Quarter.*—Lying in the south-east angle of the ring, the fourth quarter is the home of the Greek clergy. Here stand the archbishop's palace and the basilica of St. John. Close by are a seminary for priests and a school for girls. Not far off lodge the archbishop's great supporters; the bishop of Larnaca and the archimandrite of Kikko; chiefs of his white clergy and of his black. Near by, stands the church of St. Andonis, as they call St. Anthony. About the archbishop's school and palace lie ample gardens, and in front of his cathedral-church run planted walks. This angle of the ring is dear to the sacerdotal mind. Here, in all ages, his Beatitude, the primate of Cyprus, guarded by his bishops and archimandrites, and supported by his faithful people, has been able to hold his own against all comers, whether they were Frankish kings or Turkish pashas, Roman popes or Byzantine patriarchs.

Ancient and venerable, this fourth angle of Nicosia is, and will remain, the quarter of the orthodox 'Greeks.'

CHAPTER XVI.

NICOSIANS.

THE Nicosians, whether 'Turks' or 'Greeks,' are tame and pliant; soft to the touch, with the exceeding softness of a people eating fruit, and sleeping in a tropical air.

Among the early settlers in these districts, were a company of shepherds from the valleys of Arcadia. Men of simple tastes and homely virtues, they had tilled their soil and fed their goats and sheep in peace. On crossing to this island, they had brought Arcadia with them. Seeking for air and space, for pasture, herbs, and fruit, they found what they desired, and having found them, settled on this plain. Sleeping on 'beds of asphodel,' they kept their ways, and left their sons the pattern of a blameless life. So say the poets who profess to understand Arcadia. Most of the Nicosians

look as though they were descended from that shepherd tribe.

Arcadia of the poets is a lost country. Are we to search the alleys of Nicosia, and to beat about the Locanda della Speranza, for relics of the Golden Age?

Men and women in Nicosia proclaim their nationality in their dress; men by means of turban and fez; women by means of yashmak and shawl. The female dress is apt to strike you first; all Moslem women being robed from head to foot in white, with nothing but their eyes exposed; while the Orthodox women are clothed in gaudy colours—sea-green, orange, red, and striped—with all their charms obtruded on the public sight.

Was it a libel of the poets that the girls of Arcady were plain, and therefore moral? Unless truth be libel, it is certainly no libel to assert that their descendants in this capital are plain. If lack of comeliness were crime, the Cadi of Nicosia would have much to do; if lack of comeliness were sin, not many of the women of Nicosia would be saved. At nine or ten, the girls are lovely; having eyes like antelopes, and softly-rounded cheeks, hinting at Hebes by and by. But in their after

years, when comeliness is needed most, much of this beauty fades. Fine eyes remain; but contour, colour, bloom, expression, all depart. The Moslem females seem to understand their fate. If their sisters of the Orthodox rite were knowing, they too would glide about the courts and market-places veiled. A Christian woman bares her neck and face; a Moslem woman shows no more than a pair of sparkling eyes. No man looks twice at the retreating figure of a Greek, though she is habited in pink and amber. Every one turns and gazes at the gliding mystery of a girl in white, whose face is shrouded from his view.

White-robed, white-winged, these Moslem women flit through alley and bazaar; coming and going on their household errands; laying in stores of fruit and bread; gathering into knots beside a well; talking of their loves and spites; and having bought their fruit and filled their jars, hieing home to their nests behind the garden-wall.

Their houses, even the most homely, have an oriental charm. Earth-walls protect them from intruding eyes; but these earth-walls are pierced by door-ways, opening into yards, in which the fruit-trees blossom, the honey-bees suck their food,

and the women, laying down their yashmaks, sit and spin their silk, droning with the bees, and lulling their swarthy imps to rest. Sometimes the doors are silently laid-to as you approach; not always, and indeed not often; for the natives have no fear of uninvited guests. A trickle of water can be heard in every yard, while dates and pomegranates hang above every wall.

Arched galleries run along three sides of these garden-yards. Under these arches lodge the camel, mule, and ox, supposing that the tenant owns such property as camel, mule, and ox. In the Moslem quarter every man seems to have a palm-tree, almost every one owns an orchard, parted from his neighbour's homestead by a fence. Not a few of the better tenements have water-wheels.

Above the arches live the family; the females and the children in a quarter of their own. Men are content to lodge like shepherds near their mules and cattle, while their mothers and sisters sleep in apartments giving on the orange-trees, and near the plash of the water-wheels. These garden-yards recall, though in a rough and distant way, the patios of Seville and the fore-courts of Damascus. Our Nicosians have no marble pave-

ments, and not many tesselated floors; but while they confess to being poor in art, they claim—and very justly claim—the gifts of a more fertile nature. What would a Sevillian lady give to have these date-trees waving at her window-pane? Palms never blossom on the Guadalquivir, and they rarely ripen on the Barrada. Weavers and distillers here grow finer dates and pomegranates than kings can gather in less sunny corners of the earth.

Ventas and balconies hang above the lanes. All jalousies are drawn, but you are made aware, by whispered word and smothered laughter, that the feminine critics are at work—perhaps on your pale face, more likely on your tight belt and heavy riding-boots. Pass on, my friend, and smile; these critics are strange to you, but you are stranger still to them. Dark eyes and tawny skins are commonplace to you, but these dark daughters of Nicosia may never have seen an English face till now. As you approach, a Moslem woman draws her yashmak round her face; her little ones either dart inside their yards or hide their faces in her lap, in order to escape your evil eye. What singular creatures we must seem to them! The men they

know are things in petticoats and slippers, either shuffling with a languid air, or squatting cross-legged in the shade. A Briton, booted and taut, rapid in stride, fearless of sun, must seem to them, in comparison with their slipshod and ungirt companions, like a being of some other world.

Under the change, some feminine curiosity may be expected and forgiven. Nicosia has bent to many lords in turn; and her inhabitants have had to look on many masters, from the swarthy Persian to the pallid Frank; and yet their present case is somewhat new. Of all their masters—Syrian, Greek, Egyptian, Persian, Macedonian, Roman, Byzantine, Anglo-Norman, Saracen, Venetian, Ottoman—these new-comers are the only men who have stayed away seven hundred years, and then come back to them more masterful than before.

For good or ill, they feel themselves caught up and held within our grasp. What are we like? What are we going to do? Our customs are not their customs, nor our laws their laws. We have no harems and no slaves. Are we about to introduce our customs and our laws into Nicosia? We are curious on the difference of 'Turk' and 'Greek.'

More than all, perhaps, we are curious as to those Flax-cottons, who change their creeds that they may cheat the crown. We have been hunting through the lanes for slaves. We have been looking out for cases of infanticide. Where are we going to stop?

Nicosians have a notion that their pleasures and amusements may offend our taste. Are we about to put down dancing-girls? Whether 'Turk' or 'Greek,' they are an Eastern people, taking their pastime in an Eastern style. Will their new masters suffer them to sit under the quinces, watching the dancing-girls quiver and shake? Nicosians are fond of dancing—that is to say, of seeing other people dance. A Moslem likes his 'chenki' and his 'hanjar;' while an Orthodox citizen prefers his 'palo' and 'sirtoh;' but these Nicosians all delight in dancing-girls. The antics of these girls are somewhat free, even when judged by oriental rules. Will the new-comers put them down?

We have not waned in power like other rulers of the earth. Nicosians, though they have never been at school, are well aware that we have been here long ago. A singular edifice in Nocosia bears our name, and places on the camel-

track to Limasol show the marks of English feet. Persian and Macedonian never came back; Roman and Venetian never came back; the English have alone come back. What are they like, these strong and fair-haired warriors of the West? The dusky maidens of Nicosia must be allowed to exercise their eyes and tongues on our pale-faces, white felt hats, and black riding-boots.

Except in costume—and the creed behind the costume—one perceives in 'Turk' and 'Greek,' no such difference of contour and colour as divides an Arab from a Negro, and a Persian from a Mongol. In Nicosia, contours and colours are much the same. No Moslem in Cyprus can be rich in Turkish blood. What keeps the memory of race alive is dress—turban and caftan; articles of costume never worn by 'Greeks.' These things are visible to the eye. Behind lie other things; creed, name, and language. Moslems adhere to Arab names, and also speak the dominant tongue. The last is done from pride. As nearly all the mothers are 'Greek,' the language of the nursery is mainly Greek. Turkish is an accomplishment of the ruling class. Few of the 'Greeks' learn Turkish; but every Mohammedan child knows Greek.

Creed and name, attire and language, set apart two families of what is physically a single race.

Moslem and Orthodox are languid, for the life is easy and the glow intense. Squatting in their slippers—those in shawls and caftans, these in skirts and trousers—under the shade of either wall or tree, they like to listen to the story-teller's yarn, count up the nectarines ripening in the sun, and drop their beads in ceremonial prayer. A 'Greek' is lazier than a 'Turk;' not from his inferior strength but from his greater cunning. Toil is to him the business of a slave. The shepherd's taste still lingers with a Mussulman. Even in towns, a Mussulman finds pleasure in his garden; tending his bees, driving his water-wheel, looking to his fruit; while his Greek neighbour, more a citizen of the world, hangs about the coffee-house and bazaar, discussing the latest news, and trying to turn his paras into piastres. One is content to grow mulberries, while the other talks of setting up a bank.

Frank, Ottoman, Levantine and Greek live in the same city more or less at peace. Frank and Ottoman are masters. In the future they will put their several aspects on the place. The

children of Victoria will build hotels, lay iron tramways, thrust their feet into tight boots, ride in the hot sun, catch fevers, stagger into strength, and then ride out again: while the sons of Othman will sit in their loose slippers, toy with their chibouks, spread their bits of carpet at the hour of prayer, and listen dreamily to the hum of the spinning-wheel among their mulberry-trees.

But though the Franks and Ottomans are masters, they will always have to reckon with the 'Greeks.' Sword may be king; on battle-fields, sword is always king; yet, in an island tenanted by village republics, the sword has sometimes to recoil before the pastor's crook. Pasha has to speak with Primate, and the Konak make conditions with St. John's.

CHAPTER XVII.

HIS BEATITUDE.

'How do you get on with his Beatitude of St. John's?' I ask our High Commissioner.

'Pretty well. He is a kindly sort of man. Some of the old archbishops, I have heard, were great oppressors of their people; but the present man appears to be a good exception to that rule.'

'He has an excellent character for piety and charity amongst the town folk,' I reply.

'Yes, and he deserves it, I believe. We get on pretty well, and might get on much better, only that he wants me to do things for him which we cannot undertake. Example: he asks me, as Governor of Cyprus, to collect his dimes.'

'Of course, you have heard that the Pashas used to help him in that way?'

'Yes, so he says; and I believe they did so.

That was a fault in them—one of their many faults. Anything that anybody asked them to do, those Pashas did; never stopping to inquire whether what they were asked to do was right or wrong. They only wanted a quiet life. We stand on other ground; we try to find out what is right, and cause it to be done. What has the State to do with bishops' dimes? The dime is not a public tax. Why should the public pay the cost of getting in a clerical rate? Enough for us the public service. If you lay a church-rate, you must get it in yourself, not send for the police.'

Being what he is, Father Geronymo can hardly come to us. Doing what we have to do, we can never go to him. Our means are not his means, our ends are not his ends. On both sides, there are questions of religion, and of policy. A priest, he puts his Church above the State. Laymen, we put the State before his Church. Oriental in race, he objects to us as Franks; Orthodox in creed, he sets us down as traitors to the Cross. To him, we are worse than Turks, since we have wilfully rejected truth and light. A pasha and a mollah he could leave alone; no rivalry, no passion, burn between a mufti and himself. But how is he,

primate and independent, to get on with a race of Christian governors who may bring in priests of a schismatic church — priests whose orders he denounces and denies. For him, and for his clergy, our appearance in the land is nothing less than a new invasion of Western heretics. How, then, can we expect him to become a friend of English rule?

Father Geronymo not only puts the Church above the State, but over it, and around it, and beneath it, as the heavens are round about the earth. We, on the other hand, set the two spheres apart. He lifts his monks and priests above the law. We put down privilege of every kind, and recognise no immunity of class or caste. The question of sending zaptiehs to collect his dimes for him, is only one of many claims; but all his claims are founded on a theory denied by us— ascendency of the spiritual power. A theorist of the kind that owns no scale, he counts the lowest spiritual thing as greater than the highest secular thing. In what concerns his Church nothing is either great or small. Intrusion on his ground is sacrilege.

An aged man, of venerable face and upright

character, he is harder to resist than younger and less reputable priests might be. The world goes with him and is likely to go with him. A native of the soil, he holds exalted rank, and represents a suffering Church. His people think of him as of a living saint. Wise with the wisdom of a priest, he has always hidden the more repulsive side of his great office from the public sight. While grinding his dimes out of the poor peasantry, he has continued to throw the odium of enforcing payment of those taxes on the Turks. No shepherd ever heard his voice, no farmer ever felt his claw, in those affairs. His voice was only heard from the cathedral altar, chaunting a lofty psalm; his hand was only raised in great processions, holding up the golden icon of his Church. The wretch who rode up to the peasant's hut, and tore the last chicken from that peasant's hen-coop, was a zaptieh. Neither pope nor monk assisted him in his odious work. His uniform was the Sultan's uniform, his violence was the Sultan's violence. Geronymo got the money, but his rival at the konak got the blame. Whatever rancour was excited in the peasant's bosom settled on the civil power.

By separating lay affairs from Church affairs, we put an end to much mistake.

Geronymo's port is greatly lowered. When we came in, Cyprus was governed by a council called the Medjalis Idaré; an executive body, not much unlike our English Cabinet; and on this governing-board the Primate had a seat.

The Governor, Chief-Justice, Master of the Law and Minister of Finance, had seats in virtue of their several offices. These *four* members were official. To assist them—and if need be, to control them—sat *five* elected members. In this majority of five, three councillors were 'Greeks.' Father Geronymo was one of these three, and by his rank, the leader of these three. As nothing could be done without this board, he had a voice, a very potent voice, in every act of State. A majority of the majority obeyed his voice as of a sign from Heaven. Short of mastery, Father Geronymo had reason to be satisfied with his share of power.

That state of things is past, and the unwritten compact of the palace with the konak, at an end. In forming our new legislative council, we have included none but laymen. Neither priest nor mollah has a seat on our new board. Church

and mosque must go their ways. Henceforth, the power in Cyprus is a secular power.

His Beatitude's loss of place and station is not all. The same strong hand that pushes him from his seat, breaks into his sanctuaries, and, in the name of justice, seizes the criminals over whom his Church has waved her Cross.

Time out of mind, his Church has claimed the right of granting sanctuary. He can travel back to Constantine. Like pagan temples, churches and cloisters were then made places of refuge, and the 'peace of the Church' was offered, in imitation of the 'king's peace,' to offenders of all grades, from simple debtors up to assassins. In no long time, these favours were extended to all gardens, houses, lanes and courts belonging to the Church. In other countries, these old rights have perished; but in Cyprus, these and other customs of the past survive.

Chief of the sanctuaries tolerated by the Turks in Cyprus, is Kikko, the great monastery nestling on the northern slope of Mount Olympus. Pilgrims from all countries flock to Kikko, but a great majority of these pilgrims come from Russia. Rich and rare are the icons on her altar-screen,

and many are the colonies which she has planted in this island. One of these colonies is the monastery in front of Papho gate, round which we have recently pitched our tents. The archimandrite of Kikko lodges in Nicosia, near the palace. Next after the Primate, this archimandrite is the most striking figure in the Cypriote Church.

Yet Kikko finds, like lowlier places, that the days of her immunity are past. Justice knocks at her gate, and will not be denied. Vainly the monks appeal to their All-holy patroness; vainly, the archimandrite talks of Constantine and Helena. Justice is deaf to such appeals. 'Are you concealing murderers behind those grills and gates?' —that is the sole inquiry made by Justice. 'If you screen such wretches here, open your grills that we may take them out, and hang them on the nearest tree. No use to prate of Constantine; all that is past and gone. Open your gates and grills. If you refuse, we enter on our right. One law for each and all. Henceforward, no one stands above the law.'

Primate and archimandrite stand amazed. No Pasha ever spake such words. The Turks are Orientals, like themselves, and understand 'dakhal;'

that is to say, the right of every man when flying for his life to throw himself on the protection of some priest or sheikh. Being 'Turks,' they know the duties of 'dakhal,' — an obligation, sacred under every banner and in every tribe; binding that priest or sheikh to succour and avenge a fugitive who invokes his name. Being 'Turks,' they have their sanctuaries of the mosque, as much as 'Greeks' have sanctuaries of their church. To defend a suppliant is their 'honour,' to surrender him their 'disgrace.' To violate 'dakhal' is to become a dog.

In our desire to elevate the country, we close our eyes to all such 'customs' of the land. Our duty lies in strong and clear upholding of the law.

A case has just occurred in which the monks of Kikko have received a foretaste of the things to come. One day a petition reached head-quarters from the kinsman of a murdered man, stating that the murderer, one Christodoula, was at Kikko, living in asylum, and praying that he might be arrested, tried, and punished for his crime. Four zaptiehs were sent to fetch that criminal to Nicosia. 'No use, Effendi,' said the Turkish officer; 'no use for us to ride out all that way, unless we have

a letter from the old priest here to the monks at Kikko, requesting them to give him up.' The zaptiehs knew that they would be resisted, and from their habits, were afraid of using force. As no one wanted to have blood shed at the cloister, the old priest was requested to write a note. Surrounded by English tents, the old priest could not easily refuse, though he would probably have declined to interfere at other times.

Letter in hand the zaptiehs rode to Kikko.

'Murderer! Want a murderer from this holy place!' exclaimed the monks; 'we have no murderers concealed.'

'We must be satisfied of that,' returned the zaptiehs. 'We are sent to do our duty, and to make a true report.'

Brushing past the monks, they passed into the court yards and the corridors. Seeking to right and left, and putting many of the monks in fear, they found out that a Greek had come into the cloister but a few days after the committal of that crime. On asking this Greek some questions, they believed he was their man. The zaptiehs decided to arrest and bring him in.

In spite of hubbub from the monks, they tied

the murderer's hands behind his back, and led him from the cloister by a rope. The biggest zaptieh of the company tied one end of that rope round his own body. Then the company filed off.

In going down a hill-side where the road was narrow, the four zaptiehs had to ride in file. The prisoner, on foot, marched in the middle of the four horsemen. Suddenly he sprang down a precipice, pulling the zaptieh who was tied to him down the slope. The rope which bound them snapped; the zaptieh, dragged along the rocks, was stunned. A second zaptieh, tried to follow, but he fell and broke his ankle. Christodoula, though his hands were tied behind his back, got off into the woods.

The murderer has not yet been found. Every one believes that he has taken refuge in another cloister. Kikko was too hot for him; but there are other convents up and down the land. Yet justice is alert and pitiless. Sanctuary or no sanctuary, that scoundrel must be caught and hung.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BRITISH RULE.

'I CAME out,' says our High Commissioner, 'under the impression that I might have to change the whole system of government; brushing aside, not only the fiscal system, but the legal courts and the executive bodies.'

'You were rather anti-Turk at first, I think you said?'

'Certainly. When we first came out, myself and staff were of the same opinion. We expected nothing good in Cyprus; nothing better in the usages than in the men.'

'And you have not been forced to sweep them out?'

'Fortunately, not. You see it is much easier to get on with laws to which people are accustomed than with foreign codes. Luckily, we find these laws are very good. All that is wanted is to put

them into force. When you apply them properly you find they serve you very well. All of us have changed our first opinions; no one more so than myself. In truth, the more I master the whole body of these Turkish laws, the more I am surprised at their humanity and justice.'

'Some of our folks at home, you are aware, imagine that these laws are nothing but a hotch-potch from the Koran, framed by cunning mufti, to support a race of tyrants ruling over concubines and slaves.'

'Well, that was partly what I thought myself. But facts are otherwise. The laws in vogue are founded on the code Napoléon; they are very clear and full; and are well adapted to an Oriental people. When I came to Nicosia, we thought of setting up a few plain rules, founded on English law and practice, and of working outward from these rules. But I soon saw my error, and withdrew my scheme. The local laws are just; even the administrative rules are good. In theory, I regard these laws and rules as perfect.'

'Perfect is a strong expression?'

'But I mean it. Many of the officials were, no doubt, to blame. Offenders offered bribes,

and some of the judges took those bribes. Sometimes—but not always—justice failed. But here the men, and not the methods, were in fault. If you were to ask me what is the main fault of these Ottoman laws, I should answer that they are too lenient towards vagabonds and criminals. They give a rogue too many chances of escape. A Turkish judge is slow to act. A murderer, with the blood of two victims on his hands, is now lying at Papho, waiting an order for his execution. No one gives that order, and the wretch remains unhung.'

'Is it not the case, that under Ottoman law nobody in this island has power to put a man to death? Is not the Governor bound to lay his case before the Governor-general of Rhodes, and is not that Governor-general of Rhodes bound to lay his case before the Grand Vizier at Constantinople?'

'Yes, that was so. Turks are so slow to shed blood coldly, that they can never make up their minds to carry out their sentences. Until a criminal chooses to confess his crime, they never hang him. Here is where these people need us most; nobody in this island has the courage to do right.'

'Ah, that is one of the rarest qualities in the world.'

'Still one has to do it, and to stand to it when done. If not, where is the use of law? We mean to see all sentences carried out, not caring who is hurt. In no long time, people will begin to feel that law must be obeyed.'

Thus, in taking Cyprus over from the Sultan to the Queen, we keep the local laws intact, but pay no heed to usages, which, even when they are old, have grown up outside the law. 'Show me the code, point out the article,'—this is our method, this our means. Looking to nothing but the end, we take the straight course, letting people see that what is written in the book is no dead letter, but a living and protecting spirit.

Not only have we left the laws in force, but we have kept the boundaries and offices intact.

For purposes of government, this island is divided into six provinces, called Caimacanates. Each province has a separate Lieutenant-governor, called a Caimacan, appointed to his office by the Governor in Nicosia. This Caimacan has the rank of a Pasha of one tail; carries a horse-hair whip, and claims a salute of seven guns. With him sit a

Cadi, or Chief Justice, and a Receiver of Taxes, who are also named by the governor of Nicosia. These are the only Ottoman officials in each province. Towns and hamlets have their own Head-men and Councils of Elders, chosen directly by the people in their free assemblies. These men are all but independent of Ottoman officials. A Caimacan has no more right to interfere with the Head-man and Council of Elders in a town, than a Lord-lieutenant of Sussex has to interfere with the Mayor of Brighton, and the Dean and Chapter of Chichester. The six Caimacans have been replaced by six Civil Commissioners, who also carry horse-whips in token of their rank.

The six provinces stand as under:

1. Nicosia, of which Colonel Biddulph is Civil Commissioner.

2. Famagosta, of which Captain Inglis is Civil Commissioner.

3. Limasol, of which Colonel Warren is Civil Commissioner.

4. Papho, of which Captain Wauchope is Civil Commissioner.

5. Cerinia, of which Captain Holbeach is Civil Commissioner.

6. Larnaca, of which Colonel White is Civil Commissioner.

Under the Sultan's rule, Nicosia was separated from the province in which it stands, as being a fortress, governed by a military chief. The Caimacan's offices were at Cythrea, and in that hamlet the Chief Justice held his court. We have changed this order, placing Nicosia under civil rule, and moving the Caimacan's head-quarters to the capital. Under the Queen there is no fear of Justice being overawed by bayonets. The other five Caimacanates remain unchanged.

In every case these provinces correspond with ancient Christian sees; some with Latin sees; all of them with Oriental sees. In every case, until we took the island over, the Primate, or his Metropolitan, had a seat on the governing-board.

Nicosia, capital of the island, has a Council and a Court of Appeal. The Court of Appeal is a strictly legal court, in which cases sent up from the provinces are heard, as well as serious charges of every kind. Murder, arson, frauds of large amount, and other crimes, are tried before this court. The Christian element is strong; three Christians

and three Mohammedans sitting on the bench, over which the Chief Justice presides in virtue of his place. In the Caimacanates of Famagosta, Limasol, Papho, Cerinia, and Larnaca, there are councils also called Medjalis Idaré, with administrative powers. In each Idaré the Lieutenant-governor and Chief Justice sit in virtue of their offices, but all the other members are elected in free assemblies of the citizens. Lieutenant-governor and Chief Justice are appointed by the Governor; with these official members sit three Christian members and three Mohammedan members. One of those Christian members is the bishop of the see.

Each Caimacanate has a legal court called Medjalis Davi, for the hearing of small disputes and the trial of small offenders, with authority to decide in cases up to five thousand piastres, and to imprison for any term up to three months. The Chief Justice presides, and the court is composed of two Christians and two Mohammedans. The two Christian and the two Mohammedan judges are elected by the people in their free assemblies.

Thus, in every part of Cyprus—in the capital as in the provinces—the governing bodies, whether judicial or executive, are mainly the creations of a

popular vote. In the Medjalis Idaré of Nicosia, five members, elected by the people, act with four members appointed by the Crown. Of those five elected members a majority of three to two is Christian. In the Medjalis Idarés of Famagosta, Limasol, Papho, Cerinia, and Larnaca, six members, elected by the people, act with two members appointed by the Crown. Of the six members elected by the people three must be Christians.

Where, except in Switzerland and the United States, can governing bodies so republican in origin be discovered as in Cyprus under Ottoman rule?

Some of these things we are suspending; but one hopes for no great length of time. Head-men and elders, popes and archimandrites, block our way. Having to clear the road, we find it easier to clear that road by whip and spur. In Nicosia, as in Larnaca, we are tempted to treat as nuisances whatever seems to impede our pace. In the rural hamlets we have not as yet done much, nor is it easy for any one to do much. 'Konak law is not village law.' Head-men and elders turn out useful agents, and we leave them in their several posts. Chosen by the husbandmen and shepherds, they

understand their neighbours and their simple wants. In Moslem villages these petty magistrates are Moslem, and in Christian villages they are Christian. In mixed villages, and in Flax-cotton villages, they are mixed; the choice, I hear, being scarcely ever guided by considerations of race and creed. A good 'Greek' gets Moslem votes, a good 'Turk' gets Christian votes. When a Turk is chosen head-man, he is called the Muktar, and usually the head-man of a Flax-cotton village is a Muktar. Like the Starost of a Russian village, the Muktar of a Cyprian village is a great convenience to the Governor, who can deal with him as a direct embodiment of the passions and desires of the peasants over whom he rules. For good and ill, this village system rests on popular suffrage, and however strong our dislike may be to choosing magistrates by popular suffrage, we have not as yet been tempted to upset this village rule. In towns we are much bolder. At Nicosia, we have named a Legislative Council, by our own authority, without consulting a single native of the land. To this council we have called four Englishmen, one Turk, one Greek, and one Italian. That is our new law-making body. The most important

personage in Cyprus, His Beatitude the Primate, has no seat.

Compared against such bodies under Turkish rule, the new Council shows some striking features, likely to suggest a Muscovite rather than an English origin.

(*a*) The old Council consisted of a majority of natives. On a board of nine persons, five natives of the island always sat; not unfrequently seven natives sat. The Governor and Receiver were usually, but not always, persons from abroad. The Chief Justice and Master of the Law were often natives; the Primate was a native, and the other four elected members were always natives. In the Council that we have named, only two in seven are natives of the soil. The four Englishmen are foreigners, the Italian is a foreigner. Only the Turk and Greek were born in Cyprus. Under Ottoman rule, the Cypriotes had a clear majority of votes. Under English rule, the Cypriotes—counting both Christians and Mohammedans—are a minority of two in seven.

(*b*) The old Council comprised four members appointed by the Crown and five members elected by the citizens. The new Council consists of

seven members appointed by the Crown, and not a member chosen by the citizens. Under Ottoman rule the representatives of the people had a majority of votes. Under English rule, representatives of the people are altogether excluded from the board. Formerly, the Cypriotes had as much control over their own affairs as English people; now they are as helpless as a multitude of Russian serfs.

Such changes must be judged by the results; but for the time they have an ugly look. One hardly likes to see a popular franchise filched away, even though we get a cleaner street and stronger pier in payment for the theft. No rights are prized so much as local rights to which a man is born. The story of our city wards is full of warnings on that point. More than one English king has started on his downward path by tampering with the rights of city wards. No race, however weak, prefers a stranger in the chair of state.

CHAPTER XIX.

PUBLIC JUSTICE.

'No, there is not much crime in Nicosia; not much, that is to say, for an Oriental town,' says Colonel Biddulph, our Civil Commissioner, as we sit at breakfast in his cool apartments in the Levantine quarter. Government House is built of stone, with gardens in the rear and palm-trees on the flank. Close by are two fine fountains, and the upper windows overlook the ramparts and command the range of Mount Olympus. Our Commissioner's rooms are cool.

'No, there is not much crime among these people. Vices they have in plenty—drunkenness and debauchery without end; but they are not often guilty of the deeper and blacker sorts of crime.'

'My court will open at ten o'clock,' interposes

Lieutenant Seager, an officer of marines, who has the great advantage of having been called to the bar; 'If you like to come and see us, though we don't allow barristers to plead, we never mind seeing them in court. I shall be glad to show you what we do and how we do it.'

'Lawyers may be present to advise?'

'Yes, to advise their clients; but they are not allowed to address the bench. We are a simple people, and we hold a patriarchal court. Counsel for the prosecution, answered by counsel for the defence, are out of our line. We want to get our business done.'

'Not, one hopes, like the hungry judge who hung his men right off in order that he might go home and dine?'

'Oh, no! The forms, you'll see, are long enough. We run no risk of being too curt.'

'Nor of giving a wrong sentence, like that fox in the fable who condemned his crony, the guilty shark, to be thrown into the sea?'

'No, we have law enough for that.'

At ten o'clock, we enter the Medjalis Davi, now removed from Cythrea to the capital. The bench, as under Ottoman rule, is occupied by two

Christian judges and by two Mohammedan judges; all of the four elected by the people to their posts by popular vote. A cadi presides; and Lieutenant Seager sits as Sama, 'listener'—as we should say, 'assessor.' His duties are, to hear the pleas, to sift the evidence, and to sign the judgment. He is not supposed to meddle with the law; but, since no sentence is good without his signature, he is obliged to satisfy himself about the law. In practice, Lieutenant Seager is the court.

The room is small, with wooden floor, and paper peeling from the walls. A chair is placed for the 'listener,' and a second chair for myself. Natives squat and lean on the divan. The cadi and his Mohammedan brethren sit on their calves; the Orthodox members dangle their legs about, pushing their slippers on and off. A clerk, a zaptieh, and a dragoman, assist the court. Loafers in taboosh and turban represent the citizens. In every sense, the room is open; for neither rope nor rail divides the culprit from the bench. No dock exists. In Ottoman eyes, an untried person is an innocent man. Not till sentence is accorded, is he in the hands of justice. Neither have we a witness-box; the Ottoman system not allowing a man

to be pilloried merely for standing up to speak the truth.

First case is called:

Constantinos Janni steps into the room, and bowing to the judges, makes his charge. Certain persons, he alleges, owe him sums of money. A list is handed to the bench, containing twenty or twenty-five names, with sums set down against them, from ten or twelve piastres up to fifteen or twenty medjedés.

'Who is this man, a money-lender?' I ask Lieutenant Seager.

'No, a dealer in the bazaar.'

'Have these debts been made in the ordinary way of trade?'

'Yes, precisely.'

'Well, and what does he expect the court to do for him?'

'Collect these debts. He wants us to send out zaptiehs and compel his customers to pay.'

'I suppose he used to get that sort of thing done for him in the Pasha's time?'

'Yes; the man is well off, and a great spouter. Listen to him; he is better than a play.'

The man is loud and voluble, even for a Greek.

He says he wants justice, and no more than justice. He wants his money, and no more than his money. Why is he refused his zaptieh? He always had a zaptieh before. What has he done? Why is he now denied? Seager asks him whether he thinks it right to send a public officer twenty miles to collect a sum of twenty pence? Yes, he certainly thinks it right; it is the law; it is the custom of his country; it was always done.

After glancing down his list, I ask Lieutenant Seager if the items have been proved?

'No, not at all; they stand on his bare word. The thing is like a farce. None of the alleged debtors are present; and no evidence of debt has been produced.'

'Ask him whether he has sent his debtors any notice of this charge?'

Being asked this question by the dragoman, Constantinos answers that he has done nothing of the sort. How could he send them notice? He has nobody to send; he has no zaptiehs in his house.

'Ask him whether he has taken pains to collect his money.'

'No,' reports the dragoman, 'he says they live in different places; some a long way off. Unless the

cadi lends him zaptiehs, how is he to gather in his debts?'

Case remanded for a week; Leiutenant Seager telling him he had better make some effort to collect his money for himself.

Exit Constantinos; clouded in face, and evidently confused in brain. For him, justice is postponed, if not denied.

Second case called.

Kerides Janni strides into the room, salutes the judge, and asks for justice in the customary form. A man of vile expression, with a hanjar in his belt, he glares around the court, passing the four elected judges with a kind of sneer, and fixing an inquisitive and beseeching eye on the English 'listener.' Then he makes his charge. A neighbour in his quarter of the city owes him, he alleges, one hundred piastres. He has asked him for the money times on times. The fellow will not pay, and now he has the impudence to deny his debt.

One of the Christian judges lifts his hand; the zaptieh orders silence: 'This case,' says the Christian judge, 'has been already heard; I recollect it well. It was about a year ago.'

The clerk remembers it, and turns his record over. 'Yes, here it is. Case heard, and judgment given.'

'What was the verdict?' I inquire.

'That the accusation was untrue.'

'And made for purposes of fraud?'

'Yes, that was the opinion of the bench.'

'Was nothing done to punish him?'

'No; the charge was treated as a mistake. Nobody wished to press him hard. He was dismissed.'

'Ask him why he comes again and makes this charge a second time.'

My question being put to him by the dragoman, Kerides answers that he is an injured man, and thought the English Effendis would do him justice. It is true that he was heard twelve months ago, but he was badly heard and falsely judged. It was under another cadi, and his enemy bribed the court. A few words pass between Lieutenant Seager and the Chief Justice. Then the cadi says: 'This case has been already judged. No man can be tried twice on the same charge. This is no court of appeal. Next case.'

Kerides backs out with a vicious look.

Anki Christopher steps in. Anki desires to have a summons granted by the bench against his neighbour in a case of petty trespass. It is an ordinary application, made and granted every day. On payment of a fee of one piastre the summons is made out. Then comes the question: At whose expense shall it be served? Nicosia is the chief town of a Caimacanate extending from the heights above Cythrea to the summits of Mount Machera. Anki's adversary lives some sixteen miles from Nicosia, and Anki expects the State to send a zaptieh with his summons to that distant part. A 'listener,' representing public thrift, raises objections on the point of cost. Zaptiehs mean expense. To send a zaptieh on a ride of sixteen miles is to employ a man and horse two days. A man and horse are worth from thirty to thirty-five piastres a day; from sixty to seventy for two days. Fine profits for the State! One piastre received for granting a summons, and seventy piastres spent in serving it!

The matter has a second face, no less objectionable to a 'listener' bent on doing what is right. A trader, having no costs to pay beyond his twopenny summons, can afford to gratify his petty spites.

Here are two men who have a quarrel. One of them lives in Nicosia; the other on his distant farm. The citizen, eager to annoy the rustic, comes into court, and on the pretext that the rustic owes him five piastres, gets a summons. To him the cost is twopence. His enemy must appear in person at Nicosia. Say the charge is heard, the case dismissed. The rustic loses time and money, while the citizen, sitting at his stall in the bazaar, enjoys his joke. That fancy costs him twopence; for the main expense is thrown by custom on the public purse. Under such easy rule, what wonder that the courts are busy, the officials always in arrears of pay?

But here comes our embarrassment in the affair. As with the Primate's dimes, so with the huckster's summons. In the Pasha's time zaptiehs were always sent. Our cadi has, in fact, no choice. His summons must be served, and Anki's zaptieh is allowed, but under protest from the 'listener,' as a vicious custom, costly to the State, and tending to encourage personal spite. A new rule should be made.

A female, breaking from a zaptieh, who is mildly trying to prevent her entrance, steps with a flush and frown into the room. A tall and handsome

creature, with a ruddy cheek lit up by burning eyes, and clothed in heaps of parti-coloured garments, she neither curtsies to the bench nor prays that the judge's feet may be prevented from straying into crooked ways. The cadi starts a little, as he might do at the spring of a leopardess. He has evidently seen her face before, and was clearly not expecting her in court to-day. Throwing her head back, and looking proudly at the bench, she says: 'Name, Cosora Mariam; nationality, Greek; age, forty-five.'

'Who is this woman?'

'Curious case, this,' replies Lieutenant Seager. 'She was present yesterday, and we adjourned the matter till Saturday next. I want to master the accounts. She is reported to be rich; but all her property is in land; that is the case with many people here. Money is scarce, and farmers mostly pay their debts in kind—a sheep for a coat or turban, and a basket of onions for a pair of shoes. Accounts are rather hard to keep. Cosora is said to own six hundred acres; one of her neighbours, I believe a money-lender, is persuing her for a balance or pretended balance of account. According to her tale it is the other way; he owes her money. Anyhow

there is bad blood; the man is pushing her to the wall; by hook or crook he means to get her land.'

'That is a common case in Cyprus, I suspect?'

'Quite true; those money-lenders are our greatest curse.'

'You have adjourned the hearing; why is she in court to-day?'

By this time something of her fury is relaxed! On being asked what she requires, the fury darkens on her face again:

'Justice! I want to go home. Till I get justice I cannot go home.'

The cadi answers mildly: 'Your hearing, Cosora Mariam, is adjourned to Saturday next.'

'I cannot wait till Saturday next.'

Her voice—deep, proud, yet tender—touches every one, and most of all, I think, the cadi:

'Why not, good woman?'

With a haughty gesture, such as Rachel might have envied in an actress, she replies:

'Effendis! I live a long way off. I have no food, no house, no money in this place. I came here yesterday. You sent for me; I came. I walked the whole way. I have no husband and no son. That man is trying to bear me down. My land is

there, my garden there. I have no money. Tell me to wait—you kill me. Saturday! Where shall I eat—where shall I sleep—till then? My persecutor knows all that. Saturday! On Saturday I shall be dead!'

The cadi winces; but the bench can give her no help. Kind words are used; the cadi asking her to remember that accounts take time. At last his explanations seem to settle on her mind. Turning to the door, she neither bows nor smiles, but goes away in a proud anguish very sad to see.

CHAPTER XX.

THE KONAK.

LEAVING the cadi and his court, we turn into the gallery; here, as in every other house, an open walk, with arches on the shady side. This gallery is old and quaint, with bits of finery here and there; relics of Venetian times and even of Crusading times. Here are some Latin letters graven on a stone, recording that in such a year So-and-so was prefect of this place. Yonder stands a Gothic window, with heraldic lions sculptured in the wall. Here again, under our feet, lies a slab of foreign marble, taken from some chapel, and employed to mend the floor. Here paced those Anglo-Norman kings who owed their lordships to English valour, and their sceptres to imperial greed and guile. Here, in her robe and diadem, walked the Queen of Cyprus, long before the art of Titian had

endowed her with a more lasting crown. Venetian prefects, one of them, that Moor of Venice who is best known to us as Othello, trod this gallery, looking on the 'lads of Cyprus' in his court below. Here, if anywhere beyond a poet's dream, the scenery of Desdemona's passion must be sought.

Zaptiehs, suitors, witnesses, and idlers crowd the gallery and impede the stair. Some one is coming, and these idlers want to see the show. A noise is heard; a scuffle, as of horse's hoofs; a rattle, as of swords and spurs. Though nothing can be seen, the noise being still far off, the crowd shrinks back, as though the caftans and tarbooshes were melting into the wall.

Pushing through this crowd, Cosora gains the great stair, now clearing fast, and drops down slowly step by step, as if in pain and doubt. Once on the ground, she staggers towards a tree, puts out her hand, and leans against the trunk. That tree? One wonders whether this poor creature knows that tree or not. That trunk is death; the Tyburn of Nicosia; the hanging-tree on which the blackest criminals are swung. One fears that trunk is an unlucky staff to lean on. Heedless of the crowd, Cosora turns a little on her heel and lifts her eyes

to the door from which she stole just now in her proud pain. Her heart is evidently coming back; refusing to accept that verdict from the bench. To her, poor thing—houseless and penniless—justice must seem not only blind but lame.

That noise without draws nearer to the gate. At length, in clouds of dust, our High Commissioner and his staff ride in. Cosora turns her eyes. In boots and helmet that High Commissioner looks more like a knight of chivalry than the cadi, in tarboosh and slippers, sitting cross-legged on his divan. It seems within her mind to speak; if so, she lets her chance go by. Slipping from his horse, our High Commissioner moves on rapidly to the stair. Saluted and saluting in his turn, he passes down the gallery to his room. The Council waits him, and the door is closed. Taking no notice of the woman, a zaptieh hitches the High Commissioner's horse to that ill-omened tree. Watching the man, Cosora seems to recognize the hanging-place—starts back a little—stiffens up her frame, crosses the courtyard with a martial stride, and passing through the gateway, disappears from sight.

An officer on the staff, provided with a pass-key

to the harem, wanders with me up and down the konak. Hassan follows in our wake; no less jealous for his master's dignity than ready with an answer on all points of local detail. Passing from gateway to garden, from stable to seraglio, we notice every part in turn; guard-room and jail, conduit and fountain, council-house and court of justice, with the range of private chambers, from the Pasha's bedroom to the cabinets of that Pasha's wives and concubines.

Taken as a palace, the konak in Nicosia is one of the queerest piles on earth; the first floor, a prison; the second floor, a palace; and the whole so bare and rickety that the planks spring under your feet, and the window sashes when you touch them crumble in your hands. Yet all about lie ample gardens, groves and walks, with jets of water making music everywhere.

We enter by a gate that seems to be the nave or crypt of a Venetian church; a cool and shady passage, serving as a guard-room and a lounge. Three ancient plantains grow outside. A cadi used to sit in this shady nook, practising his trade on such as came to him for law. His mat lay on the ground, and there he sat, crossed-legged and

slippered, waiting 'in the gate'; reading his book of prayers when he was not engaged in 'making peace.' Men came to him with their griefs from farmsteads in the hills and villages in the plains. They came to him about their blood-feuds, disputed bargains, third divorces, and projected re-marriages. Standing before the learned man, the disputants and rivals said: 'We come to thee, O judge, for justice. May the seventy-two prophets keep thy feet from straying into crooked ways; so that thy field may prosper under thee, and joy may sit on the face of thy favourite son.' Settling their disputes, he took such presents as they gave him for his pains. A learned man, upright, and faithful to his text, his rulings were received by high and low as final.

The inner court is large and square. One angle is divided from the rest by a mud-wall. This angle forms the prison-yard, opening from the jail, the Newgate of Nicosia. Near the mud-wall stands the hanging-tree. Men and women are passing in and out of that prison-yard. A zaptieh dawdles by the door, twisting his cigarette, and flirting with the girls as they go in and out. Ten or twelve criminals are in the yard, walking about in pairs,

eating the fruit brought in to them, or lying in the shady nooks. Others, within the jail, are peering through the iron grates. Some of these fellows in the yard are fettered. One fellow has a cannon-ball fastened to his leg. He seems accustomed to his burden, for when he wants to move about, he lifts the weight deftly, poises it against his shoulder, and takes his exercise like any other man.

Some of these wretches, I am told, have taken life; not in our time, or they would not be here; but in that golden age when no one in Nicosia held the power of life and death. Here is a fellow talking to two women; ankle and wrist are chained. He had a near escape. Not long ago (but still before our time) he quarrelled with a neighbour in the coffee-house outside Papho gate; their swelling spirits excited by mastic, dominoes, and dancing-girls. He drew his knife and drove it through his neighbour's ribs. The victim dropped down dead, and he was taken on the spot. Once lodged in jail, his way to the hanging-tree seemed open; but the times were ticklish, and the Pasha was afraid of a conviction that would send his case to Rhodes. Trouble might come of it. Suppose the murderer were condemned to die? The

papers must be sent to Rhodes, and the proceedings overhauled. Then all the evidence would be forwarded from Rhodes to Constantinople. More inquiries would take place. A grand vizier, already overwhelmed with work, would have new labours cast on him. The Governor of Nicosia would be blamed, if not removed. So he resolved to try the man for homicide. For homicide he could give the wretch ten years, and so escape that reference to his Vali and his Grand Vizier. Thus the murderer escaped with life. Feeling that the sense of justice was unsatisfied, the Pasha looked what more could be safely done. He closed the city gate at sunset. At other times, he might have closed the coffee-house where all the devilry had been done, and not condemn the innocent city gate. But then, to close the coffee-house was to rouse a private foe, on which another question might be sent to Rhodes. And so the gate was closed at sun-down, and the innocent citizens of Nicosia were punished for that wretch's crime.

The konak is two stories high. One story is devoted to the prison, offices, and stables; the second, to the Treasury, Court of Justice, Hall

of Audience, Transfer Office, Council Chamber and Governor's House. Inside and out, above and below, the edifice is worn and broken. Hardly any of the rooms are fit to live in, but are excellent quarters for rats and mice. Some of the rooms are showy, but the floors are rotting into dust. Hassan, a native, has to walk with wary feet.

Though all the rooms are shabby and the corridors out of order, one perceives on coming to the harem that the female quarters are the best; the best in size, in situation, and in light. One wing of the upper story was devoted to the Pasha's family. As in other houses, this wing stands on the garden side; so that the inmates look from their windows into shady groves, and catch the play of fantastic water-jets. Balconies hang over the gardens, luring into the tenement every breath of air.

In other times this harem was the Hall of State, in which Venetian prefects held their feasts and revelries in imitation of the Doge and Signory. Four rooms are built in the four angles of this hall, one room for each of the four wives allowed by law to a True Believer. Each room looks into gardens, but has no other outlet than the common

hall. Thus, privacy was secured for each, with the convenience of a general room for exercise and gossip, and for giving audience to female visitors, chap-women and story-tellers.

Two or three smaller rooms stand in a corridor. These rooms are darker than the others.

'What were these little rooms used for by the Pasha?' I inquire. 'Servants and slaves?'

Hassan smiles: 'Perhaps so, Effendi.'

'What are you smilling at? You mean something else? These were the chambers of his concubines?'

'Perhaps so, Effendi.'

'That is what we hear from every one about,' adds the staff-officer; 'but I believe it was some time ago.'

The rooms have certainly no appearance of having been lately used.

'Anyhow, captain, you must feel glad that you are not expected to carry out this portion of the Turkish law.'

Among these time-worn chambers, one room is of deeper interest to us English than the rest; that in which our Admiral took over Cyprus from the Sultan to the Queen. Fancy may play about the

edifice in various parts. You can figure Cassio and Iago parleying on this stair, and Desdemona passing down this gallery from her chapel to her cabinet. You can imagine Catarina Cornaro whispering in this archway to her brother Georgio the terms of her surrender of the island to the Doge. No effort is required to paint the room in which Pessim, last of the long line of Ottoman pashas, sat in this chair of state when handing his province over to the English Queen. A large and lofty room, with showy ceiling, to which clings the gold and paint of Italian decorators, it is furnished in the simple Ottoman taste with a divan, a table, and a row of chairs. Windows give on gardens and on minarets; a fountain plays below, and cedars tempt you to accept their shade. A wasted, but luxuriant paradise of greenery lies below. Here, Pessim heard the firman read; here, Pessim learned the story of those laden mules. A man with four fat wives, and salary in arrear, lay open to the blandishment of solid silver coin. Not one piastre lined the public chest. His tenure of the post was insecure, and Kiamil's fate might any day become his own. Living in a world of dreams, one thing alone was safe and sound—the silver on those laden mules.

Giving up his chair to the English Admiral, the Pasha took his pay, rolled up his bed, set his fat wives on mules, and rode out of the city by the Famagosta gate, leaving the konak to an English officer, and the Papho gate under an English flag.

The departing pasha carried off his harem, but he could not take away with him things he had not introduced—the sentiment and practice of harem-life.

CHAPTER XXI.

HAREM LIFE.

More delicate for us to deal with than the rights and privileges of the Orthodox Church are the rights and privileges of domestic life.

Here, we are in contact with both 'Greek' and 'Turk.' At present we are governing Cyprus under Ottoman law. The Ottoman code contains some articles which clash with what is called the 'moral sense'; not the moral sense of Orientals, whether 'Turk' or 'Greek,' but with the moral sense of civilized Englishmen. Disapproving of those articles, are we to enforce them with our horse-hair whips? A great majority of the citizens of Nicosia are Moslems; many of that majority indulge in a plurality of wives. Are we to go behind the facts? The Orthodox minority, as well as the Moslem

majority, have a system of domestic life unlike our own. What are we to do? We have engaged to carry out their laws, not only in the street and the bazaar, but in the innermost recesses of their homes. Much of their code relates to household things; to the conditions under which a husband lives with his wife, a father with his child, a master with his servant, and a penitent with his priest. Cases come before our 'listeners' every day, novel and intricate enough to tax the chivalry of a Cockburn and the patience of a Cairns.

Happily, we have not to deal in Cyprus as we have in India, with a people living under caste, or anything that resembles caste. A primate may exalt his office, but no priest in Cyprus looks down with a Brahmin's pride on every one outside his caste; in which low category of mankind all strangers must of course be ranked. Our High Commissioner runs no risk of being insulted daily, as our Governor-general of India is insulted daily, on account of caste. A rajah of the orthodox belief who calls to see the Governor-general, has to cleanse himself from the pollution of his contact with an outcast, and to lay an offering on the altar of his idol as a penance for

his sin. Nicosia has no deeply-rooted sentiment of that sort to hold in check. A pasha talks with a High Commissioner as an equal, paying him the respect due to his high place, without being branded by his own community as a leper and a criminal. Beys come into the konak and the camp to gossip and observe the ways of men. So far from shunning Europeans as a God-forsaken people, they are proud to sit on the divan, to toy with the friendly coffee, and to smoke the pipe of peace. No mollah turns his face from a cup of tea, whatever he may do with a glass of wine. An Effendi elbows you at table, never dreaming, like a Muscovite Old Believer, that your touch is taint, and renders him unclean. Some of these Ottomans are pleasant fellows, who regard our efforts to save them and civilize them with a touch of humour. They have no objection to be saved and civilized; but some of them see through the business and enjoy their little harmless laugh. Not many minutes since I was sitting in a coffee-house near the konak with Emin Bey; a 'Turk,' who loves his country very much, without pretending that Cyprus is the Isle of Wight. Emin speaks not only Persian and Arabic, but Greek and Turkish, French and Italian. He has seen the world; dined

at the Maison Doré, and explored the Batignolles; visited the Travellers' Club, and attended meetings on Clerkenwell Green; danced at the Quirinal, and been robbed by brigands at the gate of Rome.

When Emin hears a youngster fresh from school describe the Cypriotes as 'savages,' he smiles in a peculiar way.

'Well, let us make haste and get civilized. Let us exchange our white muslin folds for hats—we are not sure to die of sunstroke. If we do, what harm? Let us kick away our slippers and pull on polished boots. See how much cosier they are! Why make a fuss about our aqueducts and fountains? True, our fathers drank water; let us go in for bitter beer. Anyhow, let us not be savages. Emin reports, as a fact (though I suspect the rogue of laughing in his sleeve), that one of his neighbours, anxious to be civilized, has put his house into order, filling it with chairs and tables, clocks, barometers, and spittoons. He ordered a pair of globes from Smyrna; but he swore the rascal of a dealer cheated him, and sent them back because they were *not* a pair.

Emin, one sees, is not divided by insuperable barriers from an enlightened Frank.

Yet Emin, with his humour and his insight, is a Turk, has three wives, and, according to our notions, should be sent to the konak for a couple of years. No law that we can bring to bear prevents him from taking a fourth wife; nor does any law that we can bring to bear prevent him from taking as many concubines as his house can lodge. So long as he can feed and clothe these inmates, he is free to take as many as he likes. We have the system in the code, and we are bound to recognize, not only a plurality of wives, but the legal standing of a race of concubines.

As with the Turk, so also with the Greek, domestic life is harem life.

Among the persons whose acquaintance I have made is Creon, a 'Greek' from Pera. It would be truer, perhaps, to say that he has made mine. He makes every one's. No Englishman escapes from Creon. At bed, at board, in hall, in lane, he crops up everywhere. While you are dressing Creon pops his nose into your room, tells you it is eight o'clock, and there is still no rain. What can you do but thank him, offer him a cigar to smoke, and say you will be out in no time?

Born at Pera, Creon left the Bosphorus years

ago; he and his plump wife, in search of fortune. On his first arrival in Nicosia he 'made up' to the Turks. Later he got a tip about Napoleon's purposes, and became a partizan of the French. Sedan proved fatal to his hopes. Now he is all at sea. Of one thing only he feels sure—Cyprus will not go back to Turkey. Our arrival bothers him, and he is trying heart and soul to guess which way the wind is going to blow next week.

Creon sits with you under the plantain-trees, or at the Speranza coffee-house, chatting with you on trade and policy, on crops and courts of law, on bridges and finance; but in the street, or on the gallery of your room, you meet, palaver, part. He neither asks you to his house nor names to you his wife and child. You hear by chance that he has a pretty girl, grown up, and of a marriageable age; but not from him; such topics are forbidden by a custom of the country to his lips. I hear from others that his wife is fair and plump, and has a temper of her own; such trifles will crop out, but not through Creon's voice. His house is more exclusive than the Travellers' Club. You need not be a member of the Travellers' Club in order to pass the doorstep and enjoy the luxuries

within. Your friend may be a member, and his fellowship becomes your passport; even though you are born beneath another flag. Creon will not take his nearest friend into the harem of his house.

Yet Creon flushes into ready anger at the Turk's indulgence in the wickedness of a 'seraglio.' He says seraglio, but he means a harem; in Arabic the 'sacred place.' Yet Creon keeps a harem of his own. What he denounces is the court—the palace—the serai; what we call the seraglio.

'A cesspool of abominations; a sink of iniquity; a nest of tyrants, eunuchs, concubines and slaves is that seraglio in my native city. How long shall we be cursed by that invention of the Turks?'

'Turks! No doubt the seraglio in your native city is a wicked place; a nest of tyrants, eunuchs, concubines and slaves. But Turks! You fancy the seraglio was invented by the Turks?'

'Of course I do. What other men were wicked enough to invent all that?'

'My friend, to give the devils their due, those wicked people were the Greeks, your ancestors.'

'You don't say that in earnest?'

'Yes; in earnest. Harem life was Greek—

intensely and entirely Greek; seclusion of women, Greek—intensely and entirely Greek. These wicked things were neither Roman, Egyptian, nor Hebraic. They were neither Scythian nor Germanic. They were Greek; nothing but Greek. What followed came as fruit from such. Tyrants, eunuchs, concubines and slaves—the whole abominable system known as the seraglio—was in existence on the Golden Horn a thousand years before the Ottoman name was heard. Seraglios of the lesser kind infest every one of the provincial courts. You had a seraglio in Nicosia under the imperial dukes. In ancient times, intrigues of the seraglio upset governors and favourites, as they are supposed to do in modern times. The thing is wicked, as you say, but we must give your countrymen their due.'

With Emin, it is much the same, both in idea and in practice. When I meet him, he is kind and gracious; nothing can be finer than his manner. When I call at his official place, he seats me on his right hand, offers me his amber mouthpiece, serves me with delicious coffee. All that I desire is quickly done. We talk of many things; for Emin is not more at home in Paris and London, than in Cairo and Damascus; of the recent war, the new

attitude of Russia, the survey of Palestine, and the prospects of Cyprus under English rule. Emin returns my visit and professes to enjoy my jebilé. Yet Emin Bey has never asked me to his private house. I don't suppose he has a prison filled with slaves and concubines. He makes his life as other men make their lives; following in his father's steps, just as other men follow in their fathers' steps. Custom has become to him, as to us all, a second nature. Some of his ancestors were silly enough to adopt the Greek system of secluding women from the world, and to bequeath that custom to their children as a sign of rank. Greek rulers kept seraglios, and Ottoman rulers, living in their palaces, kept seraglios. He has to bear the burden of their choice. To him, as to his Orthodox neighbour, the female quarter of his household is a 'sacred place;' sacred as his own mosque, sacred as his neighbour's church. Closed by a common sentiment, his harem is regarded as his home; not merely as an Oriental's castle, but his temple, his asylum; to be kept for ever unprofaned by strangers' feet.

One has to emphasize such words. Does anybody in or out of Cyprus fancy that the harem is a

Moslem institution, introduced from Asia, with the train of eunuchs, concubines, janissaries, slaves? If so, their theory is false, and like all other falsehoods, leads them along a barren road. The Ottomans, when they arrived in Europe, found harems existing in every town and village; great ones in Cæsar's palace, lesser ones in every country house. In nearly every city they found those monstrous growths of harem life—the eunuch and the mute. Coming from shepherds' tents, they had never heard of such abominations. Cæsar's palace was filled with male and female slaves—vizirs and janissaries, dancing-girls and concubines—ministers of his pleasures and partners in his crimes. He breathed an atmosphere of palace intrigue and secret murder. All the chief figures of the scene were there; and had been there for more than seventy reigns: a weak prince, a wicked empress-mother, an unscrupulous favourite and an obsequious priest. Capricious rise and fall of men—quick passage from the closet into exile—drowning at midnight from caïques—sale of public offices and of public justice—merciless extortion in the provinces: such, from reign to reign, were the recurring features of Greek government on the Golden Horn.

What Cæsar did in his capital his dukes or catapans imitated in his cities. Each satrap had his court of slaves, eunuchs, janissaries, dancing-girls, and mutes. When Lion Heart came to Cyprus, Isaac had his seraglio in Nicosia just as Angelos had his seraglio on the Bosphorus.

Sultans and Pashas found these harems ready to their hand. Some of their simpler virtues—cleanliness, sobriety, veracity, clung to them in victory. It was their misery that they could not put this evil from them, as they did some other vices of the Greeks; such as the passion for strong drink and the rage for sacerdotal strife.

Though Greek in origin and growth, harem life has come to be Mohammedan through adoption. On this single ground Greek and Turk have met, and by their arts and prowess, have extended harem life throughout the Oriental world. For ages yet to come, the habit of secluding women from the sight of strangers may be one of the lines dividing an Oriental from a Frank.

Pessim may be the last Pasha to keep a harem in the konak; but other dwellers in Nicosia will continue to have their harems—each in the quarter, giving on the garden of his house. We have no

power to pull these quarters down: we have no power to regulate what passes inside the garden fence. Our laws are not their laws. Happily, we have learnt in India to have patience with codes unlike our own.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CRESCENT.

On coming from my room into the gallery, my eyes first light on a minaret, topped by a warped and rickety crescent moon.

That crescent moon is copper-gilt, as the cross surmounting the open stone-work of St. Mary's church is iron, painted black. These are the fashions of Nicosia, as of other cities in which the crescent stands beside the cross. Gold is the sign of lordship. Leaning on the rail of my gallery, I have that mosque on my left hand, and that church on my right hand. The cross on that church, though of the baser metal, stands erect; the crescent on that mosque, though wrought of native ore and covered with a film of gold, seems toppling to its fall.

My lodging is a convent, now deserted by the

monks. Their place is taken by a Levantine, who lets their cells to English visitors, and calls their convent his hotel. My room is the old refectory; a lofty, cool, secluded room, with grated windows ten or twelve feet above the floor. No palm-trees nod to my trussel-bed, no campanile peeps in at my chamber door. When I wish to look at nature I have to come out bodily into the gallery. Once out, that crescent seems to nod to me. Other minarets are visible above the rail; two of these stand in front of the great mosque, formerly the cathedral of Santa Sofia, and are extremely beautiful to see. Rising among palms and plantains, all these minarets are picturesque; yet, as I step out from my door in the morning, my first glance is always towards that minaret with the rickety copper moon. Each morning I expect to find that crescent gone.

'Shaky, up there?' I whisper to Emin, as we lean on the rail, looking over the adjacent roofs and trees.

'H'm. Yes, I think so, too. You English have sharp eyes for what seems going to the dogs. Suppose I were a criminal: would you not make

a note of me? What if I were to set that church on fire? What if I were to pluck Sir Garnet's beard? I might become the hero of a paragraph. Readers would be glad to know my name, and who were of my kin, by blood and milk. If I pay up and injure no one, who will care for me?'

'Come, come; that is hardly true.'

'Well, never mind. Let us go back to our moon. In no long time that copper horn will tumble down. Should it slip quietly to the earth, burying itself in the garden, no one will hear of the event. Should it fall on the head of a Commissioner (which Allah avert!) that moon will make a noise.'

Here, Creon sidles up; he mostly sidles up at breakfast time. This is the hour for strangers to ride in; ten, therefore, is the time for seeing who's who, and guessing how the wind is going to blow next week. Creon used to scrape and bow his head before the Bey; now, he regards him as a 'stupid Turk,' whom he can answer, pride for pride.

Noticing that our eyes are turned on the rickety moon, Creon smiles at me in a confidential

way, as though we were engaged in carrying out some plot:

'We ought to have that down.'

'We? Who are we—the partners in that *ought?*'

'Why, you and us; the English and the Greeks.'

Emin glances at our visitor with a curious smile; humour and disdain lapping and overlapping each other like flowing waves. Unheeding him, Creon goes on:

'Are you not Europeans, like ourselves? Are you not enemies of the crescent, like ourselves?'

Emin half closes his big Oriental eyes, and with a quiver on his lips, that almost breaks into derisive laughter, puts this question to the Greek:

'Then, it is as a Greek that you denounce the crescent, and desire to drag it through the mire?'

'Pardon me, O Bey! Religion counts for something, but I am a politician, not a pope, and I prefer to take up my position as a public man.'

'You were born—if I remember your certificate—on the Bosphorus, and are by birth a citizen of Constantinople?'

'That is true, O Bey; as stated when I settled in

Nicosia. I regard that city as the capital of my race.'

'And as a Greek, born in the capital of your race, you want to drag that crescent through the mire?'

'My motto is, 'To each his own;' Greece for the Greeks, Asia for the Asiatics, Constantinople for the Constantinopolitans.'

'And as a Constantinopolitan, you think the crescent something vile?'

'If I may say the words without offence, O Bey —I regard that crescent as a symbol of slavery, intolerance, and decay.'

'And you think this symbol of slavery, intolerance, and decay arrived from Asia, with our Ottoman armies, as the ensign of our faith?

'It stands on all your banners, and on all your mosques.'

'Softly,' I whisper to the Greek; 'recollect our talk the other day about seraglios,'

Turning his face to me, Creon appeals: 'Surely, he cannot say that we Greeks invented the crescent, as you say we invented the seraglio?'

'That is very likely what he is going to say.'

Feeling certain of his ground this time, Creon, in spite of every warning, turns on Emin Bey a

questioning and defiant look. Eying him for a moment in return, Emin lifts up his hand towards one of the minarets of the great mosque :

'You know that mosque ?'

'Mosque, O Bey! That is the cathedral of my people, the basilica of Santa Sofia. Mosque!'

'You have a similar edifice in Constantinople, the capital of your race ? Like this basilica in Nicosia, that basilica in Constantinople is a mosque ? Each minaret, you remember, bears a crescent moon ?'

'Yes, stuck up by the Turks, when they profaned our churches.'

'Wait, excuse me. Found there by the Turks, when they came in as conquerors. Crescents were found by us, not only on the campaniles of Santa Sofia, but on all the churches of that capital of your race.'

Creon turns to me. This story is too much for him to gulp.

'All chaff that, I suppose ?' inquires an officer at my elbow.

'Have I spoken truth or have I spoken lies ?' asks Emin Bey. 'The story is as true as truth.'

Few errors are so deeply rooted as that notion that the crescent is an emblem of Mohammed and

his faith. Men of much wider reading than Creon, talk of the crescent as a flag of Asiatic origin. Such persons are amazed to hear that the crescent is a European, not an Asiatic flag, and that it stands for freedom, light, and progress, not for slavery, darkness, and decay. Because they see a crescent on the Sultan's flag, they take that symbol for the Ottoman crest—being unaware that when the Ottomans overran the Greek Empire, they were not yet converted to the Prophet's faith!

Recovering breath and voice, Creon appeals to me with something of a puzzled, helpless look, 'You do not mean to say that we Greeks have anything to do with that Turkish flag?'

'That symbol is intensely and entirely Greek; as much so as that harem life which led your countrymen of the Lower Empire into their passion for seraglios.'

Noting that the Greek looks more than ever dazed, Emin proceeds to state his case:

'In neither blood nor milk has our religion anything to do with your crescent moons. Our Prophet raised no golden horn above his tents. No Sultan of Egypt, no Caliph of Bagdad, sewed moons on his victorious flag. No Emir of Kazan, no King

of Seville, set a crescent on his gate. Granada had her black and white banners, but no moon was planted on her towers. It is the same to-day as it was yesterday. Persia, though Mohammedan, wears no crescent; Egypt, though Mohammedan, wears no crescent; Mohammedan India wears no crescent. Apart from Turkey and the Turks, Islam has no knowledge of that crescent moon.'

Creon turns to me. Emin is only negative, and Creon wants to see his way. This question of the moon may help him to guess which way the wind will blow next week.

'If that be true, what *is* the copper thing on yonder minaret?'

To this appeal, I am obliged to answer: 'Your own crest. A crescent is the arms of Constantinople, just as a vine is the arms of Jerusalem. It is the crest of your country, as the lion is of mine. An old and beautiful heraldic sign, it was in existence long before the Ottomans and long before the Mohammedans. Six hundred years before Cæsar moved his seat of empire from the Tiber to the Bosphorus, a new moon beamed from every flag above the Golden Horn. Crescent and

cross, as figurative symbols, have a similar origin. Each, in the hour of need, was seen on high—hailed as a sign of victory by men in mortal dread—and after victory was adopted as a sign from Heaven. The crescent had priority of date. Philip of Macedon was thundering at the gates of Byzantium, and the citizens, overcome with peril and alarm, were waxing faint in their defence, when a new moon, rising in the west, over their great inland bay, revealed the enemy's lines drawn up in readiness for a night assault. Lighted to their walls, the citizens met the enemy, repulsed his legions and were saved. In memory of that night, they took the young moon for their sign; to them and their posterity an emblem of light, freedom, and independence. In after times, they added to this ancient sign, the Cross; now become to them an emblem of agony, redemption, and eternal life. Crescent and Cross were wrought in the same metal, with the Crescent as supporter of the Cross.

'I never heard these things before,' exclaims the Greek.

'Remember, for a moment. You have been in Russia, and have seen the churches of that country.

You have seen that many of the domes and belfries are surmounted by crescent moons?'

'Yes; and crosses stuck inside the crescents. I could never make them out.'

'May I just tell you how it happened?'

'Yes; I shall be very much obliged.'

'Then, this was how it happened. When St. Vladimir came to Constantinople to observe the churches and religious rites, he saw a Crescent standing on every dome in union with a Cross. He took that Crescent and that Cross to Russia, as a symbol of the Orthodox faith. Thus, all the churches, from the Dniester to the Volga, wore the double ensign of the Crescent and the Cross.'

'Not chaff, that, eh?' inquires the officer.

'No, simple truth. Why, Creon here, will tell you, that he has seen that ensign on the churches.

'Yes, I have seen them in Kief and Moscow.'

'Some of the more recent builders have begun to drop these moons, as being unseemly objects in a Christian land, and puzzling to the serfs. But Russia does not stand alone. In Venice and in Naples, you can find some traces of this ancient union of the Crescent with the Cross. René, King of Naples, founded an Order of the Crescent; the

three objects of the founder being—the glory of God, the defence of Holy Church, and the encouragement of noble deeds. In Constantinople, the symbol was complete. There, Crescent and Cross meant State and Church—freedom and faith—sword and gospel—independence and redemption—temporal empire and eternal life. If Russia ever finds herself in Constantinople, free to act as she feels right, instead of hauling down the Crescent from Santa Sofia, she will probably do in that capital what she does in her own cities—reunite the Crescent and the Cross.'

'I don't know about that,' murmurs Creon; 'the Turks have dragged that Crescent through the dirt. Let it be what it was at first, the Turks have made it a sign of slavery and decay.'

Again the Bey looks out of his luminous eyes, and whispers to me—in a voice loud enough for the Greek to hear:

'Slavery! Tell him, we are a race of shepherds, and that every man in our tents was free. Tell him, we found the empire full of slaves. Tell him, that Constantinople was a vast slave-market. Tell him, we found Nicosia thronged with slaves, both black and white. Tell him, our creed is a free

creed, as English soil is a free soil. Tell him that a slave cannot live in the mosque; the moment of his entry, he is free. Slavery! Tell him that no Mohammedan is—that no acknowledged son of a Mohammedan father ever was—a slave.'

'Is all that true, sir?'

'Well, he says so, Creon. We must read and learn.'

'Anyhow, he can't deny the decay: Cyprus is evidence against him there!'

'We have decayed! Cyprus is evidence against us! Is that true? We are a set of savages—and the natives have been perishing under our misrule! What are the facts? To-day, Nicosia has more inhabitants than it counted the day after our fathers drove out the Venetians. To-day, Cyprus has more inhabitants than she counted on the day we hoisted that crescent moon.'

'Is all that true?'

'Yes, Creon, I suppose so. That is not an Oriental tale, but one of the facts which French inquiry has brought to light in Cyprus.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHURCH AND MOSQUE.

UNDER the rail on which we lean lies the usual courtyard of a Nicosian house. This court is called our garden, and is parted by a wooden paling from the open space about the entrance gate, and from the doorways of the kitchens and the stables. Four or five fruit-trees struggle in this garden through heaps of shards and refuse; broken water-jars and dishes, over-ripe melons and onions, and other cast-away kitchen stuff. This is our garden; carefully piled up and left behind by the retiring monks. My mule is stabled under my trussel-bed; he and others of his kind; so that my meat is flavoured and my room is perfumed with an all-pervading scent of mule. Often in the night one steps into the gallery for a breath of air, but only to be driven back by odours from the earth below. Garden!

Yet in this convent-garden we have actual wells of water. By a turn of the Persian wheel, we might at any moment flood the ground, and change that heap of shards and refuse into ferns and flowers.

'Why don't you carry off that filth, and sow the soil with grass? In ten weeks your garden might be a real garden, as it used to be, when monks were men.'

My Levantine host smiles sweetly, pats his two palms together, and replies:

'Signor, I mean to do all that; you have hit on my own idea. Those monks have left me nothing but a heap of dirt.'

'You seem to have water in those wells?'

'Certainly, Signor. No want of water in Nicosia. We only want a little time. You see these walls, all rotting into dust. Bad lot, those Orthodox monks; did nothing but eat and sleep.'

'And when shall you begin, my friend?'

'Dimane, dimane! We have settled everything; how to clear the ground, to raise the water, and to plant the trees. To-morrow we begin.'

Emin listens to these words of the Levantine and chuckles in his sleeve:

'We are getting on, you see. Dimane, dimane! We tire of playing at shepherds. We are now going to be civilised. To-morrow we shall start on a new course. These shards will turn into mulberry-trees, and that copper moon will bury itself in the earth.'

Stifling in the reek, and blistering in the sun, we leave the gallery and turn into the lane. An open gate invites us to come in. Passing through that open gate, we find our feet in the courtyard of Santa Maria. This church has lately been restored, re-painted and re-gilt in the approved Byzantine taste. The vault is white, the pulpit gold. A sense of air and space pervades the edifice, but the glory of this church is not the whitewashed ceiling, not the golden pulpit, but a picture of the all-seeing Eye.

'Take care, step softly past. She sees you—sees through you—sees through every one,' whispers the pope, in a stage aside. Our pope is proud of that miraculous Eye. Creon crosses himself and hurries on. I look around me. Hassan is waiting at the door; Emin remains outside. No one is near me, except a sacristan. I am alone; left face to face with that stupendous Eye.

On each side of the holy gates are painted the familiar row of saints. One side, St. George, St. Helena, St. Nicolas; on the other side, St. Anna, St. Joseph, and St. Catharine. The altar-screen is burning with these icons; all in primary colours, painted on backgrounds of solid gilt. But these are ordinary works, painted from the palettes of ordinary men. One is a present from Moscow, another from Athens, a third from Constantinople. They are worth so many piastres each. If burnt to-day, they might be replaced by articles as good next year. Not so that picture of the all-seeing Eye. No mere man has painted it; no amount of money could buy it. That all-seeing Eye is an inspiration. Like other celebrated images of the Virgin—that in the city-gate of Moscow—that on the pillar of Zaragoza—that in the Benedictine Abbey at Einsiedeln—that in the monastery of Kikko—this Virgin of Nicosia is by St. Luke. The face, though dark, is far from comely. One eye is bigger than the other; that is the organ which sees through you and sees through every one. By a trick of perspective, that eye is made to follow you about, and stare you down.

As I retire, the sacristan comes up, and covers

the Virgin's face. I turn and ask, 'Why do you shut her up?'

'In mercy, Signor. No man, not even a pope, could bear to have that Eye fixed on him all day long.'

'Why not? Does it light him up and expose his secret sins?'

'Yes, sometimes. I have seen it do so. Men who have been doing wrong, such as stealing goods or giving false evidence, have fallen on their knees in front of that Eye, and publicly confessed their crimes. The Cadi looks at you; the Panayia sees through you.'

'That is a valuable icon, sacristan?'

'Valuable, Signor! It is worth the whole city of Nicosia.'

'Including the golden icon in St. John's?'

The sacristan shakes his head and answers with a smile of pity. I am nothing but a Frank. What can I know of the comparative preciousness of sacred things?

'This icon is attributed to St. Luke?'

'Attributed, Signor! That icon comes to us directly from the Evangelist's own palette.'

Fearing that the sacristan is a little hurt, I try to put things right by saying:

'Cyprus was greatly favoured by the early saints. You had Paul and Barnabas in the island. Only the other day, I was standing at the tomb of Lazarus. Then why not have a picture by St. Luke? who knows?'

Peering at me under his eyelids, and evidently regarding me as one of the lost, that sacristan moves away, following in the wake of Creon and the pope.

Among the sights shown to us behind the altar is a slab of marble let into the wall. This slab contains a list of names, in Greek. After crossing himself more than once, the pope directs my attention to this slab:

'This, Signor, is a sacred record. These names are those of holy men, bishops and monks, who were put to death by the Egyptian troops. They died for us, and are the martyrs of our Church.'

Returning to the courtyard, I find Emin Bey. Out of delicacy towards the 'Greeks,' he refrained from coming into their church, and as we mean to visit the great mosque, he offers to go forward and look up the sheikh.

'Pray tell me first about that marble slab, and that list of names.' I say to him, apart.

'Oh, yes. I dare say it is true. I don't know; it was before my time. The monks and bishops rose against us. Some Egyptian troops were sent from Cairo, and the rising was put down. No doubt hard blows were given. The Pasha in command of those Egyptians was a renegade Greek. The troops were Levantines and Arabs, and their officers were mostly French or Italian. Not a single Turk was in their ranks. And yet they put up these appeals to Heaven against us!'

'And you allow them?'

'Ah, you see we are such savages.'

When Emin starts for the mosque, Creon sidles up. 'Creon,' I whisper in his ear, 'you saw that tablet with the list of slaughtered monks and priests?'

'I have that list by heart; every Greek in Nicosia has that list by heart; a list of men whose blood is crying up to Heaven for vengeance.'

'And the Pashas, while they had possession of this city, let you set up and show that slab?'

'Oh, yes. Turks are stupid. We could always manage them. You see, they don't like trouble, and they never think of things. To rouse them,

you must commit some outrage in the public streets.'

'Suppose you got the whip hand, Creon? In the first scramble, many of their sheikhs and imauns might be killed. Would you permit the other sheikhs and imauns to keep such records for revenge in their public mosques?'

'No, sir; I would fling their sheikhs and imauns into the Pedia.'

At the Café Esperanza, we rejoin the Bey. He is sitting at the door, watching the fruit-sellers in the market; calm and indolent, but conscious of a changed relation to the scene about him. Creon is not the only Greek to sneer and rail, who formerly kissed the ground on which he trod. Rising with a smile, he leads us to the open gateway of his mosque. Creon pushes in, unbidden. Greek, Ottoman, and Frank, we find ourselves in a small paved court, planted with oranges and palms, from which a florid mass of masonry starts up, in all the majesty of a Gothic fane. Here stands the western front of the great mosque, once the cathedral of Santa Sofia, and the sepulchre of Anglo-Norman lords and kings. Three arches open to the mosque. In front of

the chief arch stands the usual fountain for ablution. Lofty minarets have replaced the former campaniles. Houses for sheikhs and imauns line the court, and here and there, a veiled or turbaned figure moves across the scene. The place seems consecrated to repose and prayer.

Lifting a veil before the door, Emin beckons us to step inside; saying, as we pass in, one by one, that if we kindly walk on the floor and not the matting, we need not change our boots for slippers. By a sign, he lets us understand that we must keep our hats on.

Dim, but richly-coloured light streams from the Gothic windows through the old stained glass. One-third of the wide floor is matted, but the rest is bare of either mat or rug; a floor of curious pattern—woven by the shields of knight and king; the slabs much trodden, worn and rent; with holes smoothed up with undressed stones and tablets taken from surrounding walls. A single mollah is at prayer, unconscious of our presence in his mosque. Screens, sepulchres, canopies, altars—all are gone; yet much of the fine edifice remains. The lofty dome, the oriel

window, and the aisles, are noble specimens of Anglo-Norman art.

Looking at Creon, I observe that he is disobeying the rule about wearing hats.

'Cap on,' I whisper, as he struts about; 'cap on; to uncover in a mosque is an offence.'

'Thank you; I don't consider this a mosque.'

'Hush! we are guests, let in by courtesy. We should not purposely offend our hosts.'

'But I am not a guest. This is my house, headquarters of my Church.'

'Come, come; this was no Orthodox church; before it was a mosque, it was a Latin Church; what you would call a heretic's church.'

'All that was long ago.'

Unwilling to say more, I step into the open air, and ask the sheikh to let us mount the minaret and see the town.

Emerging near the top, and standing on the gallery from which the Muezzin calls the hour of prayer, we have the city at our feet; a ring of wards and gardens, lying in the compass of a circular wall. Once a rival of Canterbury, now a sister of Damascus, the city at our feet seems stirring with the pulse of a new life. Along the

lanes, across the market-places, men in white helmets pass and repass, with a stride that speaks of haste and business; men intent on their own work; while groups of slipshod natives, squatting in the shade of wall and tree, observe these strangers with a grave and languid curiosity, wondering at their quick and martial tread.

One sees, on sweeping round the ring, that nearly all the mosques are injured; most of them with the sharp violence that tells of mines and fires. On looking closer one perceives that all these injured mosques have once been churches; such as the great mosque on which we stand, formerly the church of Santa Sofia; such as Haidar Pasha mosque, formerly the church of Santa Catarina; such as Mohammed Said mosque, formerly the church of Santa Croce. Creon looks at me and whines:

'Defiled and ruined! Nearly all our sacred places! Signor, I am neither pope nor monk, and yet my blood boils when I look on those polluted shrines.'

'Shrines! Whose shrines? Polluted by whom?' asks Emin, in a humorous and rallying voice.

'Our shrines, O Bey; defiled by your countrymen, O Bey.'

'Not one of those mosques was ever yours, O citizen of Constantinople. Not one of those shrines was built by the Orthodox Church. All churches of the Latins, and devoted to the Latin rite, O citizen of Constantinople! Defiled by my countrymen? Some, no doubt, were injured in the siege, and during the assault; but once the city was our own, no church or cloister was defiled by us. Your people were the agents. But we were to blame for letting *you* go too far.'

Turning towards me, the Bey concludes:

'You see what savages will do! These people told us that the strangers who had governed them were heretics, and we left the Catholic priests and Orthodox monks to fight it out. What could we know about their sects? You know, we Moslems have no clergy to excite our passions. We are laymen, one and all; tolerant—or, as you like to say, indifferent. What was saved, we saved; what was burnt, they burnt. Look round. Pick out a bit of Latin wall or tower; and you will find it lying under the protection of some Turkish gun. A Latin cloister exists in Nicosia—one, and only one. Where is that cloister? Yonder, at Papho

gate, under the kisla and the citadel. Being barbarians, we have saved that convent,—just as, in olden times, we saved the cathedral of Santa Sofia, the church of Santa Catarina, and the aubergue of Betestan.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ST. NICOLAS OF THE ENGLISH.

'BETESTAN!' I say. Is that the quaint old building at our feet, divided from us only by this narrow lane?'

In passing the Cafe Speranza, I have more than once noticed, behind a row of fruit-stalls, some stone arches, old-looking, and of great beauty; but the place in front of them is a market, thronged at all times by mules and camels, from whose teeth and hoofs one is but too glad to get away. But I have always meant to give an hour to them some day. Just now, in winding up the minaret stair, I caught, through slits in the wall, glimpses of a structure unlike any of the other mosques and chapels in Nicosia. It seemed to wear an English face; reminding one of bits of Westminster Abbey and the Tower. 'What is that place, Hassan?' I asked my servant in the rear.

'That, Effendi, is the Betestan.' There my queries ended. Betestan brought no meaning in the sound.

Emin Bey looks down on the quaint edifice; a long, low stack of masonry, covering some open ground — half-garden, and half-cemetery; which might be the relic of a Carmelite convent or an ancient London inn.

'The building at our feet? That is the Emerghi mosque.'

'And not the Betestan?'

'One and both. It was a mosque; it is a granary. That is one of the places we contrived to save. Like Santa Catarina, we saved it from the Orthodox torch by calling it a mosque. We put it under guard; but, as you see, it stands too near for a religious house, being only nine or ten feet from the wall of our chief mosque.'

'It is vacouf—mosque property—I suppose?'

'Of course, and only to be used for pious objects. You can dig a well with mosque property; you can buy a cemetery with mosque property; you can dig a water-course with mosque property; you can build a granary with mosque property. All acts of mercy can be done with sacred funds. So, we have turned a useless

mosque into a useful granary. Is that good, according to your custom?'

'H'm. It seems an old place?'

'One of the oldest in Nicosia. Famagosta gate is not so old.'

'What was the place in ancient time?'

'A sacred house, church, cloister . . . . how should we barbarians know?'

'Orthodox or Catholic?'

'Catholic. Otherwise the Venetians would have blown it down. Those corsairs rifled and destroyed a hundred places—more than half this capital, and the whole of Lion Mount, Cantara, and St. Hilarion. There are grave-yards, as you see, about the Betestan; but I suppose no saints were buried there, or the Venetians would have stolen them. They were fine grabbers, those Venetians; especially fond of stealing saints.'

'Yes, true enough, O Bey! An old priest told me the other day, that the Venetians stole the ashes of St. Lazarus from Larnaca, just as they had previously stolen the ashes of St. Mark from Alexandria.'

'So these Orthodox people say. That comes of being civilized, and wearing boots instead of slippers.

When you are civilized you can do—anything you like. What you can carry off is all your own.'

'The old name of Haidar Pasha mosque has been preserved. Is the old name of Emerghi lost?'

'Not at all. The old name of the Betestan was St. Nicolas; just as the old name of Haida Pasha Mosque was Santa Catarina.'

St. Nicolas and St. Catharine! That union has an English sound. Had we not a famous hospital in Canterbury dedicated to these saints, in connexion with St. Thomas? Were not St. Nicolas and St. Catharine the martyr's favourite saints? A 'brotherhood of St. Catharine' was founded in the church at which St. Thomas had been baptized. An English sound — decidedly an English sound. If the masonry of the Betestan be English, as it seems, there must be some connexion of these buildings with our English trilogy of saints. A key may perhaps be found in the Turkish name.

'Pray what is Betestan? Not a granary, I suppose?'

'No . . . not a granary . . . I think. But who am I to find out mysteries for a Frank?'

'Come, we are not so proud as that. Help me a little—we shall perhaps be able to find our way.

'*Bete*, no doubt, is house. One knows that *beth* in Hebrew, and *beit* in Arabic, mean house. *Bete* must be the same. But what is *stan?*'

'*Stan*, *estan*, *istan*, means a place or province of some people. *Betestan* means the house of some nation or of some brotherhood.'

A light breaks through his words. House of some nation or some brotherhood? An English structure of the middle ages, dated by every stone-course in the reign of Henry the Third, and dedicated to St. Nicolas? A church of St. Catharine close to a fraternity of St. Nicolas? One turns back on the memory of that old hospital in Canterbury, which bore the triple shield of St. Nicolas, St. Catharine, and St. Thomas. Also on that brotherhood of St. Catharine near Cheapside, in London, founded in honour of St. Thomas, at his baptismal shrine. House of some brotherhood? House?

We know that in the middle ages all crusading brotherhoods called their lodgings 'houses;' not convents, cloisters, priories, cells, retreats, or monasteries. Those of Spanish origin were casas; those of Italian origin albergoes; those of French origin aubergues; those of English origin houses or inns.

Such names were long in use; and were all translated by the Arabic *beit*. If the Betestan in Nicosia be English, it was neither church nor cloister, but the house of some knightly order. Of what order? Not the Templars, one is sure. These knights held property in Cyprus, but their settlements were at Colossi, on the farther slope of Mount Olympus, five or six miles from Limasol. Templars affected Oriental tastes. Instead of bringing Gothic forms into the East, they carried Oriental forms into the West. Our Temple church is one of their Oriental forms. A round church built on the mode of the Holy Sepulchre, was their type; but this English edifice in Nicosia is in the purest Gothic style.

Was there any English order of crusading knights, existing in the reign of Henry the Third, who might have lodged in Nicosia, and built this chapel of St. Nicolas, and the other structures in the Betestan?

Yes, certainly; an order which connects the cycle of these saintly names—that order of St. Thomas of Acre, founded in the reign of Lion Heart, which gave a lasting form to the great impulse out of which the Crusade sprang.

The tale of this order is one of the dropt chapters in English history. Templars and Hospitallers were recruited from all countries, Rome being anxious to put the Cross above the sceptre, and to sink the minor differences of race in the absorbing unity of creed. But Rome was beaten on her chosen line. The instinct of nationality revolted. A Spanish order of Alacantara was created by Alfonzo the Seventh; a Portuguese order of Evora by Alfonzo the First; a German order of Teutonic Knights by the companions of Kaiser Friedrich. After these examples an English order of St. Thomas was created in the reign of Lion Heart.

Acre was to be their home until the Holy Sepulchre should be won. Acre was the Christian place of arms. Templars, Hospitallers, Teutons—all had homes in Acre, and were commonly called Knights of Acre. Our English knights wore the dress and carried the arms of St. George; a shirt and cloak, with red cross on white ground, and a sword and shield, with red cross on white ground. Lands were given to them in Nicosia, and here, they built a house and chapel, and inclosed their gardens and their lodgings by a wall. St. Nicolas was the martyr's saint. But Nicolas is

a Greek saint also; and the Knights of St. Thomas named him with a difference, as 'St. Nicolas of the English,'—S. Nicolai Anglicorum. When Acre fell, the Knights of St. Thomas came to live at Nicosia, while the Templars and Hospitallers settled down near Limasol. They had 'houses' in Sicily, in Calabria, in Flanders, in Scotland, and elsewhere; but the Master, or Preceptor, lodged in Nicosia, in the pile now called the Betestan.

Our Knights of St. Thomas outlived the Templars. In the reign of Edward the Third, Sir Hugh Curteys was Preceptor in Nicosia. When Cyprus fell to the Genoese, our knights were driven from Nicosia, and their 'house' appropriated by the conquerors. After that time, their principal 'house' was in Cheapside.

Here, then, we have in this Betestan, a piece of English work, that has outlasted Lusignan kings, Genoese governors, Egyptian satraps, Venetian prefects, and Turkish pashas.

We ought to get possession of our house again; a garrison hospital, and a garrison church.

'That is our property; stolen from us by the Genoese,' I observe to Emin Bey. 'We ought

to have that place again. Could it be sold to us?'

Emin shakes his head:

'It is vacouf. Mosque property is never sold; once given to God, is always given to God.'

'But then, mosque property may be hired?'

'Yes, certainly. Even now, the Betestan is hired; but only to a man of trust, who will not suffer the place to be abused.'

'Then you might hire it out to us? An English chapel, you may feel assured, will never be defiled by us.'

Emin whispers to the sheikh before he answers me; and then he says no more than this:

'Well, God is great, and orders things according to his will.'

CHAPTER XXV.

RAIN AND RIVERS.

Cypriotes have one friend — one enemy. That friend is rain, that enemy is rain. They pray for rain, and hang out lures for rain. Here, Turk and Greek unite. In the cathedral of St. John, I heard the pastor ask in prayer for rain. On the great mosque hangs out a banner, holding a written text, imploring Heaven for rain. Yet, when it comes, they may possibly curse it as a fiend. When rain drops down in showers, it is their friend; when rain rolls down in sheets it is their enemy.

Outside Cerinia gate lies a flat plain reaching to the Pedia—our Cyprian Nile — which overflows the plain, and quickens the alluvial dust with life. At times, the Pedia spreads too far, and tears against our city walls. Then, all her blessings turn into a curse.

Not long ago, this river, fed by a heavy fall of rain on the two mountain crests, rose suddenly in height, and having no banks to break, raced along the plain, sweeping off trees and cabins. The sight was fine, until the waters reached the city wall. A mound outside Cerinia gate, turned the waters westward; but the ditch is wide, the rampart strong. Even Zechra beat the assailant off. At Papho gate, the road sinks somewhat; there a lake was formed, which lashed and drove against the gate until the timbers cracked and broke. Once in the town the flood rolled heavily down Triboti lane—an open river bed or sewer—and found an outlet by the curve at Famagosta gate. So far, the spectacle made a holiday for a people fond of shows; but in a little while, that barrier failed; the valves being pressed and closed by the descending weight. Filling the sunken road, and ebbing back into the lane, the waters rose and rose; rolling down the alleys, creeping under garden walls, and surging through the open courts. Then 'Greeks' forgot their plays and dances: 'Turks' sprang up from sleep and prayer. From church and mosque, from café and bazaar, men scurried home. Some were thrown down and dashed against mud walls. Camels

and mules were swept away, and perished in many lanes and yards. In trying to save their cattle, the owners lost their lives. A panic seized on every one. Those who could reach a steeple or a minaret, sought refuges in church and mosque. Those who were locked in by the waters, crept to their clay roofs; on which they sat down in despair, expecting every instant that the roofs would sink beneath their weight, and that their city would be washed away. In vain the bells were tolled; in vain the muezzin called to prayer. The citizens wrung their hands and bowed their heads. Before them, and behind them lay the watery waste of death.

At length the torrents ceased to fall, and then the level quickly lowered. Cerinia gate was opened, and the tide swept out into the plain. Before the whole drained off, a hundred lives were lost. Creon says five hundred; but I take the lower number as enough. Great quantities of stock were lost; camels, mules, and oxen, as well as goats and sheep. Yet, when the waters oozed away, leaving the gardens bare, the fruit-trees safe, these people would do nothing to prevent a second visit of that terrible foe. Sheikhs prayed, and archimandrites fasted, for the public good; but not a

man would put his hand to either culvert, dyke, or dam.

Except in rain, and shortly after rain, the Pedia is dry. Even in the rainy season, little, if any, of her waters wander to the sea. Rising on Machera, draining much of Adelphi and the whole southern slope of the Cerinias, the Pedia is our main river; with the Idalia, rising under Santa Croce, as her chief affluent. In winter they are flooded, and the Pedia, in her higher course, about Nicosia, and as low down as Prasthio, overflows the country, like a second Nile. In summer, they are dry and stony beds; with pools and gutters here and there. Even after rain the torrents hardly reach the sea at Salamis; the waters being filched away, and sucked into the earth. These waters are not lost; nay, they are saved for man. Instead of falling into Salamis Bay, they are retained in secret places—tanks and reservoirs of nature—to be yielded back in season in the form of fruit and grain.

'See a palm-tree, seek for water,' says a Cyprian proverb. Is it true, that where you find dates, you may expect to find springs and becks?

One hears of palms of the desert, palms of the sea-shore, palms of the arid waste. Palms are

commonly pictured as lonely trees, standing in desert places, in the midst of burning sands. Yet nothing in nature is more certain than that palms imply water; not showing to the eye, perhaps, but always moistening at the root. Cyprus is a field of palms. In spite, then, of limestone waste, and soda plain, and dusty track, there must be water everywhere; hidden away in nature's reservoirs. There must be, and there *is;* to search for water is to find.

Cyprus is sea-born, sea-doomed. Science and legend cradle her on the deep. Cyprus was formed by an uprising of the land, says science; Cyprus will perish of an uprising of the sea, says legend. All her most favoured goddesses and saints have been connected with the deep. Papho was the temple of a mermaid. Venus sprang from the silver foam. St. Nicolas, after whom so many shrines are named in Cyprus, is the sailors' saint. St. George, her patron, is angelic guardian of the deep. Santa Maria, her new Panayia—her All-holy female—has been changed from a village maiden to a water-deity, with a sacred festival in connexion with the sea.

Cyprus is washed by water, fed by water, threat-

ened by water, cursed by water. Few islands are so rich in springs. Where is the equal to Cythrea? Lying under the ridge of Lion Mount, this fountain is supposed to be the outfall of a submarine river flowing from a plain beyond the Bulghar-dagh in Asia Minor; racing in the wake of the original Cypriotes from those parts, and foaming on the plain, which, after crossing the mountain-wall, they made their own. But fountains break from several of her rocky sides. Hierokipo, in the Caimacanate of Papho, is a copious source, with underground arms and currents which are traced among the rocks by patches of noble wood, especially old turpentines. Arpera flows from the side of Santa Croce, on the north-west of Larnaca. River-water is not good. Up in the mountains it is fairly drinkable, but in the plains, a long way from the source, it is too rich in sand and lime to suit a water-drinker's taste. Hence the chief towns are fed from springs. Nicosia stands on wells, and is surrounded by a belt of springs. Papho used to be supplied by aqueducts from the hills. Salamis brought water from Cythrea by a conduit twenty-seven miles long. Larnaca is fed from Arpera, though her blessing has been partly filched away.

A hundred years ago a pious pasha, conscious that to bring in water is an act of mercy, left a sum of money for the building of an aqueduct from the river Arpera, on the slope of Santa Croce, to the town and port of Larnaca. That aqueduct was made, and for a long time proved as great a solace to the town as Omm Haram's mosque.

But Cyprus is the East. While Caimacan ate and slept, head-men and elders shut their eyes. Camel-drivers, aware that good water flowed under the stones, broke through them for their beasts. If any one complained, they spoke of charity to dumb animals, and escaped the penalty of their faults. Holes once made, both men and camels began to foul the stream, and then the villagers tapped the work below and turned the current on their fields. Opened in many places, the aqueduct was spoiled for man. Mules trod and damsels washed in the polluted stream, so that the blessing of that pious pasha turned into a curse. With deep regret the people ceased to drink the waters from Arpera; yet no one dared to wake the Caimacan, and while the Caimacan slept, head men and elders also slept.

Such was the state of things when we arrived at Larnaca. We wanted water just as the townsmen

wanted water. Hearing that an aqueduct existed, which in other times supplied the town, we made inquiries. It was all 'dimané' and 'dimané'—'bakaloum'—never mind—put it off—another day will do. 'Piff,' said the Admiral; 'we will have that good man's will respected, and that excellent water brought into the town. Where is the money left by him to keep that aqueduct in repair?'

Of course, the property was vacouf—under mosque inspection—as being left for pious uses. Sheikh and imaun were excited to inquire, and they reported that the money was there, but diverted to other purposes. Calling these Sheikhs and imauns into council, the Admiral urged them to see that right was done. Vacouf, given to Allah, is never to be diverted from the proper use. That use was for the good of every one in port and town. No one could dispute the facts: even those who had been robbing the public of their rights. Imauns and Sheikhs all entered into the Admiral's scheme; and in a little time that aqueduct will be restored—if not replaced by better work; and then, the port and town will be supplied, as in the founder's will, with wholesome water, and not a single piastre can be charged to the public chest.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A VILLAGE PRIEST.

'ANY milk to be obtained in Piroi?'

'No, Effendi,' answers Hassan, with a shrug: 'it is the same in Piroi as in Ormidia. No one milks his cow.'

'Nowhere in Cyprus?'

'That is so, Effendi. In Cyprus, no one ever milks his cow.'

'Why not, Hassan? Do you think it is religion?'

'I am not sure of that; but sometimes think so.'

'You have nothing in your Koran against milking cows, and these Greeks have nothing in their Gospel against milking cows.'

Near the village water-wheel, we met a herdsman driving in his cattle for the night. 'A knowing fellow,' Hassan whispers me: 'a fellow up to things, who can give a reason for what he does.' After some talk, I put my query, which he answers quickly.

'Object to milk my cows? No, not a bit.'

'Still, as a fact, you do not milk them?'

'No, Effendi, no. Why should I?'

'To get milk and butter.'

'Well, I don't care much for milk; but of the two, I prefer camel's milk to cow's milk.'

'But you like fresh butter on your bread?'

'Not when I can get date-jam and honey; no, I very much prefer date-jam.'

'But you might sell your milk and butter, and put piastres in your pocket. You would find a ready market for such articles on board our ships.'

'Well, one has to think of that. I don't like putting back piastres. But my women would object.'

'Your women! Do you mean that your wife and daughter object to milking cows?'

'They would be sure to make a fuss, and I should have to show my stick.'

'Now, that is what I wish to learn. Why would your wife and daughter make a fuss?'

'All-holy Mother! how can I tell that? Women are such fools. But why not ask the pope? Nobody knows so much of women as the pope; for

he is always with them, and they tell him everything.'

We wander towards the church, dedicated to Panayia—the All-holy Mother—a pile of ancient type, yet modern date. No building of the ordinary kind lasts long, but a people having no more invention than bees and ants build and rebuild on ancient lines. In site and style, our church of the All-holy goes back to early Christian times. Like a village synagogue, it stands on a slope and near the highest ground. It is a poor affair; still we boast a cupola, a campanile, and a bell, which rings us in to mass and evensong. The walls are built of harder stuff than the surrounding cabins; bits of undressed stone being worked into the mud walls, binding and baking the layers of sun-dried brick. The church has stood some forty or fifty years, and it may stand some forty or fifty more.

Inside, the All-holy is like other churches of the Oriental rite. In English eyes, the finery is mean and gross; but one should never judge of village churches by the rules which might be fairly laid on chapels like the Holy Cross near Jerusalem and the Trinity near Moscow.

Outside, the edifice is white; the only building

that has any other tint than mud. In every zone, so far as I have seen, white is a sign of order, fixity, and rank. Palaces are painted white; konaks and serais are painted white. The Muscovite Czar lives in a white palace; the American President lodges in a white house. In Kent and Surrey, the white farm-houses belong to the better class. In Appenzell, I have noticed that the white chalets are the houses of prosperous men. In Podolia and the Ukraine, I found the starost in a white log hut. At the workman's paradise in Vermont, I saw the men most skilful in their craft, most careful of their money, painting their frame-houses white. From Bucharest to Prague, the white hovel is always cleaner, better furnished, than the brown or grey. A traveller in Texas and New Mexico always reins up his horse at a white ranch. The whiteness of the synagogue at Capernaum was a sign.

Pedros, the pope, comes out to us. He is an old, but not imposing personage. By birth a peasant, he is a man just like his neighbours on the right and left. He owns a little farm, abutting on the lane, and breaks the bit of field behind his house with his own plough. His wife (a village pope *must* be a married man) assists him in the

kitchen, at the mill, and on the farm; cooking his meals, coaxing the water to his wheel, and gathering in his sugar-canes. He owns some sheep and cows, and is a man of substance in the place. Besides his office of pope, Pedros is miller of the village, for his plot of ground contains the water-wheel, at which he grinds his neighbour's grain at so many paras the sack. He is reported to be rich.

Like the pope of a Russian hamlet, his training for the sacred office has been slight; a little practice of the voice, a good deal of sing-song, and much conning of his daily prayers. What school could he attend? What doctor of divinity could he consult? Except a small and homely seminary in Nicosia, there is nothing worthy of being called a school in Cyprus. But the peasants whom he has to teach and to sustain, are still more ignorant than himself. Pedros can read and write. He has been about the island, and he knows the names of places lying far away by sea. Stamboul and Athens are familiar to his ear; for now and then—though rarely—some young man is sent from his neighbourhood to study in their schools. Something of St. Petersburg he has heard; something from Moscow he has seen.

Icons are often shown to him by pilgrims passing from the shrine of St. Lazarus, by way of Panayia, to the church of St. Barnabas, near Famagosta; icons painted in the Moscow schools and stamped with the Imperial arms. These things count up; and they are not the whole. Of what is on the soil, and in the soil, Pedros has shrewd notions; having an eye, not only for crops and cattle, but for those works of ancient art, which lie in every portion of the soil. Pedros is a learned man.

Like every person in a place of trust, Pedros Is chosen by a general vote. The village is the church; and when the pastoral chair falls vacant, every member of the commune has a vote in filling up that chair. Villagers take a man of their own rank, and usually of their own place. Finding an upright, kindly man, they make him pope; leaving all minor matters to the Holy Spirit. They see that he has a wife, and keeps his house in order. He must be a citizen before he is a pope; and must remain a citizen after he is a pope.

After he is chosen and ordained, he puts on a second man. As minister of the church, he keeps the sacred edifice and the sacred vestments. He opens, and he shuts that edifice, when he likes. Over the

vestments he has equal power. To such as injure him he can refuse the sacred offices. If a peasant owes him money—say for grinding corn—he can curse him from the pulpit, and expose him at the Holy Gates. Should his penitents vex him, by falling in arrear of tithes, he can suspend baptism and marriage, and refuse the final offices of grace. No villager can stand out long. A father may risk the baptism of his child, but no lover, anxious to 'crown himself' with a bride, resists the pope; he pays his tithes, and enters into nuptial bliss.

Nothing in his dress marks Pedros off as of another class to the villager whose grain he mills at so much a sack,—except his cap. That cap is curious, and no other person in the village wears the like:—a relic of an ancient world, denoting priesthood and a sacerdotal caste. Pedros, though a 'learned' man, is unaware that his cap was worn by persons of his calling in this island more than a thousand years before the birth of Christ. Yet, in the tombs about his feet, lie proof on proof, that the priests of Astarte wore this kind of cap. Astarte passed into Aphrodite, Aphrodite into Venus—but her priests continued to wear that cap. The cap is conical in shape; and every one knows,

that the cone is an emblem of Astarte, Aphrodite, and Venus.

Here, then, is a relic of a time long past; and Astarte yet has her share in our village pope.

On leaving the village church, I ask his reverence why the farmers in Cyprus never milk their cows.

'They dare not,' he replies, with the austerity of a priest of Isis or Astarte.

'So I understand. But why?'

'No woman dares to milk a cow. My wife would rather thrust her hand into fire than touch the udder of a cow.'

'Indeed! Yet women milk goats and camels. Why not cows?'

'It is a sin; it is profane; their hands would wither and drop off, like a leper's flesh.'

Wither and drop off! What can he mean? Is this the voice of some deep-lying superstition older than the memory of man? Pedros wears the cap of Astarte. May not his wife's repugnance to milking cows be a relic of some ancient form of worship? Cyprus is the land of goddesses. One of the oldest of these female deities was Isis. Cows were sacred to Isis. Isis passed

into the form of a cow—Athor, mother of the sun, was suckled at her teat. Hence, the cow was sacred, and the udder of a cow was seven times sacred. Isis had many shrines in Cyprus, and at all these shrines her emblem was a cow. May not that ancient form of worship live—nameless and unsuspected — in this stern reluctance of the Cyprian female to touch the udder of a cow?

Pedros inherits something from Astarte. Why may not Pedros' wife inherit something from Isis?

CHAPTER XXVII.

RUSTICS.

CYPRUS is a land of villages; one town, Nicosia, and nine hundred villages. The Cypriotes are rustics and their life is everywhere a rustic life.

Villages may be Orthodox, Mohammedan and Mixed; but in their general character they have a common type — older than any of these sects and names. Here, at Englese, we have a Mixed village — tenanted partly by 'Turks,' partly by 'Greeks.' Not far off, lies Cafmon, a Mohammedan village. Above us, on the slope of Machera, stands Lower Leucara, an Orthodox village. They are very much alike. Given a belfry, a corn-mill, a spring, a clump of carobs, a water-wheel, a scatter of dung-heaps and mud-cabins: here is your village of Orthodox type. Replace that belfry by a minaret, exchange those carobs

for a line of palms, remove those dung-heaps, and give that scatter of mud-cabins a wider range, so as to admit of larger courts and gardens: there is your village of Mohammedan type. Set up a belfry near the minaret, plant carobs near the group of palms, reduce, without removing, the mounds of filth: and here is your village of hybrid type. Bee-hives are not more like each other than are villages in Cyprus.

All rustic life is tame and dull. Boys of fifteen marry girls of ten or twelve, so that the care of life falls early on both sexes. Cafés and dancing-rooms, so common in the town, are scarcely known on the country side. Divorce is cheap and easy, and a donkey boy may have three or five wives before he is clear of his teens. All this experience sours and saddens him. The spring of youth is lost before it should have felt the strain. At twenty the lad has nothing left to learn.

Except on festivals of the Church, and on election days, when the rustics choose their headman, the men of a village seldom meet. No news comes in, and no one cares to fag himself with talk. A man likes to sit by his well, to smoke his cigarette, and watch his women draw

the buckets and water the sugar-canes. Observe how happily he cheats the time! 'Bakaloum—do nothing—wait a while—let that alone,' are phrases always in his mind. Each cabin stands apart, surrounded by a fence of earth. Within that fence each rustic keeps his harem, over which he reigns with the same indolent repose as his head-man and his village pope.

Though wearing the garb of stage brigands, these rustics are a feeble folk. Many of them carry knives, but hardly any injury is strong enough to draw those weapons. Soft as wax, they take in every impress from without, and part of what they take in they retain for ever. Thus, our pope on the Plain, though neither eunuch nor bachelor, dresses like a priest of Astarte, and his homely wife, though praying outwardly to the Virgin Mother, is a worshipper of Isis. Every man likes to trade in kind, and pay in kind—a sheep for a pair of breeches, an ass's foal for his redemption tax; not because these ways are good for him, but because his shepherd ancestors have always paid in kind. Every man likes to scrape his patch of soil, assisted by his wife and son — supposing

always that he has a wife and son. Not every cabin has such gifts. A wife there may be; but in how many cabins do you find children growing up? Few have more than a single child. Two children are regarded as a burthen; three or four a judgment. Such nurseries as greet ordinary English fathers would appal a Cypriote rustic. Why, the indolent rascal asks you, should he toil for such a swarm? Where are the dates and apricots to grow? How are the cotton prints and slippers to be got? Who is to enlarge the cabin?

'Let the little mouths be stopt!'—that, I fear, is the common answer to such questions. Given a system of early marriages, with cheap divorce, and children will be born into the world. If they are not to be fed and clothed, they must be killed; and that, I fear, in Cyprus, is their fate.

Take the three villages just named—Englese, Lower Leucara, and Cafmon, all three lying in the same Caimacanate, all three ruled by the same code and cadi.

Englese is a Mixed village; occupied by thirty-five 'Turks' and thirty 'Greeks.' These sixty Turks and Greeks are men: persons of age, and

therefore taxed. They have amongst them seventy-five women—also of age. Of these seventy-five females fifty are Mohammedans, twenty-five Orthodox. All females living in Mohammedan cabins are counted as Mohammedans; all females living in Christian cabins are counted as Christians. That is fair enough; as fair for one side as the other; but we must not leap to the conclusion that Mohammedan girls are saved, while Christian girls are strangled in the birth. A better explanation waits us. Some of these Mohammedan women were born in Christian houses. A sot may tell you, that these women have been seduced and carried off; but, on inquiry, you see that they have been seduced and carried off, as girls in English villages are seduced and carried off. In choosing husbands, girls in Englese look, like girls elsewhere, for steady, sober and laborious partners, and they marry sober 'Turks,' in preference to tipsy 'Greeks.' A woman must be under priestly rule, who puts her Church above her home. I hear that these 'secessions' from the Greeks are not confined to the families of Flax-cottons, but occur in every class of the Othodox body. Turks carry off the nicest girls, not because they are Mohammedan, but because

they make better partners than the Orthodox 'Greeks.'

In respect to offspring there is no great difference to record. In Englese, the thirty-five Mohammedans have thirty-five children; only one apiece; the thirty Christians have twenty-two children: less—much less—than one apiece.

Cafmon is a Mohammedan village. Six or seven Christians hang about the place, but they can easily be dropt from this account. Cafmon has ninety-six males inscribed in the taxing-book. Among them they have one hundred females of full age. No room exists in Cafmon for plurality of wives. These ninety-six men have one hundred and fifty-six children: less than two apiece.

Lower Leucara is a Christian village, tenanted by ninety-five males and one hundred and eight females. These ninety-five males have fifty-five children: little more than half a child apiece.

Have we no hints—no traces—of infanticide in such a list? To give a wider field of comparison, I copy from Colonel Warren's pocket-book his entries for seven more of the Mixed villages in this Caimacanate of Larnaca's:—

St. Ann.—Six Mohammedan males, seven Mo-

hammedan females, eighteen Mohammedan children —average, three children to each male.

Seven Orthodox males, seven Orthodox females, ten orthodox children—average, little more than one apiece.

Alamano. — Nineteen Mohammedan males, twenty-five Mohammedan females, thirty-one Mohammedan children—average, little more than one and a half apiece.

Fourteen Orthodox males, twenty Orthodox females, ten Orthodox children—average, half a child apiece.

Maroni.—Twenty Mohammedan males, seventeen Mohammedan females, ten Mohammedan children —average, half a child apiece.

Thirty Orthodox males, thirty-two Orthodox females, fifteen Orthodox children—average, half a child apiece.

Menoya.—Seventeen Mohammedan males, seventeen Mohammedan females, five Mohammedan children—average, less than a third part of a child apiece.

Six Orthodox males, six Orthodox females, six Orthodox children—average, one child apiece.

Pirka.—Twenty-six Mohammedan males, twenty-

four Mohammedan females, six Mohammedan children—average, less than one-fourth part of a child apiece.

Twenty-five Orthodox males, thirty-three Orthodox females, twenty-eight Orthodox children—average, over one apiece.

San Feodoro.—Forty-five Mohammedan males, sixty Mohammedan females, fifteen Mohammedan children—average, one-third of a child apiece.

Fifty Orthodox males, seventy Orthodox females, fifteen Orthodox children—average, less than one-third of a child apiece.

Kalochorio.—Forty-eight Mohammedan males, fifty-four Mohammedan females, thirty-eight Mohammedan children—average, less than one child apiece.

Twenty Orthodox males, twenty-five Orthodox females, sixteen Orthodox children—average, less than one child apiece.

In villages which are purely 'Turk' and villages which are purely 'Greek,' the tale is very much the same.

In the Mohammedan village of Claira there are thirty-four males, thirty-five females, twenty children—average, little more than half a child apiece.

In the Christian village of Pavla there are sixty-

four males, sixty-seven females, forty children—average, little more than half a child apiece.

How, in a land where boys of fifteen marry girls of ten or twelve, is the population kept down?

'You seem to have very few children here?' you ask some rustic.

'Quite enough,' that rustic grins, 'to feed and pay for. What's the good of children? Only to eat you up in food and taxes.'

From the age of fifteen a lad is taxed by Government as a man. Whether he earns his bread or not he has to pay Verghi—a poll-tax, levied on all males of age to marry. To avoid this tax we hear of infants being strangled at their birth. The harem is a safe and secret place. This suspicion of infanticide is the blackest side of our rustic life.

A crime of which one hears a great deal in these villages seems no less brutal and abominable than infanticide. That crime is rape. In every calendar you find a case; on every camel-track you hear of rape. At first thought one is startled by the fact, and only after you have seen some cases tried and put one village tale against another, are you likely to see things in their actual light. Our customs are so different to those of a shepherd race!

A charge of rape in Cyprus corresponds to a 'breach of promise' in an English suit, with this exception, that in Cyprus a charge of rape almost always ends in the parties leaving the court to become man and wife. The legal penalty for rape is marriage. Hence much rustic comedy springs up. If Luke, the muleteer, is sluggish in his suit to Ann, the shepherdess, Ann's brothers agree to pull him up. Lying in wait, they catch him in their sister's company, and accuse him of 'taking liberties' with Ann. If the head-man, acting as judge, is satisfied, the yokel is told to go and marry her at once. These suits, one finds, are almost always brought against single men.

Our English 'listeners' are much perplexed about these rustic comedies. They see that traps are tried to catch the yokel. They observe that there is more or less consent, on the damsel's part, to the 'liberties' of which complaint is made. Under such conditions the offence can hardly be considered serious. But what are they to do? If they dismiss the charge, there will be no marriage, and there will probably be a village feud. If they find the man guilty of so black a deed as rape, they ought to send him to the konak for a dozen years.

Again, there will be no marriage, and probably a village feud. Is it not better to let the 'custom' stand? The lads have had their frolic, and the pope has got his fee. No harm is done. It is not law; but these poor rustics are familiar with their customs, and are ignorant of our foreign codes.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FAMAGOSTA.

FAMAGOSTA is our future port; our arsenal, place of arms, and naval station; the Valetta of these Eastern seas. We have no choice. Limasol and Larnaca are open roadsteads, not to be inclosed except at an expense like that incurred in Alexandria. Papho is a small and shallow harbour; Cerinia lies beyond the principal routes of trade. No ship of war could winter in those places. On the other hand, Famagosta is a natural harbour, wide enough to receive, and deep enough to float, an English squadron. Even now, before a dredge has been used, our greatest ships can enter, swing at anchor, and steam out again at pleasure. 'If you wish me,' says the Admiral of the Channel Squadron to the First Lord, 'I will take the *Minotaur*, the *Raleigh*, and the *Himalaya* into that port without a

moment's hesitation.' All these ships are large; the *Minotaur*, a five-masted vessel, weighing no less than ten thousand six hundred tons. She is one of the biggest ships afloat.

Nature made Famagosta what she is, and gifted her for what she will become—a rival of Beyrout and Scandaroun for purposes of trade, of Acre and Alexandria for purposes of war. In some respects, she boasts advantages over all these ports.

A reef runs out in front of her—a strong and natural sea-wall, lying parallel with the beach. Here and there, this reef crops up, within a few feet of the surface, and requires no more than a little topping, and it nowhere sinks more than eighteen or twenty feet. To use the words of Captain Evans, who is at my side on board the *Foxhound*, this reef is very much like Plymouth breakwater lowered a few feet.

Running for a mile and a half along the shore, this sea-wall leaves a basin of deep water close in shore, covered like a rock from the assaults of wind and wave. This basin, eight thousand feet long, is more than two thousand feet wide, space enough, our eminent hydrographer tells me, to anchor sixteen of our great ironclads, with room to swing. Before a

dredge is used, vessels like the *Foxhound* and *Rapid* run in and out as easily as in and out of Harwich or Boulogne.

At the south end of this basin, rises a rocky knoll, covered with walls and towers of ancient masonry. Here is a massive citadel, and below it runs a quay as far as the sea-gate, the only place of entrance to the town; a round, pictorial gate, marked with Venetian names and symbols as a property of St. Mark. That quay is covered by a massive curtain, and below it lies a small and shallow port, inclosed by portions of the reef. This little port is almost closed; a water-citadel, defended by a wall of rock on which the tempests beat, but only to recoil in foam. Nature has made that rising knoll the keep and citadel of this line of coast. Elsewhere, the beach is flat; here it bulges into something like a bluff. Elsewhere, the land is swamp; here alone it is high and dry. Along most part of the basin, the shore is only to be crossed on artificial roads; for there, the Pedia sinks into the soil, and turns the fore-shore into marsh. Above the inner port, the ground is rocky, and of steep ascent; a dry and dominating height; in every age the natural stronghold of these coasts.

This stronghold is our future place of arms.

Like Tyre and Troy, the origin of Famagosta is the prey of antiquarian kites and crows. Some writers speak of it as a comparatively modern place, later in date than Salamis, and even than Constantia, cities which occupied adjacent and surrounding grounds. To admit such fables, one must first suppose that all the earlier settlers on this coast were blind. History is written in the rock. Here, lay a beach, the margin of a broad and fertile plain. Most of that beach was swamp. The dry lands, lying back a hundred yards or more, were only to be reached by means of plank roads, laid on piles. In front of this swampy coast, lay the great basin, at the lower end of which, above a sort of natural dock, inclosed by reefs, the ground rolled up into a dry, commanding mamelon. Is it on the cards that any settlers in their senses would wait till they could bridge that marsh, and build their tenements in the mud, when they might seize this inner pool and occupy this controlling height? The men were traders from the Nile and from the Syrian coast; smart fellows, looking after safe investments and quick returns. Is it not clear that they would moor their ships in the

safe harbour, and raise their cabins on the hump of ground?

In the earliest known form, Famagosta is Amtikhadasta; an Assyrian word in the days of Esarhaddon: 'place of the goddess' or *high*-place of the goddess—in accordance with the site. The natives, an Aryan, not a Semitic people, called the name Amagosta. Greek traders wrote the name Ammochostos. Famagosta is a modern form; modern as compared with the times of Esarhaddon; but the native name has never changed on native lips, Amagosta in the reign of Esarhaddon is Amagosta in the reign of Queen Victoria. It clings alike to sea and land. The great bay, stretching from Cape Grego to Cape Elia, is Amagosta Bay, and the main headland on that curving line is Amagosta Point.

Here, then, is evidence that the city now called Famagosta, was a port and stronghold—high-place of an Assyrian goddess, long before the swamps at Salamis were occupied by Greeks.

Looking at the marshes and the ruins, I am led to think that Amagosta and Salamis were names of one and the same place, very much as Devonport and Plymouth are names of one and

the same place. The site marked on maps as Salamis, lies at the northern entrance of the reef. If any strong force were on that point, the traders in the upper city must have been entirely at their mercy. No one could have put to sea—no one returned to port, without their leave. Under such conditions, neither Greeks nor Syrians could have lived in peace. Strife must have broken out, and one or other have gone down. Two hostile cities never could have stood on such a site.

My notion is that Amagosta was a strong place, seized by the first-comers from the Syrian coast; and that Salamis was an open station at the entrance of the reef, occupied by trading Greeks. On the shore we see the ruins of ancient piers, and in the swamp, we trace an ancient causeway, built on piles. That pier and causeway were erected in the Greek suburb. The Greeks, I think, grew stronger than their neighbours, and in time got hold of both their port and bluff. The rising ground became their citadel, and was at length included in the bounds, and covered by the name of Salamis.

Famagosta is a heap of sand and dust; not a city of the dead, and yet a city without life; a

middle-age Pompeii, riven and rent by one disaster, and then shut up from human sight. Seen from the bay, the city wears a winning and pictorial face. Her walls and parapets are all intact. Over these walls and parapets spring towers and pinnacles, broken arches and ruined aisles, with here and there a date-tree, shooting from the side of flying buttress and marble shaft. Enter the gate. In front of you stands an ancient lion, vast in bulk and crude in art; the genius of the city and the island; which has outlived twenty dynasties and a dozen creeds. Look round; you are in a lifeless place, more striking than ruins like Petra and Pompeii, since the courts and lanes, though silent as the grave, are not abandoned to the dead. Some ghostly forms still haunt the earth, making the silence and the desolation more complete; much as a Bedouin tent, pitched in the desert, makes the loneliness and terror of that desert more complete. A female figure clothed in white shrinks timidly round a corner. At the sound of human foot, she draws the yashmak round her eyes, as though she were afraid lest you might cross her path, ask her to stop, and let you gaze on one come back again from the dead. A turbaned

brow puts out from a half-open door in a garden-wall. That garden occupies the fore-court of a ruined chapel; and the tenant looks as though he had been left among this wreck of sacred things on guard. A pair of sorrowing eyes appear to say, as you glide up: 'Peace be with you and yours. What may our brother lack? What turns his feet this way? Comes he to find sweet water, and to taste his servants' fruit?'

As you salute and smile, he seems to feel that he has done his duty, and he drops behind his garden-wall.

Few things are to be seen on earth so strange as these Venetian walls, with pomegranates on their slopes—these Gothic towers, with mulberries under every arch. Choking with dust, you trudge through the deserted streets. Stones are piled up on every side. Stones, great and small—stones, dressed and rough—fry, blister, bake in the hot sun, and dropping to the earth feed the dry lane with still more heaps of sand and dust. Old stories say that more than three hundred churches stood within these walls. Three hundred is a magic number; Rome boasts of three hundred churches; York and Norwich used to boast of three hundred churches;

and Nicosia, like Famagosta, used to boast of having three hundred churches. All depends on what you call a church. A niche, containing an icon of the virgin, with a lamp, may be called a church. One church of the first rank in Famagosta has been saved and turned into a mosque. This, as in Nicosia, is the cathedral of Santa Sofia.

Passing through a narrow chink in the outer wall, you find yourself in an open court, fronting the sacred edifice with the purifying fountain on your right. Drawing the curtain you step in. The imaun is at prayer; kneeling on a bit of mat, his turban bowed in reverence to the ground. Most of the floor is bare, and on that portion of the mosque you tread without offence. Round you lie tombs of knights; the slabs still rich in names and shields. Some of these stones bear English names; one slab is carved with the arms of Raleigh, and is probably the gravestone of a crusading ancestor of the famous knight.

Mounting a wall, and looking to north and south across the wreck and waste, you see that the destroying agency has been that of man rather than that of time. Some buildings have been

struck by shot; others have been mined and blown into the air. These blocks were Latin churches, schools and cloisters, and as such, were sinks of heresy and abomination in the eyes of Cypriotes following the Oriental rite. Once the Venetians were expelled, the Orthodox natives rushed into the town. Three hundred shrines—some large and lofty like the churches of St. Nicolas and Santa Sofia, some small and humble, like the niches at street corners and at public fountains—offered themselves for desecration and destruction. Religious hate was glutted. What the siege had left untouched, religious passion rent and razed. Wall and tower, gateway and citadel, were kept intact, for these were occupied by the conquerors. Some portion of the cathedral was preserved, for this was needed as a mosque; but all the rest of the great city was delivered over to Orthodox avenging bands.

Their reign was short, for when the fight was over, Mustafa drove them from the town, and shut the gates. No Cypriote was allowed to live within the walls. Outside the landward gate, Varossia and other villages were free to him, and there he raised his temple, ploughed his field, and sowed his crop.

The city was regarded by the conqueror as a fortress, and was occupied solely by the Sultan's troops. A Cypriote might come into the town to buy and sell, to ask for justice from a court of law, and pay his share of the redemption-tax, but he was not allowed to build a shed, open a magazine, or take possession of a ruined church.

Peace settled down on the great wreck. Years, ages, of repose came after; smoothing with a tender touch the jagged outline and the blackened arch. Such lines of beauty as the ruined chancel and the broken shaft still show, is the redeeming gift of time.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FAMAGOSTANS.

Not many of Mustafa's men were left behind, but such as pitched their camp among the ruins never left the place. Like Spanish soldiers in the 'free towns' of California, they took up with native women, and became the fathers of these veiled and turbaned figures who are now the sole inhabitants of the place. Two hundred and eighty men, children of those soldiers and their native wives, now live in Famagosta; camped, like their ancestors, among the wrecks of crusading churches and Venetian palaces; as little changed in costume and in mode of thought as their cousins on the Lebanon and the Bulghar-dagh.

Few of those conquerors were men of Ottoman race. Recruited from the soil, they melted back

into the tribes from which they sprang. What kept them separate as a people was their faith. This faith entitled them to wear the turban, and to carry arms, which lent to them the habit and the aspect of command. Thus, they lived on and kept their pride of place.

Under a mouldering wall, in the recesses of a sacred court, the Moslem rakes his bit of earth, turns on his jet of water, and sows his onion and his sugar-cane. Child of the sun, his wants are few. For him sunlight is the whole of life. Warmth and his daily round of prayer suffice for body and for soul. He drinks no wine, he rarely touches flesh. A mat, laid under his fig-tree, offers him a bed. What else his nature craves—a bit of Syrian leaf, a bag of mocha, and a cotton-print, he can purchase from the proceeds of his pomegranate-trees. Five or six such trees are all he needs. The district of Famagosta is the garden of this fruit, the luxury of every harem and of every convent from Cairo to Damascus. Every part of Cyprus grows pomegranates, but none so perfect as the neighbourhood of Famagosta. All the craft now lying in this harbour—eight or ten Eastern boats—are loading pomegranates. They are going to Alexandria,

Acre, Scandaroon. The Khedive of Egypt and the Vali of Syria, eat the pomegranates of Famagosta. After the epicures of Pall Mall have visited Cyprus, they will eat no more pomegranates from the south of Spain. The trade is large and growing. When the apples on their boughs are ripe, the swarthy children of the city find piastres at their garden gates. With these piastres they can buy the Syrian leaf, the Arabian berry, and the English cotton-print.

Simple, brave, and sober, these men make excellent zaptiehs, and might be drilled into excellent troops. They have the virtues of a camp. Used to the sword and saddle from their cradles upward, they are soldiers ready made. Though physically like the other natives, they are full of pride and fight. No English officer, I am told by experts, could object to such material for his rank and file. Thirty of these fellows have been taken into our service, and with two English officers to guide them, they are found sufficient to maintain the public peace in a province larger than the two counties of Surrey and Middlesex. These men not only guard the prison, collect the port-dues and the general taxes, but serve all processes from the

courts of law. Captain Inglis, our Civil Commissioner, and Captain Bolton, his assistant, tell me they feel the utmost confidence in the bravery and fidelity of these men.

Prisons in the East are always full of character, and that of Famagosta is a perfect emblem of the place.

This prison stands beside the landward gate, and forms indeed a portion of that gate. The court is open, and you walk into it unaware that you are passing into a prison-yard. Men, a little worn and rickety perhaps, are squatting on the stones; some smoking cigarettes, some flirting with women. Not seeing that these men are prisoners, I inquire of Captain Bolton:

'Why are these people allowed to make a rendezvous of the prison-yard?'

'These people? Why, those fellows are the prisoners.'

'Prisoners! What prevents them bolting?'

'They never bolt; that zaptieh keeps an eye on them.'

Looking a little closer, I notice that one of the men is a zaptieh, but he is lounging, smoking, like the rest—chatting and flirting like the rest.'

'Who are those women? Not the prisoners' wives?'

'Yes, I suppose so. They come here as their wives.'

On one side of this courtyard stands the jail, with unglazed but grated windows. Faces are at the gratings, staring at their English visitors. Some smoke is coming through the bars.

'Is that a fire inside?'

'Yes,' returns the captain, 'that is fire.'

'And are the prisoners fastened in that cell? They will be suffocated, if not burnt to death.'

'Oh no; they know what they are about. They lit the fire themselves; they are trying to smoke the mosquitoes out.'

Everything about the jail is simple, Oriental, homely. Here is a fellow lounging in a corner of the wall; apart from all the rest, and with a clinging dog-like cast of face.

'Who is this fellow clinging in this corner of the wall?'

'A prisoner who has served his time and been discharged.'

'Why hasn't he gone away?'

'He won't go. While he remains in prison he is

sure of rations. I should drive him out in no time, but you see I have to execute the Turkish law. The cadi has no heart to drive him off.'

At the old konak, now headquarters of our Civil Commissioner, I find an old friend in the courtyard; Katergi Janni, the famous brigand of Smyrna, whom I saw the last time many years ago in the galleys at Stamboul. He is acting as Captain Bolton's groom, and bears a character for industry, sobriety, and faithfulness which very few English grooms deserve. Bolton would not part from him at any price. Yet this fellow is believed to have a dozen murders on his hands. Some of his victims are supposed to have been Englishmen.

In early life, Janni was a pirate, like so many of those hybrids of Asia Minor who usurp the name of Greeks. At that time he was known, our Admiral tells me, as Frango Janni, and was partner with another pirate known as Moro. Samos was their lair; from which they sallied out and captured unarmed ships. Both men were of the higher class of natives. Moro was rich, a man of handsome presence, married to a beautiful girl. She lived on shore, in a good house, standing on a ledge of rock overlooking the

cave in which her husband's boat lay moored. Janni is said to have been crossed in love. A porter in Smyrna, he fell in love with his master's daughter, and on proposing to the merchant for her, was kicked out of the house. He fled to sea, took service under Moro, and in time became a partner in his trade.

In small, fast-sailing craft, they scoured the coasts of Cyprus and Asia Minor, rifling unarmed barks, and sometimes landing on the shores, from which they carried off what suited them. During the Crimean war, attention was directed to these pirates, who disturbed the Archipelago with their crimes. The *Wasp*, an English gunboat, and the *Chaptal*, a French gunboat, were sent to Samos. Lord John Hay commanded the *Wasp*, and had the credit of driving these marauders from the sea. Watched by two gunboats, Samos soon became too hot for Frango's crew; and fearing to be snared, they took to the safer creeks and caverns of the mainland. Lost to sight, they lay in hiding for a time, giving out that they had sunk their boat and broken up their band. After a time, reports of their existence reached the *Wasp*, but only in a vague and general way. A line of coast was named from

which their craft had been descried at points about fifty miles apart. At once the *Wasp* ran in, and made a survey of the coast; a wild and desolate fore-shore, broken by rugged rocks, and hollowed into darksome caves. No craft was to be seen, but the commander of the *Wasp* suspected a particular point of rock, and on that point proposed to strike his blow. Hiring a coast-boat, of the kind employed in carrying fruit, he ordered the padrone to edge along the shore, and tempt the pirates to rush out. Manning four small boats, he placed them at intervals along the shore ten miles apart, to catch the pirates if they managed to elude his stroke. The *Wasp* stood off, ready to give help where help might be required. At midnight, all these plans were laid; then, he stept into the pinnace, rowed in silently towards the shore, and took up his position behind a ledge of rock, within rifle range of what he expected to find the pirates' cave.

At dawn, his fruit-boat edged along the shore, floating with the tide as though the man and boy were sleeping at their posts. Screened by his rock, he kept an eye on that decoying boat. As he expected, some of the pirates darted out. 'Bow!'

cried the young commander, and the pinnace shot away. The pirates fired and fled. Straight to their cave the pinnace flew. The pirates were preparing for their breakfast, stewing a kid, cutting up bread, and boiling coffee. Crack went the rifles, when the pirates sprang to their feet and scrambled up the rocks, leaving their vessel and their breakfast to the English crew, with all their stewpans, hanjars, slippers, water-bottles and brandy-flasks. Among the loot was Frango's sword, and Lord John has that weapon now. The pirates' boat was burnt and sunk.

Breaking up their band, Frango and Moro parted company, and taking to the hill-country stretching from Ephesus to Smyrna, set up as brigands, each on his own account. Frango, who now took the name of Katergi, swore by his All-holy Virgin that he would cut the throat of every Englishman he met. For years he was the terror of that district; waylaying travellers, robbing caravans, and when pressed by hunger, breaking into the towns and levying black-mail on the merchants. Pashas and police were always on his trail, but he was never taken till a member of his band betrayed him in a spasm of jealousy to the law. Though sentenced

to death, his life was spared, as usual by the Grand Vizier. For some time he served in the galleys at Constantinople, but was finally removed to Cyprus, where he still remains. Five years ago, his comrade, Moro, was taken red-handed and was hung.

Turning to Captain Bolton, I inquire:

'Is Katergi still a prisoner under sentence?'

'No, he has been reprieved. Only so much of his sentence still remains as condemns him to banishment from his native place. He cannot go back to Smyrna.'

'But he is not a prisoner in the konak?'

'No. He cannot leave the island; but otherwise he is as free as you and I.'

'Then why does he remain with you?'

'Remain? He won't go away! While he remains a prisoner, he has a pension from the government of twopence halfpenny a day; that is enough to keep him in this country. Nor do I care to drive him out. He is a useful fellow; better groom never washed and combed a horse. I give him something for his pains, and the old chap is almost rich.'

The brigand tells me, in answer to inquiries, that he is seventy-eight years of age, and has been

twenty-six years a prisoner. Both these statements are untrue, not by intention perhaps, but from Oriental negligence in dates. He can neither read nor write; he has no sense of time; to wit, he doesn't know when he was born, nor can he tell you his father's name. He says the first thing he recollects is Mahmoud; but Mahmoud's reign was thirty-one years long. From his appearance you would judge the brigand to be sixty or sixty-one. Whether he carried out his threat of cutting English throats is doubtful, but the old brigand chief seems glad enough to take his loaf of white bread from English hands.

CHAPTER XXX.

CERINIA.

An Indian troop-ship rides at anchor in a broad and noble strait. Two mountain ranges sentinel this strait; that on our left hand being the northern wall of Cyprus; that on our right hand being the southern curtain of the Bulghar-dagh. We anchor off a tiny port; a swell is on the sea, and the strong vessel, lifted from below, heaves in her seat and drags uneasily at her chain. Before us lies a little port, emerging from the shadow of that mountain wall. From water edge to summit, rising three thousand feet, that ridge of wall is green; not thick and dark with leafage, like an English wood; but pricked and tattoed into pictures like a Spanish mountain side. Along the shore, a fruitful and abounding plain, you notice palms, pomegranates, limes, and oranges. A little up the

slope, grow olives, vines, and fig-trees; higher still, ascending to the sky-line, you have clumps of pines and firs. Above these clumps, again, start peaks and pinnacles of rock, sharp as the needles of an Alpine gorge. Yet these bare points are capped by weird and massive ruins; remnants of old forts and castles built by Byzantine dukes and catapans. When Lion Heart came to Cyprus, these forts were in Duke Isaac's hands. The castle on our left hand bore the name of Lion Mount. A lion was the badge of Cyprus, and Lion Mount was the strongest fortress in the land. The castle on our right then bore the name of St. Hilarion, a local saint of great celebrity, whose ashes lay in the convent near that lofty peak. These castles fell into Richard's power. Under our Anglo-Norman rule, we changed the name of Lion Mount into Château de la Reine, and that of St. Hilarion into Château du Dieu d'Amour. One of these names remains. Venetians had no objection to a god of love; but, as republicans, they abhorred the name of queen. Under their rule the name of Château de la Reine was changed for the more ancient form of Buffamente—Temple of the Winds.

Cerinia, the tiny port and town now lying in our

front, fell also into Richard's power. In the square castle standing on the beach, he found that tyrant's harem; and Cerinia proved his Capua. 'Soldiers,' he laughed, to his confessor, 'are not monks.'

Countrymen of Lion Heart are here again, looking at the old scenes and taking up the old ground. Here gleam our English tents, pitched among olive-trees and by the mouths of native wells. The large white house is occupied by Captain Holbeach, our new Commissioner. Colonel Macpherson's regiment, known to fame since Coomassie as the Black Watch, occupy those English tents. We have in tow two vessels laden with planks and shingles for their winter huts.

By mule and camel track Cerinia lies some fourteen miles from Nicosia; less than a dozen leagues of hill and valley part it from our fleet at Larnaca; yet for want of roads, our soldiers at Cerinia are cut off from the magazines of our fleet by land. All food for man, nearly all fodder for man's beast—for instance, hay and straw—are brought by sea. Reckoned by way of either Cape Arnauti or Cape Andreas, Larnaca is a hundred and seventy miles. A native boat can hardly do the voyage in three days. Winds must be met, capes doubled, whether

the course be east or west. A swell beats off the Asiatic shore, caused by the rush of wind from the Bulghar-dagh. The port is small, the harbour silted up; the water-gates and their connecting towers and curtains having gone down. No steamer can approach the place.

We go ashore in the captain's gig, which wriggles through the heaps of stones.

Winding through the picturesque lanes, we pass a minaret and emerge among the open fields. Seven or eight hundred yards off stand some isolated palms; each palm the index to a house and garden. In and out among these trees peep walls and cupolas. This is the Moslem suburb. Under a great carob-tree, weighed down with those locust-beans which Orientals call St. John's bread, lie the head-quarters of our Black Watch. A table, standing beneath the trees, serves as mess-room, writing-desk, whist-board, post-office, and joiner's bench. Officers are riding in the sun; horses are hitched to trees; and men are bringing water from the wells. Squads and files are drilling; parties are going down to bathe; a general officer, attended by his aide-de-camp, is riding down the hill; and from the colonel to the subaltern, every one is more or

less on the alert. That officer is General Payn, of Indian and Crimean fame, coming from Nicosia to inspect the camp. White tents are dotted here and there ; each tent beside a carob or a fig-tree, for the sake of shade. The soldiers' camp lies farther back, out on the open ground. Take it all round, this is the finest site in Cyprus for a camp. Close to us break the dark blue waves. Along the shore extends a fruitful plain, washed by the sea and partly shaded from the sun. Above us tower the mountain masses, bearing on their needle-points the castle of the God of Love. Fruit is plentiful and game is cheap. Fish swarm along the coast; even that dainty dish, the dolphin, snaps at your bait and tears into your net. Wood is not wanting, though we very properly set our face against felling any more forest trees. The water is delicious, and is good alike for man and beast. The peasants of the district, though a little shy, are gentle and submissive. Crimes such as vex the souls of English magistrates, are hardly known among these semi-pastoral tribes.

Close by us stands the kitchen in a tent apart, from which a savoury steam of curry, fish, and cutlet warns us it is nine o'clock. Tea-urns are set,

claret and potted meats produced: a signal, and we all sit down, Payn, Macpherson, and their merry men; a hungry and a jovial crew, who, not unmindful of our fathers, who encamped here long ago, strike at the curries and the Irish stews. Tobacco follows, with no end of grapes, tomatoes, prickly pears, and melons for such as like the thinner sort of food, and brave the consequence of eating un-cooked fruit. Light stories and adventures run between the dishes and cigars.

For some days, as I learn, the larder of the Black Watch at Cerinia was a little starved; for, contrary to the usual practice, the peasants of the country-side brought nothing into camp for sale. Foragers scoured the country, but the villagers slipt into their cabins, and would sell them neither fruit nor game. Then, papers were posted up on mosque and church, stating that money would be paid, and that in silver coin, for every article wanted in the camp. Hares, partridges, and other game—tomatoes, grapes, and other fruit—were specified as articles that would find a ready sale; yet, in the face of all these efforts, neither game nor fruit was brought into the camp. An unseen but malignant spirit seemed to turn the ordinary course of trade.

One day the head-man of Cerinia struck an officer on duty, and in spite of his local rank, was instantly arrested, tried, and sentenced to three months imprisonment. As head-man he bore a whip, and thought he had a right to lay that whip on anybody's back. The English officer caught him by the throat and threw him down. When he was carried off to jail, he thought the matter some new kind of joke; but finding that his sentry paid no heed to his harangues, he gathered up a hundred pounds and sent the money to our Commissioner's house. His man was threatened with the lash; on hearing which, the prisoner howled, and said the world was turning up-side down. One law for each and all, he was informed, was a new article, added to his code. A judge himself, he had no right to break the law; so he must bide his time and serve his sentence out. No man knows how it happened, but from the day of that arrest, supplies of game and fruit began to pour into the camp.

'Good-bye, good-bye!' shout two or three youngsters, rising from the table, and taking up long lances.

'What are they after with those spears?'

'A new kind of sport these youngsters have invented. Till our dogs arrive, we have no chance of turning out a fox. These lads are after dogs.'

All Eastern folk are fond of dogs, and never hurt them; finding them useful scavengers in their streets and khans. Thus they grow in numbers and infest all places. Captain Holbeach, our Commissioner, is trying his best to put them down. Dogs are nuisances in Cyprus; a mangy, starved and hideous brood, as savage and as dangerous as wolves. Orders have been issued that houseless dogs must be destroyed, and some of our young officers have turned this order into sport. They ride on to the outskirt of the camp, single out a dog, and urge him into the open field. A chase begins. Men must ride hard who mean to run down a Cyprus cur. Their course is seldom less than twenty miles. A dog once followed me from Nicosia to Larnaca, covering the twenty-five miles in less than four hours, racing in a trail of white and blinding dust under a sun that marked a temperature of eighty-seven in shade. A lance and a revolver are the arms allowed. The dog must be always shot, and these youngsters say that dog-

hunting at Cerinia is better than pig-sticking in Bengal.

By dodging the sun, we manage to lunch and dine at the same table; always in the open air, and always under the shade of our friendly carob-tree. We breakfast on the western side; lunch on the northern side; dine on the eastern side. The tone of officers and men is high and cheery, and a visitor at the camp of Cerinia will not readily forget the pleasant shade of that carob-tree and the hearty welcome of the Black Watch.

Cerinia is quickening into life. After a century of sleep the native, whether 'Turk' or 'Greek,' is roused as by a morning gun. That sound came over-sea, booming from the port-hole of her Majesty's ship the *Raleigh*—a reviving and inspiring name. Blue-jackets landed, tore into the castle, and ran up the British flag. Finding that castle nameless and deserted, they painted the words 'Fort Raleigh' over the entrance-gate, and bade two zaptiehs guard the drawbridge and keep the flag afloat.

Old but unbroken stand the walls and ramparts of this castle; patched and changed no little since the days of Lion Heart, yet keeping the original

look of strength; the model of a tyrant's harem, treasury, and refuge. Deep in the rock—below the sea-level—lie Byzantine courses; over these stand Burgundian arches, now built up; on these again rest early English doors and loop-holes; showing that the fortress was renewed soon after Lion Heart's time. Above this ancient masonry rises much later work; Saracenic ramparts; Venetian towers; and Turkish galleries. A broad, deep ditch surrounds the pile. You enter by a bridge, and thread a winding passage looped for guns, emerging in an open court. Turrets and chambers rise on every side, vast as in Kenilworth, solid as in the Tower. But not a soul is seen within the walls. Voiceless are all these rooms, deserted all these ramps and parapets. What life is to be seen, is on the port.

There mosque and magazine alike has felt the shock of that reviving gun. A zealous imaun has begun to paint his sacred edifice. A caféjah, who owns a hovel on the beach, is stunned by the demand for mastic, soda-water, wax-lights, and cigars. As the new-comers are prepared to pay, he opens both his eyes, seeing how much better it is to sell soda-water at sixpence a bottle than mocha

at a farthing a cup. These customers, who pay so well, won't sit down cross-legged on the floor; they ask for chairs and glass. But chairs and glass are not things of Cyprus. If he means to keep his café, he must send for things to Smyrna and Beyrout. In doing up his café for such customers, the caféjah grows into a new man; ceases to be a petty huckster, dealing with neighbouring hamlets, and becomes a merchant, with his agencies in foreign ports. So with the chief proprietor of the beach. Awakened by that morning-gun, he wakes up from his mat, and see the warship in his roadstead. As the strangers step on shore, he feels the contact of a higher race, and from the force of good example, clears his portion of the beach, and bolsters up his rickety old landing-stage.

These are the quicker spirits; but in some degree all sections of the people feel the change.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PAPHO.

PEOPLE in Nicosia and Limasol give Papho a bad name. Let them be Christian or let them be Mohammedan, the men of Papho are described to you as a set of turbulent and lawless brutes.

Papho is the name of a caimacanate, or district, as well as of a port and town. This district starts from the little bay of St. Helena, runs up the great mountain ridge to Olympus, and descends by way of St. Ambrosios to the sea near Appolona; covering the most rugged and secluded parts of Cyprus. The men of this caimacanate are hill-men, with the vicious habits of all mountain tribes. So say the dwellers on the plain, the traders by the sea. What the Spakiotes are in Crete, the Druses in Lebanon, the Paphians are supposed to be in Cyprus; tameless savages, who reject all rule

and order, and live as the wild cats and poisonous serpents of their country live. If any trace of piracy and brigandage remains in Cyprus, the successors of Moro and Katergi lurk among the Muliar rocks and in the caverns to the north of Papho Point. If any sympathy with crime as crime exists among the Cypriotes, that morbid element is to be found in Papho. No one here, Nicosians say, would hesitate to screen a criminal from justice. Crimes of violence, such as highway robbery and murder, are not frequent in the island; but when such offences come, to the alarm and scandal of the natives, they are sure to be ascribed, with or without evidence, to some of the hill-men from the district over Papho. Papho has a bad name, and her people have to bear the burthen of her ill-repute.

At first we have to take our primary facts on trust, and act on what may seem to be the best advice. Men of experience gave the place an evil name, told us the natives were 'fanatical,' and the town and country lawless and unsafe. We sent a regiment to the town. Limasol and Famagosta can be governed by a couple of riding-whips. Nicosia needs no more than fifty or sixty men.

Larnaca is safe with a gunboat and a corporal's guard. Papho is supposed to need a regiment, or the better part of a regiment, in consequence of her bad name.

Under the Pashas, Papho had a garrison of fifty men, who occupied a Turkish block-house on the sea. Captain Wauchope, our Civil Commissioner, will probably find his whip and spur enough.

Papho is poor, and lies a long way from the trading towns. No rich and fertile district in the rear supplies her, as at Limasol, with the staples which invite foreigners to her port. Close to the sea-line starts a rugged and precipitous cliff; the plain between the mountain and the sea is narrow; the ascent into the hills is rough. A mountain ridge, impassable to mule or camel, bars her communication with the vineyards of Lefka, the pastures of Mandra, and the granaries of Morphou. Even by the coast, the tracks are long and difficult, broken by torrents, and annoyed by rocks and ravines. Little, except the country lying on this plain, can feed the port; a country too confined in size for any large amount of trade. Room for a temple and a grove, as in ancient days, there may be; room for a sacred place, to be supported

by the richer pilgrims of surrounding nations. Nature has denied to Papho the advantages which she has showered on Limasol. In purely physical beauty, Papho comes nearer to her rival than on other points. A blue and sparkling sea, a green and sunny upland, with an alpine ridge dotted with pine forests, and veined with rifts of snow, are common to both Limasol and Papho; but in these elements of physical beauty all resemblance between the two caimacanates begins and ends.

Choking with silt and refuse lies the small and shallow port of Papho, covered and obstructed by the ruins of an ancient castle and a connecting sea-wall. Storms have broken through that wall, and scraped the mass of masonry that was once a castle into a simple block of stone. Enough remains to show the outlines of the harbour, and to prove that some of the defences were crusaders' work. A block-house, built in Turkish style, protects the entrance to the harbour on the northern side. Hardly a sign of life is to be seen. Two or three crazy craft are bobbing on the tide within the port, and here and there a turban shows among the sails and shrouds. No buildings line the port; there is no pier, no landing-stage, no quay. Reeds

grow among the piles, hiding the waste that otherwise might have told of prosperous days gone by. The prosperous days of Papho date two thousand years ago.

A few yards from the water-edge, or what you are obliged to call the water-edge, two tenements start up; each tenement, one storey high, consisting of a single room. From one of these tenements an ass looks out and brays. At the second door an old man sits and smokes. Some donkeys, laden with poles and frames, wend by the beach, and disappear into the fields of prickly pear. These are the only signs of life. Stay, there is the block-house on the port. A pole, starting from the highest platform of that block-house, bears the English flag. No English flag, according to our articles, ever goes alone. Here, then, one thinks, there must be living voices to return your challenge. Through the hot dust I march on that old Turkish fort. I grope among the stones, follow the windings of the ditch, to find that only one entrance leads into the fort. This entrance is a door-way in the wall, facing towards the land. A dyke, or buttress, two or three feet wide, ascends towards it. This dyke is broken,

slippery, and difficult to climb; but, being the only way into the fort, I crawl and scramble to the top. Here I am stayed. A deep ditch lies between me and the door. The block-house has no bridge; nothing but two loose logs, which have been drawn aside. I shout, but no one answers me. I hurl a stone against that door; no one repulses my attack. Our theory that the flag can never be left without a guard is here betrayed. We leave the duty to some zaptieh, who reads our articles in his Oriental way. The flag is safe, and that he thinks enough. Except a cormorant, no enemy can reach the platform of that fort.

Inland, a mile or more, you note the fronds of palm-trees, under which nestle some groups of cupolas and walls, each tenement painted white, and standing in a garden of its own. That group of palm-trees marks the Moslem quarter of the town. More inland, and a little to the left, you see a hump of ground covered by brown cottages. That hump is Ktema, a mixed village, in which the Christians live.

As new-comers, we have pitched our tents, and are about to build our huts and hospitals among the palm-trees. Moslem quarters as a rule are

clean, with open grounds about them. When selecting sites, we usually find ourselves near the Moslems; not because we like them better, but because they have some habits which are not unlike our own. They love fresh air; they like to dot their dwellings up and down, each roof under its own tree, each garden within its own fence. They paint their gates and gables, and prefer to sink their wells on their own grounds. Officers looking out for camps are sure to note these facts. That we have chosen wisely here as in other places is a matter to be proved by time; but no man in his senses can deny that if the block-house on the port is not yet tenable, it was well to pitch our tents among these palm-trees in the open country and in easy bathing distance of the shore.

No trouble with the natives has arisen; at Captain Wauchope's arrival as Commissioner, the Caimacan gave place, taking his arrears of pay, and handing over his district and his horse-hair whip. No one offered to dispute our entrance and to scrutinize our title. We have come and gone as pleased us.; coming in our ships and going in our ships. Our path is by the sea. If any son of Moro lurks near Papho, what can he do in

presence of a troop-ship or an ironclad? Could he escape the *Tamar*—could he fight the *Minotaur*? How could an imitator of Frango stand against Captain Wauchope and a company of the seventy-first? We came as masters and as masters we remain. When landing, we informed the people of this district that we were not coming in to eat their fruit and steal their wives. Our purpose was, to see fair play, give every man his due, and to protect him in his right. Paying for every article we bought, we let the peasant see by practice in the market-place, that under our authority, every one must pay for what he took. No person was to stand above the law.

Our first concern was with the courts of justice. Here, as everywhere, justice was administered by the cadi in a patriarchal way; right being done in court according to the code; and the execution of his sentence left—to Heaven. We undertook to see his judgments carried out. A great and solemn day was set aside. That murderer who had lived so long in chains, respited year by year, was ordered to be hung. Brought from Nicosia to the scene of his great crime, we strung him up in presence of his friends and comrades; men who had never

yet seen a criminal put to death. Awe unspeakable fell on the place. To the last moment of the wretch's life, no Paphian believed that he would have to die.

Since we pitched our tents among the palm-trees no serious crime has troubled the repose of Papho. Drink being absent, or nearly absent, the disturbances that spring from beer and brandy are here unknown. Coffee-house quarrels end in words. Disputants may shout, gesticulate, and snarl, but revellers in coffee hardly ever come to blows. Even when the bark is followed by a bite, no serious harm is done. A fine of ten or twelve piastres satisfies the court.

Has Papho any future?

Yes, I think so. Below her camp, and nearer to the sea, grow descendants of those trees which made the old grove of Venus. With a little care, the grove might thicken into shade as perfect as that under which Titus walked. So too, with those springs which formed the bath of Venus. These springs, so loved and sung by Anacreon, still bubble up; hot sun and copious water meeting in a paradise of grass and ferns. All round this spot stood temples, baths, and gardens, where at present

one sees nothing but fields of stone. Stone lies about us everywhere; here built into fences, here rolled into ridges, and here again tossed into heaps. When Paul and Barnabas came to Papho, all this stone was dedicated to the local gods. Time has done much towards grinding this limestone into dust and mould. Here, on a slope, a turbaned farmer is attempting with the help of buffaloes to drive his ploughshare through a stony field. The task is hard; but science is coming to that ploughman's help. Game is plentiful in the hills; the hares and francolins being particularly fine. A fine tobacco, rivalling that of Syria, grows about the slopes. Some epicures of the weed prefer the Paphian variety to that of Jebeli. Here lies a copious field. Sheep and goats find pasture, and sheep-farming is expected to return good profits. Olives, mulberries, pomegranates, not to speak of carobs, grow in every field, and would find a market if the port were fairly open to external trade.

Yet the future of Papho may lie in mines and minerals rather than in gardens and in sheep-walks. Agates, and other stones, are picked up on the coast and in the gullies of the mountain range. One of these stones is that variety of adamar known as the

blue diamond. This stone, which bears the name of either Cyprian diamond or Paphian diamond, is now, I understand, regarded as a sapphire; but the matter is not clear, the principal diamond merchants being divided on the point. In ancient times that stone was sacred, not to the priests of Venus only, but to those of Jehovah. Epiphanius tells us that the diamonds found near Papho were the Urim and Thumim of the Jewish priests; worn on the breast-plate when they entered the sanctuary, and showing by their change of colour the acceptance or rejection of their prayers and sacrifices. Epiphanius was the best authority on such a point, being himself a Cypriote, a bishop, and a saint.

Two miles from Papho lie these diamond fields. Among the hills lie veins and lumps of malachite. Malachite is the green carbonate of copper; where malachite is found copper may be sought with hopes of good success. Papho used to export enormous quantities of copper ore. Old mines should be explored afresh; the science of our day being equal to finding profit in a mine which worshippers of Venus may have abandoned in despair. Iron was also found near Papho in great abundance, and the royal priest, who ruled the country and the temple,

is supposed to have invented anvil and hammer, lever and tongs. Metal more precious than iron or copper may be found. As long since as the days of Pliny it was known that the presence of diamonds is an index of the neighbourhood of gold. Among the diamond fields at Papho gold has been already found. No thorough search has yet been made; but there is just a chance that an experienced miner from Australia might discover gold-flakes in these long-neglected diamond-fields.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LIMASOL.

FOUR months ago Limasol was a sleepy hollow, ruled by satraps of the school of those who only ate and slept. The beach was hot and silent, and the people of the town were dozing in a dream. A headman sat in the town house; a Caimacan smoked in the Serai. Shuffling in shawls and slippers, the wine-grower and the carob-dealer crept into door-ways or dawdled by the sides of fountains. Street dogs crawled about, and camels, lightened of their burden, slunk into the grateful shade. So far as one could see, no man had anything to do. Warm, languid, indolent, every one seemed easy, every one content. Why should he stir and strive? Were not his olives ripening in the sun? Were not his vineyards fattening for the press? What could a man do better than watch the dates grow yellower day by day?

Softly, silently, everybody slept. The voices of all men were low; the manners of all women languid. Every one sat in slippers. Sand was lifted by the tide, but where it fell it lay. Dust was drifted by the wind, and where it fell it lay. Who cared for sand or dust? The headman dozed; the Caimacan dozed. Sand and dust are grateful to a slippered foot. Camels brought wine into the town, but no one thought of building a public khan, or custom-house, and no one thought of asking the keradjis for their toll. Ships came into the roads and took away the wine, but no one dreamt of helping the traders with landing-stage or pier. A little river which flows beside the town, draining the lower hills, broke through its bank and washed down vines and sugar-canes, but no one offered to go out and mend the broken dyke. From Caimacan to muleteer every one in Limasol was dozing at his post.

A change, like one of those scenes of Oriental magic, has descended on the port and town. Limasol has been invaded by Colonel Warren, who landed from a coasting-boat, bringing with him a garrison and a staff. His garrison was an Assistant-Commissioner; his staff, a secretary and a

dragoman. They dashed aside the head-man and the Caimacan, and took possession of their town. Warren assumed the Caimacan's duties and his horse-hair whip. He took no trouble to surround himself with the attributes of power. Leaving the konak and the fort, he hired a small house on the beach, took into his pay seven zaptiehs, began to build a stable, and cleanse the shore around his house. He had with him no troops, no ships, no guns. Armed only with his whip, he walked into the street, bazaar, and square. All heads were bowed to him; his presence and his uniform were enough; his rank and office being apparent in his spurs, his helmet, and his horse-hair whip.

Limasol is an old and famous port, fed by a fruitful upland country in the rear. A plain extends along the sea-line and invades the mountain districts, running in and out among these limestone masses as the tides wash in and out along the shore. This plain, and the low-lying hills, abound in junipers and locust-beans, but the great produce of this region is the vine. Limasol is the wine port. Olives and carobs are exported also, and the traders send away much salt; but wine and fruit, lavished on every hill by nature, are the staples of their

trade. Fruit, wine, and salt have given to Limasol material wealth. In olden time Limasol was the second port in Cyprus, yielding only in importance to Famagosta. Since the failure of Famagosta, Larnaca has sprung up; first, as being a place of pilgrimage for Moslems; next, as being the nearest roadstead to the fertile plain. But Larnaca is not, like Limasol, a natural port. If there be a desert in Cyprus, Larnaca opens on that desert. Little is grown that can be sold to strangers, so that Larnaca is not a necessary place of ships. When railways bring the capital and the ports into cheap connection with each other, Larnaca may sink into a place of pilgrims, while Limasol must advance with the increasing harvest of her fruit and the abundance of her wine.

Seen from the bay, Limasol is lovely; having, to my poor taste, no equal in the Archipelago. Blue waters wash the fore-shores of an alpine landscape. Clusters of trees invade the beach; above these clusters swell up ridge and mamelon crowned with vineyards, and above these gardens tower the ridges of Adelphi and Olympus with their clefts and hollows glittering white with snow. What

wonder that the poets and artists of all time have called this land the 'beautiful' and the 'blest!'

No pier, no landing-stage has yet been built; such works cost money, and we found no money in the public chest. Great things must wait; but things which cost less time and fewer piastres are being rapidly done. The shore-line has been freed from filth, so that you walk along the sands without offence. By-lane and road are swept, and water is daily scattered on the dust. An Orthodox church across the lane is being scraped and white-washed. Mosques are never dirty, but in the gardens sometimes fall into neglect. Here, under rivalry, the cypresses and palms are trimmed afresh. Some dens and stys which stood between the main street and the shore, have been levelled to the ground. People who have garden walls in ruin have been induced, by timely warning, to put them into good repair. According to the Oriental rule, waste ground is no man's ground, but Oriental governors often let their excellent rules lie dead. Not so our Civil Commissioner. Warren has got the code by heart. Finding a piece of ground unfenced, he sends a zaptieh to the owner with a copy of the code. That hint suffices. Every one finds that he must now

obey the law. He offers no resistance, since the law is not our law, but his own. Though driven along, and often against his will, he cannot say but that the power which drives him forward is a legal and beneficent power.

Yet the resisting force is very great. Among a people who still retain traces of the worship of Isis and Astarte, we expect a good deal of resistance, and are ready to bear and forbear, till we can overcome and press it down.

As we sit at luncheon, Osman Abdul, Capitan of zaptiehs, shows his turban in the doorway. Armed and spurred, grisly and submissive, this old warrior reminds you of those mamelukes and janissaries who called themselves the Sultan's slaves and were ready to die in carrying out the Sultan's will. A hanjar cut deforms his face, and gives a dark expression to his Oriental eyes. You feel that on a sign from Warren, he would stride into the lane, and hack down any man he met.

'Well, Capitan, what now?'

Capitan Osman fumbles in his vest, takes out a piece of paper, and with a quick salute, presents that paper to his chief. Warren glances down the sheet, and smiles.

'Now, what do you suppose this paper is?'

'I can't tell. A petition? He wants a day's leave?'

'No, not at all. Capitan Osman never asks for leave. My zaptiehs never tire of labour, but they like to act in their own way, rather than in mine. I had a scene with them last night. This paper testifies that a man and woman have been made man and wife.'

'A marriage certificate?'

'No more, no less.'

Aware that the duties of a zaptieh are of many kinds, I am no more surprised at Capitan Osman bringing in a marriage certificate than I should be at his bringing in a bishop's dime.

'He was a witness of the rite, perhaps?'

'Ay, and a performer too. It was his own affair. This paper shows that he was married this morning to a woman of the place, according to his law.'

I look at Capitan Osman, as he stands in the doorway, booted, armed and grisly, with the hanjar slash across his cheek—an old, uncouth but picturesque bridegroom. I am just about to raise my claret glass and wish him joy, when Warren stops me with a gesture, and dismisses Osman with a nod.

'Married without leave, I suppose, and contrary to the regulations?'

'Not exactly so,' replied the Commissioner; 'first, he would not have dared;'—and then he tells me the story of Osman's freak.

When Warren came to Limasol some weeks ago, he found seven zaptiehs, Capitan Osman Abdul and six privates, acting as the public force, and being satisfied with their appearance and report, he kept them at their posts. Nothing like this zaptieh force exists in England, nor has done since the Saxon times. The men are rustic and republican; not only by their birth, but in their craft and discipline. Each man provides his horse and arms, his clothes and lodging. Zaptiehs have no uniform, no barrack, and no armoury. Each lives at home —in his own cabin—the yard of which becomes his stall and place of arms. These cabins may be scattered far and wide; some in the town, others in the suburbs; so that when the men are wanted suddenly much time is lost in calling them to a central point. Their horses are of all sorts and sizes; vicious little mountain ponies, used-up hacks from Alexandria and Beyrout. Their arms and clothes are of all kinds and colours. Every one

wears the hanjar; but some have pistols in their belts and some have only knives. This rustic system comes to them from the shepherd age.

To get this force 'in hand,' Colonel Warren began to make head-quarters by building a row of seven stalls for the horses of Capitan Osman and his men. When they were finished, he asked the men to put their horses in these stalls.

'My horse in there—all in a row—and under cover!' exclaimed one of his six zaptiehs. 'No, in the name of Allah—no, never.'

'Tell the man, Osman, that he *must*,' said Colonel Warren to the captain. Osman sided with his mutineers.

'It will not do, your Excellency—the horses would catch cold. In such a place, you have no air, no freedom. Very good stalls for English horses, but not good for Cyprus horses, Excellency.'

Warren was prepared for some objection on their part. His well-built stalls were better than open yards, having hardly any shade by day, and not a particle of shelter in the night; but his men foresaw that in leaving their horses in stalls, under his immediate eye, they might have more work to do in keeping them thoroughly combed and washed.

Makeshifts as to harness would be sooner found out and stopped. His zaptiehs felt that a tighter screw would be put on.

'Osman,' said Colonel Warren, 'tell them they *must*.'

One of the six men stepped out, and asked whether that was to be law for him?

'Yes; law for one and all,' replied the Colonel.

'But I claim exemption.'

'Exemption! On what ground?'

'The ground of being a married man,' he answered, pointing out an article in the regulations which allowed a married man to keep his horse in his own yard.

There was no doubt as to the article, and Colonel Warren, having no power to set aside the local law, allowed his claim. Then, murmurs rose along the line. Others appeared to be also married men.

'Fall back, married men!'

All the six fell back, and on inquiry they were found to stand in the same shoes. Each had a wife and cabin of his own, excepting Capitan Osman.

'Come, captain, since you are the only bachelor here, put up your horse. We must have patience with the rest.'

This scene took place last night at sunset, and this morning we see the consequence. Rather than put up his horse in a good stable, Capitan Osman prefers to marry. So, in a single night, this 'turbaned Turk' has found a woman to his mind, has won her consent, and taken her to himself as wife.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A REFORMER.

I HAVE not been long in Colonel Warren's company before I find in him the genius and the instinct of a true reformer.

'Shall we go into the town? I want to show you several things that we are trying at; though we are stopped at every turn by want of means.

'Yes, I shall be glad to go.'

'Replace your spurs, and take your riding-whip.'

Armed with spur and whip, our signs of mastery, we step into the street. To my companion every hand is raised, and every bosom crossed. Saluting in return, he keeps his horse-tail whip in sight. One man in European coat and hat comes up, on which an introduction takes place, 'Signor Carioli, our new president.' I bow, in wonder. President! of what? Our 'new president' tells me he is busy with

an arch and flowers in honour of our Admiralty visit, and he is good enough to let me see an address, which 'the town' proposes to offer Mr. Smith and Colonel Stanley, whom he styles 'your highness,' as well as 'sons of Milton, Byron, and Shakespeare.' The tongue employed is French, and the marvellous document ends with the truly British cry:

'Vive la reine! Vive la grande nation!! Vive votres altesses!!!'

When our 'new president' has bowed and scraped himself out of earshot, I inquire about him:

'President! you called him; our new president?'

'Well, he is my mayor; I found the head-man useless; and I made him mayor; but to gratify his taste for fine names I call him President of the Municipality. That costs me nothing, and I get a good officer to do my work without being paid.'

'You could do nothing with the elected headman?'

'No. He is a usurer. People are afraid of him, and vote for him because he lends them money, and can seize their fields and houses. He is my chief trouble. I can work with every one, except that man—who represents nothing but his bonds

and mortgages. In order to save the voters, I am driven to set aside their votes.'

One hears such words with pain; but after going into all the details of their case, I see no other course for the reformer to pursue. These people have become unfit for freedom, and must be educated back into the use of their own laws.

Taking them all in all, the houses in Limasol are better built and better furnished than any others in Cyprus. In Limasol you might fancy yourself in Mexico or Greece. Many houses have open porches. In one of these porches I see a carriage.

'How is that? A carriage! You have roads about, then?'

'No,' says the Commissioner, smiling; 'that's an import, not yet put to use. The owner got it as a bargain, and he brought it over from Beyrout in hope of using it some day. We shall come to that in time.'

'But many of these people must be rich?'

'Yes; some of them are rich. They own large vineyards in the country, and export large quantities of wine. The grapes are very strong, and not a little of our vintage goes direct to France. Much

of the Hermitage and Chambertin you drink in London grows near Limasol.'

'The growth, I hear, may be extended very much?'

'Yes; very much. Twice the quantity produced last year may be expected this year; five times the quantity produced this year may be expected next year. It is nothing but a question of finance. The taxes have been badly laid and badly gathered. Some farms and villages have been allowed to shirk their payments; that puts everything out of order. Discontent exists, and when I came to Limasol many of the growers were threatening not to pull a grape, but let the whole vintage rot. Of course I have to humour them, having no power to change the law. Some friendly words, with hints of better things to come, have partly brought them round. I have good hope that matters will turn out well.'

'These dues on wine must be of great importance for your local budget?'

'Great importance! Of the utmost. Look at me—at Limasol. There is not a penny in the public chest. I have to pay my judges, my inspectors, and my zaptiehs, not to mention that I

am expected to send up money to Nicosia. I want to build a school, to open a new market, and to mend the dykes. What am I to do if the wine-growers let their vintage rot? That they are capable of such folly I have proof. Life is so easy, and the people are so indolent, that greed of money moves them very little.'

'That is so in all warm countries, and with races of the lower types. I have seen a negro pitch a creel of oranges into a swamp, rather than sell them at the price of oranges in Covent Garden, and a Mexican jump on a basket of grapes because he could not sell them at his own high price. To make the best of your market is a disposition only of the higher types of men.'

'Perhaps so. You spoke just now of jetties. I not only want to run out piers and landing-stages, but to widen the main street, and make an esplanade. Where am I to get the money? Could you help me with a subscription? Look here! I want to build a school for girls; that would astonish people here; neither monk nor mollah thinks of having a school for girls. I'd do it in a trice. What do you think? Couldn't you beg me six or seven hundred pounds?'

'I certainly shall not attempt. I don't believe in helping men except when they are striving to help themselves. These people will appreciate changes that come on them slowly, as the fruit of what they plant, and the result of what they do themselves.'

'Yes, that is true; that is my own idea also; I am working on that line all round. I like to make improvements, but I like to see that my improvements pay.'

We enter a new khan. Six weeks ago, when Colonel Warren landed, Limasol had no public khan. The private khans were dear and dirty, robbing the muleteers and carriers, while yielding no return to the public chest. A space of ground has now been cleared; a wall thrown up, with arches for the mules and camels; and the floor is gradually being smoothed and paved. At present, men are busy on the work, and things look heaped and messed, but chaos is about to take on form and cleanliness. This khan is built with nothing; but the labour has of course been forced, according to the Oriental rule. Would all forced labour were as well employed! Already the khan begins to pay. Each mule and donkey coming to the town trots

to this khan; here it is registered, and a fee is charged. For less than the muleteer paid to a private khan, he now obtains a shelter for his beast, and a certificate of his load. The money so obtained is used by Warren to complete his work, which is, and will remain, a property of the town.

'That, Colonel, is a way the citizens can understand. They save a little money, and they gain a public khan. If you had spent on them a thousand pounds of English money, you would probably have wasted both your time and gold.'

Walking to the sea-shore, we look at what is called the new slaughter-house.

Ten weeks ago, sheep, goats and oxen were slaughtered in the town, in old and miserable yards. These yards were a great nuisance to the passer-by, and still more to the dweller in the lane. Agonizing shrieks and groans came from them, and the blood of slaughtered animals festered in the sun. Warren has built on the sea-beach, on a deserted piece of land, a simple frame of beams, but larger and better strung together than the frames employed in private yards. A butcher does his work more quickly at this frame; he gains in other ways, for he has not to drive his animals through the town, and he has

better means of drying his skins for sale. The charge for these advantages is three piastres for each animal killed and skinned. Besides doing service in the way of public health, our slaughter-house brings five pounds a week into the public chest.

Moving to the Garillia, the little stream which edges by the town, we examine the supply of water.

In the hills round Limasol are many springs and wells, waters from which have been coaxed through aqueducts into the town. Such work is always counted to a man for righteousness; yet some of the satraps ruling Limasol, eating and sleeping in their harems, have allowed these aqueducts to be tapped and drawn. A muleteer has taken out a stone to let his animal drink. A farmer, disappointed by the rain, has slit the dyke, and taken what he wanted from the stream. The people in the city suffered, for the water reaching them through the broken pipes was neither pure nor copious. Every one winced and shook his head, but no man raised his voice so loud as to disturb the satrap. Warren needs no waking; he will mend those aqueducts and restore those dykes;

but he is hampered by the habit everywhere ingrained of leaving things alone. Though every one listens and approves, no one will help. Good water is the first necessity of men who drink no wine. To men who drink wine, good water is a blessing also, for the wines of Limasol are too strong for any one to drink alone. Still, no one cares to lift his finger or to pay a sixpence for the public good. The quality called public spirit is unknown in Oriental lands. Caliphs and Emirs are expected to make bridges, roads and aqueducts. For private men to meddle with such things is dangerous, as a sign of riches, love of notice, and the wish to rival kings.

Climbing to the higher story of the konak, we find the prisoners, male and female. Passing into the male chamber, we are conscious in the dim light, of ten or twelve figures, springing to their feet as we step in. Twelve men we count; seven for debt, two for rape, two for assault, and one for murder. All begin to whine and groan, as though they expected us to let them out. A Caimacan never came into a jail, except to set the prisoners free.

One prisoner takes my notice as a victim of

our great reform; an old man, blind of one eye, and with a pinched and sad expression on his face. On our entry, he rises suddenly, gathers up his rags about him, and begins to whine and groan. He is a priest, locked up for debt. The situation strikes me, and I ask for all the details of his case.

Warren, in the cause of law and order, taxes all property in the town for public purposes, as with ourselves. Mosques pay up at once; for they have no exciters and supporters in the back-ground; Churches and monasteries postpone their payments; and some of the bolder spirits, acting in the style of Flax-cottons, refuse to pay at all. These persons have exciters and supporters in Moscow and elsewhere. Often afore-time, they have shirked these public burdens, for no governor at Nicosia likes to lay his finger on the person or the property of an Orthodox pope. All that is past. 'One law for each and all, without regard to creed and race' is the new legend of this island. We reject all privilege of class. The clerk having written out a list of defaulters, Warren gives orders to have them summoned into court and fined. Our one-eyed priest is one of those

who long stood out and defied the law, and never paid a public tax. Supported by Russia, he defied his caimacan and his cadi. No man in Limasol liked to be reported in the Sultan's cabinet by a Russian agent—secret or open—as a persecutor of the Orthodox Church. So the old priest, feeling that his person and his property were safe, buttoned his pocket, defied Capitan Osman, and shirked his portion of the public rates.

This time, the old schemer met his match. A man who has no fear of Russian agents—secret or open—reigns in Limasol. A rate was laid; merchant and mollah, finding that their money would be spent on public works and for the public good, promptly sent in their shares. The one-eyed pope refused. He said he had never paid that tax before. When told that all exemptions are abolished, he retorted that he had no means. His church was poor, and he had hardly bread enough to eat. Warren inquired into the facts, and found that all these tales were false. The man was positively rich; one of the richest men in Limasol. Short work was made with him by the fiscal officer. A portion of his land was seized, put up for sale, and knocked down to the highest bidder. He protested

that this property belonged, not to himself, but to his church. This tale proved false; the sale was ratified; and the rates being taken from the proceeds, the residue was handed to the pope.

This act of justice led to the old priest being sued by a private person to whom he owed some money. Judgment went against him, and he was sentenced to pay his debt with costs. Again he failed. Standing in the court of justice, he declared that he had neither land nor money to discharge that debt and pay those costs. The magistrate, knowing that he was telling lies, threatened to commit him for contempt of court. Still he refused to pay. He reckoned on his cloth; he reckoned on his Primate; he reckoned on his Muscovite allies. But these hopes have failed him in his hour of need. No benefit of clergy is allowed to fraudulent debtors, even when those fraudulent debtors call themselves ministers of the church. 'One law for each and all.'

Father Geronymo is not likely to see things in this simple light.

Nine or ten prisoners share his cell. One of these men was tried for murder, and was sentenced to a long imprisonment by a cadi anxious to avoid the

chances of a reference to the Grand Vizier. It is unpleasant to see a priest compelled to share the prison of a murderer; but the konak of Limasol is a prison of two chambers only—one for males and one for females. Crime is so rare, that they have found no need for more. In England, we have so much crime that we can separate and classify, and build a private cell for every rogue. Here, the prison is like a village pound; a single room for one and all. When Limasol is civilised enough, we may have lots of crime, and then we shall be obliged to build a model jail.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHARNEL HOUSE!

A POET called this island the 'salubrious,' and salubrious, in comparison with adjacent countries, whether Egypt, Syria, or Adana, it is now. I say so, after some experience, though I find a friend of mine describes it as a 'charnel house.' My gifted friend has never set his foot on Cyprian soil.

And yet such cries are catching, like measles and other maladies. Three days ago I was coasting near Limasol, running by a shore that has no mate for beauty in either Italy or Spain. A General Officer, as bright and quick in things as need be, utterly refused to see one point of beauty in the landscape.

'Tell me, where, along these coasts, among these golden islands, you can find its match?'

'Ugh! To say the truth, I think the Grecian Archipelago ugly—ugly everywhere, and at all times—except now and then at sunset.'

Such is the malady of party cries. A man had better have measles. You get rid of measles, and they leave the mind untouched.

Still, we have much sickness in our camps, and we should face the facts like men. Looking into those camps, I have studied the faces of many invalids. Some of the men are pitiful to see. Wasting in the fervent heat—their red cheeks, turning white—their bright eyes growing dim—the poor fellows lie in their tents—gasping and helpless. They are stricken in the pride of strength. It is enough to break your heart. At Cerinia, at Papho, at Larnaca, at Nicosia, in every place where we have troops, I have seen them. Larnaca is the worst, for Larnaca is built on a cemetery, and is a home of pilgrims and of plague. I have helped to bring sick men from Papho, Famagosta, and Cerinia. On board the flag-ship, my head-quarters, we have many invalids, with whom I talk day after day to find out how they feel, and what they ail.

Sickness there is in plenty; but enough for

panic and despair? I venture to think not, either as to kind or to degree.

First, as to kind.

On the principle adopted in Swiss schools, which begin the science of geography with the village, extend into the canton, the Confederation, the Continent of Europe, and so go forward till they embrace the whole globe, I begin with my own case, and with the cases of men who stand near to me. While in Cyprus, I have not had a moment's ill-health—never had a suspicion of fever, ague, or other ailment. I have had a fall, injuring my shoulder, and breaking my collar-bone. For eight days I took no notice of that injury, but walked and rode about as usual. On the day of my lying-up and swathing, I went on shore, and from that hour I have gone about on foot, on mules, and in a wagonette. I have sailed round the island, landing at Cerinia, at Papho, and other places. Often the shore is difficult of access. You are transferred from pinnace to caïque, and from caïque to native backs. I have not rested for a day, but made my notes, talked with all sorts of people, and dined in public places as if nothing were the matter. Yet I recovered from my injuries rapidly, and I attribute the rapidity of my cure to

the extreme dryness of the air, and to that power of going about and doing work which comes of a dry and sunny air.

I know of several singular cases. One of the naval secretaries had long been suffering from rheumatism. He rode up to Nicosia from the sea-board; in thirty hours the waves of pain in his arm had ceased. A Lieutenant on board the flag-ship is a second instance of this sort of cure. He, too, had been afflicted for a time with a rheumatic affection in the arm. Our Admiral took him inland on public business. Two or three days of Cyprus cured him wholly. Rheumatism is said to be a malady unknown in Cyprus; and I fancy, in a few years, as the cases multiply and get recorded, that Nicosia and other inland towns well be the favourite resorts of men afflicted with that English agony. Another case which strikes me much, is that of an officer who left England for Malta in the hope of finding a more genial climate than his own. He was like a lath—thin, white, and feeble. Nothing suited him. He ate little; he slept less. To all appearance, he was sinking to his rest. The sun of Cyprus set him on his legs. He is now a jovial fellow; eats well,

sleeps well, works hard, and enjoys his life. That man will not leave Cyprus if he can help himself. Except in California, I have never seen a man so confident that a fine climate has saved him from an early grave.

Two friends of mine suffered from the malady, and I watched their cases with much care. Each began with sunstroke, passed into feverishness, loss of appetite, and the pallor that comes of failing strength. In each case it was dry fever, not damp fever; sun-stroke, not marsh-stroke. Native women nursed both cases, and their remedies were simple things—slices of lemon, laid across the brow from ear to ear, with plenty of lemonade to drink. My friends got well in twenty-four hours, but had to stay in doors for two or three days, and busy their minds with work. Work acts on you like magic. Without a subject to engage their thoughts, they had no chance of keeping well.

Here are facts—make out of them what we may.

Next, as to extent. There is sickness in the island—plenty of it. Cyprus has been unhealthy *for* Cyprus. Even in high-standing villages, far above the plains and sea-shores, I hear of natives being ill who, up to this date, have never had a previous

touch of fever in their lives. Levantines, who thought themselves salamanders, have gone down like raw recruits from Surrey and hill-men from Hindostan. No place is spared, no height is free. Alike, on the crest of Olympus, by the fountains of Cythrea, and on the soda plains of Salamis, the malady breaks out. At all times there is fever on these coasts: fever at Port Said, fever at Beyrout, fever at Larnaca; but as a rule that fever is for the stranger, not the resident. What happened this autumn is a visitation, terrible to one and all.

The cause? Who knows the springs and sources of disease? Suppose we lay it on the sun? For some time past that luminary has been putting on a new face, casting off his spots, and shining on you with unwonted glare and fire. Anyhow, the cause is general, not specific. Sunstroke-fever has been making a feast in many countries. There has been fever in Palestine, fever in Egypt, fever in Armenia. France has been unhealthy, Italy still more unhealthy. Austria is a hot-bed of disease. England has been unwholesome. Never in the memory of man has such a year been known in the United States—sunstrokes in New York, St. Louis, and Chicago; yellow fever in Charlestown,

New Orleans, and Memphis. Plague in the horrid form of black death is striking root into Russian soil.

Cyprus suffers with the rest; but only like the rest. Yet, very few men have died; very few, all things considered. The deaths from the first day of our landing to the last day of the year are thirty-four.

Here is the tale all told. In July, we lost three, in August ten, in September twelve, in October five, in November two, in December two. How many of these thirty-four deaths can be fairly set down to the charnel house—that is, to any specific quality of Cyprus in relation to life and death? One sees that the death-rate rose and fell with temperature. Taken as a whole, the rate is low; lower than the general average in England, France, and Italy. Some of these deaths must be set down to ordinary causes; those of men who would have died anyhow and anywhere. Again, how many of those thirty-four deaths ought in fairness to be set down to the ordinary waste of war? Our troops in Cyprus should be judged by rules applied to armies in the field. Suppose they had been landed at Mersina or Scanderoon, on the flank of Melikoff, whether he moved from Erzeroum in

the direction of Constantinople or Damascus? They would have been regarded as at war, and yet they might have been in exactly the same condition as at Larnaca, tented in a wild country, very dry and hot, with no roads, with few wells, and with abundance of raw fruit. Living under canvas, they would have been fried by the sun, and hampered for food and drink. In Cyprus one cannot buy a drop of milk, or a pat of butter. Isis forbids you. For several weeks we could hardly get a side of beef; a consequence, perhaps, of the same cow worship. Of course there was no pork, equally of course there was no beer. Grapes, melons, and apricots tempted the parched throats of men who had no milk, no beer. They sucked and munched all day, and in the morning were unstrung and sick.

This is no new fact for us. Crusaders say the same thing of our ancestors. They would eat of grapes and melons, and they sickened of fever and dysentery. Like cause, like consequence; a curious fact, as proving the continuity of habit in our race. Men in the field are reckless in the point of health.

There was another cause. Every one knows that an idle camp means a sickly camp. To keep down

sickness you must keep your men alert, employed, excited.

Thus, as a body, sailors suffered less than soldiers; yet the sailors were almost as much ashore and were a great deal more exposed. They had no time to lie down on their backs and yawn.

'I say, Bill,' a blue-jacket called to his mate on the beach, 'why don't them sojers come and lend a hand? Ain't all these planks for them? Ain't they a-going to lie in these huts? Why, then, don't they help to get 'em up?'

'Well, Jack,' replied his mate, 'I s'pose them chaps is invalids.'

'Invalids! Come, they ain't all invalids. I see a lot of 'em about.'

'Ah, Jack, them's a-going to college.'

'College, Bill! What for?'

'Well, you see, as they've got nothing else to do, they're going to study. And it's a hard job they've got to do. They're going to calculate how many blue-jackets it'll take to set one of them invalids on his legs again.'

Sailors suffered less because they had no time.

So with the officers. Officers in the army suffered less than men; not in one camp only, but in every camp alike. Men suffered at Cerinia, Papho,

Larnaca, while officers continued well. Why so? Officers were a good deal more exposed by day, and they were hardly better lodged at night. All were in tents. Why, then, were the men more stricken than their officers? Officers had something to do—something that trained their bodies and engaged their thoughts. They rode about, took up their birding-pieces, and scoured the marshes for quail and snipe. They brought back food and health, with some new tale to tell under the carob trees at night. What had their men been doing all day long? Broiling under their tents, sucking in dysentery in the form of figs, and grapes, and asking when the sun was going to set.

These things are of the day, and only of the day. If we want Cyprus, they will never drive us off. Malta is not healthy—Aden is not healthy—Gibraltar is not healthy. We cannot hope to find an English climate in every sea. Spain found a charnel-house in Mexico, the Netherlands in Java. France has no paradise in Algeria. Nor are we better off. We must take our diamonds in the rough. At Jamaica we captured yellow fever; at Bermuda, shipwreck; at Ceylon, dysentery; at Hong Kong, cholera; but with all their drawbacks, we have held this chain of posts.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WATCH AND WARD.

CYPRUS is our watch-tower and our place of arms.

One day—in a time of deep political anxiety—a Queen resolved to help her allies in resisting the encroachments of an overwhelming military force. Her allies, few in number as compared against their foes, were broken in the field, and weakened by domestic broils. Some of their provinces were overrun. For ages past their ports and water-ways had been coveted by adjacent kingdoms, and their territory had been a common battle-ground. But they were chiefly harassed from one side—that of a vast fanatical Power, which covered its lust of land by the pretence of zeal for the Christian Church.

Supported by a trusty Minister and loyal Parliament, the Queen resolved to aid those neighbours, not so much for their sake, as for that of her own

country. No puerile knight-errantry inspired her thought, or moved her trusted Minister and her loyal Parliament. Their native land was in their mind. They saw that in the safety of their neighbour they were setting up a bulwark for their own defence. Reading the lesson of recent siege and battle-field, they saw a people who, if smaller in battalions than their enemies, had the military virtues which entitle and enable men to live. With time—secured to them by a little help—they thought those neighbours might be able to recruit their strength, keep what was left to them, and perhaps regain some part of what was lost.

That Queen was Elizabeth; that Minister was Burghley; that neighbour was the Netherlands; that fanatical Power was Spain.

Elizabeth proposed to occupy a portion of the weaker State, not in full sovereignty, but as a station and a pledge. She chose an island with a port, and made that port her place of arms. A garrison, small but efficient, was sent to occupy that island, under the most brilliant soldier of her Court.

That island was Walcheren; that port was Flushing; that soldier was Sir Philip Sydney.

Later on, we occupied ports on the mainland.

Even then, the area occupied was small; but England held these towns with a strong hand; covering the country in their rear, and using them as sally-ports, from which she struck her enemy in front and flank.

For thirty years that duty lay on us, but the Netherlands were saved! In the meantime the battles of our freedom were fought in Zealand and Brabant, instead of on the soil of Kent and Middlesex. During those thirty years our allies grew in strength, and built the edifice of their prosperity and independence on a solid rock.

What has been, may be.

Cyprus takes the place of Walcheren; Queen Victoria of Queen Elizabeth; Lord Beaconsfield of Lord Burghley; but the duties undertaken now are much the same, in motive and in method, as the duties undertaken then. Then, we were defending English soil, and now we are defending English soil. All soil is English that is covered by the English Crown.

What has been, will be.

Glance at a map and notice our relations to Port Said. We need not lay much stress on India. India is a noble trust; the greatest ever held by

distant race and Sovereign since the world began. India is ours. We have her and we cannot give her up; we hold her and we are bound to fight for her. An enemy can no more be allowed to menace India than to threaten Kent. Yet India is but one province of the Empire which an enemy on the Canal might sever at a blow. Some portions of our Empire lie on other shores; but see how many of our stations, colonies, and dependencies hang to us by that single cord! Not only Perim and Aden—not only Bombay, Madras, Bengal, and Oude—not only Burmah, Ceylon, Singapore, Hong-Kong, Labuan—but the whole group of our settlements in the south—Victoria, Queensland, New South Wales, West Australia, South Australia, and Tasmania—with our stations in the Indian Ocean, as Seychelles and Mauritius, with our rising settlements in Eastern Africa! For all these provinces —the best part of Asia, the whole of Australia, and no small parts of Africa and Oceania—Suez is our main artery—our nerve-centre—and to guard it is the first necessity of our life. Here, at one blow, the Empire might be cut across: the body severed from the head.

How are we to protect this vital point?

If we had Egypt, with the ports of entry, we should feel secure. So, in Queen Elizabeth's time, if we had possessed Flanders, with the ports of Calais and Dunkirk, we might have felt secure. But Egypt and the Canal ports are no more ours to-day than Flanders and the Channel ports were ours in former times. Egypt has a ruler in the Khedive, and a shadowy owner in the Caliph; but in fact, the land is in commission, and the real commissioners are kings and queens. On that commission we have but a single voice. Good reason for our being in a position to make it heard. Will it be heard at Cyprus?

Look at the site. Suppose an enemy were descending from the north, his lines of march would be along the Syrian coast and by the Jordan valley. We should have to meet him in the Lebanon, and on the Jordan, and to operate on his flank and in his rear. To do so, we must have a watch-tower and a place of arms, not far from Acre, Beyrout, and Scanderoon. In Cyprus we are near the ground; six hours from Beyrout and the Lebanon; nine hours from Acre and the valleys heading for the Jordan; twelve hours from Scanderoon; and only twenty hours from Port Said. Cyprus might be

called the out-work of these ports; near enough to watch, and near enough to strike. If, then, our object is to guard our freedom in the Suez Canal, against an enemy threatening us from the north, Cyprus is our site.

But site is only one of our requirements. A watch-tower needs defence; a place of arms requires a fort. Have we a fort and place of arms in Cyprus?

Yes, in Famagosta, the sea capital.

At Famagosta, nature has built for us in her own free and flowing lines a port and place of arms; a port in the great basin of deep water which was once the Greek harbour of Salamis; a place of arms on the rocky knoll which, from Sargon to Dandolo, was the citadel of this island. Famagosta has these advantages as a port and place of arms: 1. Nearness to the coast we have to watch. 2. Easy access to Nicosia and the inland villages. 3. Safe approaches by sea. 4. Deep water in the basin. 5. Good anchorage for ships. 6. Room for a fleet to swing. 7. Ready communication of town and port. 8. Supplies of stone for building purposes.

Here lies our port, there stands our place of arms, so long as we are in the mood to hold our own.

On my way through Italy I have a conversation with a leader in the late Italian cabinet. Count V. is curious on the subject of our intentions with regard to Cyprus. Finding my answers to his questions little to his mind, he turns me over to Madame. In very dainty phrase, Madame is sure that a gentleman of so much science as myself must be aware that Cyprus formerly belonged to Venice; that in other ages, Venice held that island for the benefit of all Christian nations; and that Venice lost her prize through the neglect of other nations to assist her in the day of need. To these assertions much abatement comes into my mind. I might urge, that Venice gained her prize by fraud—quoting Italian authors for my facts. I might urge, that the Venetians kept the island to themselves, caring very much for trade, and nothing for the Cross—quoting Italian authors for my facts. I might urge, finally, that the Venetians lost this island by their own divisions—quoting Italian authors for my facts. But my querist is a lady, and her theories lie beyond the line of practical life. I let her observations pass.

'A gentleman of Venice,' she continues, 'is the living heir to Cyprus.'

'Heir to Cyprus! Who is he?' I ask in wonder.

'One of the Cornaro family,' she replies: 'he is a friend of mine; some of us have begun to call him king; a pleasantry for the moment; but who knows? Strange things have come to pass.'

One of the Cornaros claiming to be king of Cyprus!

'You remember,' she prattles on, 'the Queen of Cyprus?—painted, you know, by Titian?—in the gallery at Florence?—a beautiful lady, painted in the master's brightest mood, you know? My friend comes down from her, and the inheritance of her kingdom falls to him.'

'Your friend comes down from Catarina? That is curious, Madame, seeing that the lady had no children.

Silence reigns a moment, and a moment only. Madame returns to her charge. Her friend is certainly a Cornaro, and as certainly heir of Cyprus. If not of Catarina's blood, he must be of her brother's blood.

'I am not learned in your libro d'oro, but one knows that the Cornaros were never kings of Cyprus. A descent from Georgio Cornaro gives no title to that shadowy crown.'

Madame glances at the ex-minister, who whispers in her ear, that though three or four of the Cornaros have been doges, none of them have been kings. But still, the lawyer and his consort are of one mind on the main issue. When England shall have spent as much money on Cyprus as she spent on Corfu, they agree that she will give up Cyprus, just as she gave up the Ionian Islands. When the moment comes for that great act of justice, England, they fancy, will be bound in conscience to give up this fore-post in the Syrian waters to Italy, as heir of Venice.

Time will show. We may not be a logical people, like our Latin neighbours, but we have a trick of reading the history of our fathers as a matter that concerns ourselves, who are the outcome of their efforts, and the prolongation of their lives.

Not one of our naval stations has been given into our keeping by consent of other countries. We have taken one and all because they suited us, and we could drive off other claimants. We have entered them by force, and clung to them under protests, which have since become exhausted and historical. Facts triumph. Protests are but vain regrets, expiring in the throes of birth. No doubt

some countries look on our presence in Cyprus with suspicion. Italy is jealous, France angry, Greece exasperated, Germany annoyed. But when was acquisition made without exciting envy or distrust? We reproved Napoleon for his seizure of Savoy and Nice. We took to heart the American purchase of Alaska. We disliked the absorption of Schleswig into the German Confederation. And what we have felt for the successes of others they may easily have felt for our successes. Sadowa was not the only field that has excited 'patriotic anguish' in the hearts of living statesmen. Did Gortschakoff read of our advance on Magdala with satisfaction? Was Minghetti fired into rapture by our burning of Coomassie? Was Broglie pleased by our investment in the Suez Canal? We have to reckon with such parties everywhere and always. Spain has not forgotten that Gibraltar once belonged to her. France pretends to unite some claim on Malta. Germany keeps her eye on Heligoland. China would give much to recover Hong Kong. Italy is only like the rest.

Another word and I lay down my pen. When Queen Elizabeth, wisely bold, sent Sydney to Walcheren, we were a smaller Power than Portugal. Of

English-speaking people there were not three millions; yet we drew our sword across the path of a conqueror who owned nearly half of Europe, who claimed the two continents of America, who held immense possessions in the farthest East. We stayed that conqueror's march. We rent his empire into pieces. We wrested from him the continent of North America. We drove him out of Oceania and replaced him in the south of Asia. He refused us his permission to cross the tropics, or to sail for either the West Indies or the East Indies. Heaven helped us as she always helps the brave. It is a libel to assert that Heaven is on the side of the biggest guns. Heaven is always on the side of the biggest hearts.

So long as England beats with her big heart she can hold her own and ask no leave of foreign prince. If she should sink into the state of her old enemy, her outworks and dominions will be occupied by stronger races, but till that time arrives, she will be able to defend her own—in Cyprus, and in every station of the habitable world.

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